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LIFE AND MANNERS

A Volume of Stories suitable for the
Moral Instruction of Children

By
F. J. GOULD

"Our province is virtue and religion, life and manners, the science of improving the temper and making the heart better. He who should find out one rule to assist us in this work would deserve infinitely better of mankind than all the improvers of other knowledge put together."—*Bishop Butler*; quoted in the Introduction to the Code of Regulations of the Board of Education, 1906.

ISSUED FOR THE MORAL INSTRUCTION LEAGUE

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Contents

(With Classified List of the Stories)

	PAGE
PREFACE	vii
INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT OF THE AIM AND METHODS OF MORAL INSTRUCTION	1
SELF-CONTROL	
A RIDDLE	20
THE RIDDLE ANSWERED	24
THE COATI MUNDI	28
SELF-MASTERY	32
THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON	36
CAN YOU EAT HEN ? (<i>Modesty</i>)	40
THE STONE MAN (<i>Greed</i>)	46
TWO TEMPERATE MEN	52
THREE GIRLS AND TWO TEMPERS	59
COURAGE I	65
" II	69
" III	74
THE TROUBLES OF A HEAD	79
JUST JUDGMENT	
" " I	86
" " II	92

The subject of "Just Judgment" involves both self-control and truthfulness.

	PAGE
TRUTHFULNESS	
THE PAPER PROMISES	97
THE PROMISE OF THE BUNER TRIBE	101
THE BROKEN PROMISE	105
"WILL NOT" AND "WILL"	111
EVASION	115
THE TONGUE AND HOW TO USE IT	119
KINDNESS	
REWARDS	124
THEY BOTH REFUSED	130
THE PARTNERS	134
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY (<i>Sociability</i>)	138
A BRAVE SPANISH GIRL	143
THE GIRL WITH THE SCALDED LEG	150
OUR POOR BRETHREN	156
THE TWO SPIRITS	160
TEAR-DROP	166
THE SNAKE-FATHER	173
MUSIC	177
WHAT THE QUILT SAID	183
WE REMEMBER	189
SHE THOUGHT OF HER BROTHER	193
THEY THOUGHT OF THEIR SISTERS	197
CHIVALRY. I	201
" II	205
LIVE FOR OTHERS. I	209
" " " II	213

CONTENTS

v

PAGE

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

THE SILVER-HAIRED TERRIER	217
THE BULLS, THE ANTS, AND THE SHEEP	221
SAINT FRUITFUL	226
THE GIANT	230

WORK

THREE BOYS	236
THE INDIAN	242
THE SCULPTOR	246
THE WOOD-CARVERS	250
PAY!	255
WORK. I	260
„ II	266

PEACE

PEACE AND WAR. I	273
„ „ „ II	281
„ „ „ III	288
A GOOD WAR	294
TALES FROM DANUBE-LAND	300

NATURE

NATURE. I	306
„ II	311

CHARACTER	PAGE
CHARACTER. I	317
„ II	322
APPENDIX	
A THE MORAL INSTRUCTION LEAGUE . . .	326
B MORAL INSTRUCTION LEAGUE SYLLABUS . . .	328
C LIST OF MORAL INSTRUCTION BOOKS . . .	339

Preface

THE series of stories given in this book supplies material for lessons on self-control, courage, fairness in judging, truthfulness, kindness in various aspects, chivalry, work, peace, etc. The style is suitable for children aged ten to fourteen. I have not aimed at furnishing complete notes of lessons. Practical teachers who consult my Plan, as given in the following Introduction, or the ¹ Syllabus of the Moral Instruction League, will have no difficulty in preparing the framework of the instruction. What they will probably be most grateful for is a store of illustrations which will enable them to invest moral ideas with concrete interest. Nor does this collection pretend to cover all the area of ethics open to the understanding of the young. It is only a small contribution to a great subject, its main use being to show what kind of stories may (as tested by years of my own experience) be selected for moral instruction, and what a variety of sources may be drawn upon.

F. J. GOULD.

¹ Vide Appendix B.

EXTRACT from the Code of Regulations for Public Elementary Schools for 1906.

Moral Instruction should form an important part of every elementary school curriculum. Such instruction may either (i) be incidental, occasional, and given as fitting opportunity arises in the ordinary routine of lessons, or (ii) be given systematically and as a course of graduated instruction.

The subject of this instruction, whether given by the methods indicated in (i) or in (ii) above, should be on such points as courage; truthfulness; cleanliness of mind, body, and speech; the love of fair play; gentleness to the weaker; humanity to animals; temperance, self-denial, love of one's country, and respect for beauty in nature and in art.

The Preface to the Code recommends that the moral instruction "should be direct, systematic, and graduated."

Introductory Account of the Aim and Methods of Moral Instruction

THE aim of moral instruction is to train the child's judgment on questions of personal and social conduct, to excite and enlist its feelings on behalf of goodness, and to build up a character marked by courage, commonsense and endurance.

During recent years, public opinion has steadily tended to the conviction that this discipline of the feeling, thought and will should be ranked as the supreme end in education, and that, while technical, manual and intellectual abilities should be carefully developed, they must always be subordinated to the formation of generous and honourable character. The growth of this conviction has been proved by the establishment of the Moral Instruction League, by the encouragement given to the subject by a considerable number of Education Committees in England and Wales, by the favourable attitude of the Press towards such experiments, and by the inclusion of moral instruction in the Education Code of 1906.¹

¹ In the House of Commons, on May 28, 1906, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Minister of Education, said—

“I do not wish to underrate the importance of teaching

It may safely be predicted that a large literature will be devoted to this interesting field. Up to the present, however, the labourers in this country have been but few. In 1885 Mr. F. W. Hackwood issued a series of forty lessons, entitled *Notes of*

children the elements of morality ; I attach considerable importance to such teaching, and, if I remain much longer responsible for the Education Department, I hope in the Code to give some encouragement to such instruction. For I am persuaded that, rationally conducted, it can be made a very live and a very real thing. I do not think for a moment that morality can only be taught upon a theological basis. I am quite sure that it can be taught, with spirit and with force, apart from such basis."

The Code of 1906 contained the following passage (Article 2)—

"Moral instruction should form an important part of every elementary school curriculum. Such instruction may either (1) be incidental, occasional, and given as fitting opportunity arises in the ordinary routine of lessons, or (2) be given systematically and as a course of graduated instruction.

"The subject of this instruction, whether given by the methods indicated in (1) or in (2) above, should be on such points as courage ; truthfulness ; cleanliness of mind, body and speech ; the love of fair play ; gentleness to the weaker ; humanity to animals ; temperance ; self-denial ; love of one's country, and respect for beauty in nature and in art.

"The teaching should be brought home to the children by reference to their actual surroundings in town or country, and should be illustrated as vividly as possible by stories, poems, quotations, proverbs, and examples drawn from history and biography.

"The object of such instruction being the formation of character and habits of life and thought, an appeal should be made to the feelings and the personalities of the children. Unless the natural moral responsiveness of the

Lessons on Moral Subjects. Miss Lois Bates' *Story Lessons on Character-building (morals) and Manners* appeared about 1900, and was intended for Infants' Schools. In 1902 Mr. Hugh H. Quilter's *Onward and Upward* used the facts of natural history and evolution as a source of moral illustration. Mr. A. J. Waldegrave arranged ¹ *A Teacher's Handbook of Moral Lessons* in 1904. A further book for infants (but also suited for the lower standards of elementary schools) came out in 1905, viz., Miss Alice M. Chesterton's ¹ *Garden of Childhood*. My own contributions took the form of three volumes of *The Children's Book of Moral Lessons* (published in 1899, 1903, and 1904), and my *Children's Plutarch* (published in 1906) was written with the same ethical purpose. Amid obvious differences of treatment in these manuals, a very striking agreement of aim and spirit is manifest. They all emphasize moral ideas by means of concrete examples, and (except in a few passages in Miss Bates' work) they do so without using theological material.

The general plan of instruction which I have worked on for many years, and in pursuance of which I have given very many lessons to children aged six to fourteen years, may be thus concisely outlined—

child is stirred, no moral instruction is likely to be fruitful."

The preface to the Code suggests the desirability of rendering the instruction "direct, systematic and graduated" rather than incidental.

¹ Issued for the Moral Instruction League.

Self-respect, Self-control, Self-help.—Cleanliness of person, clothing, habits, and environment. Control of the temper. Temperance in food and stimulants ; the advantages of a simple diet in promoting health of body, economy in spending-power, peace and activity of the mind, private and public usefulness. Temperance in clothing and personal adornment, and in household management. Temperance in speech ; regulation of the manner, time, place, and purpose of our speech ; the beauty of clean and becoming language. Temperance in work and amusement. Patience which bears the burden of difficulty, the irksomeness of waiting, and the offensive conduct of a neighbour ; and the fortitude which endures the stress of pain and accident. Perseverance in self-improvement ; in working out a purpose ; in striving for the common weal ; the value of decision as opposed to irresolution and delay. The duty of keeping up a hopeful and cheerful spirit. Courage in its various aspects ; the courage to fight ; the courage to discover and explore ; the courage to assist and rescue ; the courage to bear pain for the sake of others ; the courage to face the trials and dangers which may be associated with useful labour ; the courage which confesses a fault ; the courage to stand for truth and encounter ignorant or mercenary opposition to a just cause. The duty of self-reliance in supplying our personal needs ; in study ; in grappling with tasks ; in overcoming obstacles ; in finding occupation for livelihood or for leisure. The duty of prudence and forethought in the care of health ; in speech ; in avoidance of unnecessary dangers ; in shunning ill-disposed or undesirable company ; in the formation of habits ; in the employment of time.

Truth and Truthfulness.—Truthfulness in deed ; in business dealings ; weights and measures, quality of wares, money transactions. Truthfulness of manner and profession ; compare the charm of frankness and candour with the meanness of pretence and hypocrisy. Truthfulness of speech in home-life, play, and commerce. Condemn the low view of veracity which regards a sense of honour as less effective than an oath in a court of justice. Caution in making promises ; conscientiousness in keeping them. The value of careful observation and report of things seen and heard. Evils caused by exaggeration, evasiveness, thoughtless tale-bearing, and slander. Occasional duty of maintaining

silence as contrasted with slyness and needless secrecy. The teacher should attack lying, not so much by direct censure, as by inculcating a positive love of truth. If we analyze the causes of falseness, we find that lies are told through fear, or in hope of gain, or from vanity, or in jest ; and, accordingly, the children should be encouraged to bravery, to sincerity of dealing, to modesty, and to seriousness in statement. Searching for truth, as illustrated in the labours of science ; truth about the earth, the heavens, light, electricity, the human body, etc. The nobility and duty of careful reasoning. The need for hearing all sides of a question ; the evil consequences of hasty and careless judgment of facts, and of other people's actions, motives, and characters. Value of discrimination and proof. The duty of toleration ; the superiority of suasion to coercion ; the possibility that those who disagree with us may hold a truth we have ourselves missed ; the need of remembering we are all liable to error ; the folly and wickedness of persecution.

Kindness.—Sound and intelligent sympathy that will furnish co-operative power to the units of the commonwealth. Home-life and its duties : the mutual kindnesses of parents and children, brothers and sisters. Good homes make the good country. In the home are learned the first lessons in self-control, truthfulness, kindness, industry, duty, justice, and innocent recreation. Thoughtfulness towards the younger companions, and towards the aged. Courtesy and good manners at home, in the school, at play, in the street, in public places and conveyances. Strength and its duties. Discrimination between physical and moral strength. Duties of the high-born towards the lowly ; the rich towards the poor ; the employer towards the employed ; the wise towards the ignorant ; the more civilized towards the less civilized and the savage. Generosity of temper, as contrasted with envy and meanness. Works of mercy and aid as embodied in hospitals, asylums, lifeboats, fire-brigades, lighthouses, institutions for the blind, deaf-and-dumb, etc. Kindness to animals ; lessons on the good qualities, the intelligence, and usefulness of various orders of animal life ; the protection which man should award in return for the services they render ; the self-respect which follows upon humane treatment of dependent creatures.

Work, Duty, and Honour.—Work, as an aid to health and cheerfulness ; as a useful employment of energies which might cause mischief if undisciplined ; as a claim to respect ; as a means of livelihood ; as a preparation for enjoyable rest ; as a social obligation. The duty of all able men and women to work. Distinction between useless activity and fruitful labour. Wealth of the world created by the labour of the brain and of the hand. Work produces food, clothing, buildings, domestic comforts, means of travel and amusement, and riches for the enjoyment of the mind, such as books and pictures. The value of method ; order and neatness ; punctuality ; regularity ; persistence ; attentiveness ; painstaking ; thoughtfulness ; self-reliance. Honesty in work at school, in the household, in manufacture, in art. Genuine work yields pleasure ; it is useful and honourable ; it is a man's monument and memorial. Duty done ennobles the individual, and makes him a beneficent force in the common life. Duty suppresses fear and selfishness, and leads to the deep satisfaction of self-respect ; it executes the task at the right time ; it remains at its post in spite of fatigue and danger ; it performs small missions as well as large. The sense of honour. Honour disdains flattery and bribery ; carries out its pledges, fulfils its work without needing to be watched and checked, is regardless of opposition and jealousy, and adheres loyally to the cause which it believes to be just. A caution is required against false ideas of honour as exemplified in the custom of duelling. True honour is consistent with modesty ; modesty in manners, in comparison of ourselves with other people, in estimating our achievements, in the treatment of subordinates. Personal worth, as opposed to the accidents of birth and fortune. The unsociable nature of pride ; the weakness and self-deception of vanity. Honourable readiness to apologize for a fault and make amends in proof of repentance.

Mutual Dependence and the Social Organism.—The history of the family as showing the mutual dependence and increase of affection among parents and children, brothers and sisters, and the gradual refinement of the home-life. Dependence of children upon teachers. Ways in which children can and do assist teachers. The mutual influence and duties of friends. Power of example. Depend-

ence of brain-workers upon muscle-workers, and of muscle-workers upon brain-workers. Indebtedness of society to the labours of various trades and professions. Dependence of one occupation on another. Dependence of town upon country, and country upon town. Dependence of one country upon another for food, clothing, tools, etc. The relations which bind people to people, render them ministers to each other's necessities, and lay upon them the duty of understanding each other's characters. Dependence of the present upon the past. Material benefits bestowed upon us by the past ; the history of architecture, furniture, tools and machinery, shipping, roads, canals, railways, etc. Social institutions derived from the past ; domestic customs ; manners and fashions and ceremonies. Political institutions ; forms of government and law. Ideas transmitted from the past by traditions, and spoken and written language. Moral ideas in the religions of Egypt, China, India, Persia, Arabia, Greece, and Rome, as well as in the literature of the Bible. Reverence for historic spots, buildings and monuments.

Justice.—The general idea of justice. Primitive justice compared with modern. The meaning and need of discrimination of claims and merits. Apparent justice not always real justice. Justice must be awarded irrespective of persons, interests, and affections. It includes many things which the laws of the country do not touch. True mercy a form of justice. Applications to various departments of life ; the home, the school, the workshop, general intercourse. Mutual duties of master and servant ; honest work for fair wages ; fair wages for honest work ; friendly relations a necessity for individual comfort and social harmony. The wrong of slavery and sweating. Justice to animals. Elementary ideas of wealth ; true wealth distinguished from mere accumulation of goods. Property ; respect for our neighbour's property ; the right use of property ; lost property ; payment of debts. Gifts, their use and abuse. Justice applied to buying and selling. Liberty ; religious liberty ; intellectual liberty ; civil liberty ; freedom of speech and action.

The Work of the State and the Citizen.—Outline of the nature of the State ; ancient States and modern. The work of the State and municipality ; legislatures ; taxation ; courts

of justice ; local government ; roads, bridges, parks, light, water, sanitation, coinage, markets, factories, inspection, postal department ; schools and libraries ; army and navy. Civic duties ; care of family ; honourable livelihood ; study of public questions ; friendly admixture of classes ; the franchise ; care for public property and honour. Duties of the judge, magistrate and police ; the police, as representatives of the public will ; their use in pacific regulation, as well as in coercion of offenders. Punishments, fines and prisons ; humane notions of modern times, as compared with past conceptions and practices. The duty of well-disposed citizens to secure the merciful and considerate treatment of those who have sinned through ignorance, bad training, lack of intellectual power, etc. The value of education.

Co-operation and Peace.—The idea of progress. All citizens agents of progress. Benefits of co-operation at home, in school, and in public affairs. The good done by societies of various kinds. Value of mutual forbearance, mutual encouragement, mutual loyalty. Elevation of character through working for a common aim. Victories of peace and industry. Heroism displayed in the pursuit of knowledge, in the rescue and service of man, in conquests over natural forces. Burden of military systems. While care should be taken to give due credit to the military and naval heroes of the past, who did their duty according to the standard of their time, the newer and better way of international peace and arbitration should be indicated.

Study of Nature.—Every possible effort should be made to interest children in natural scenes. They should love the sight of the starry sky, the winding stream, the daisy-pied meadows, the farmyard, the sheepfold, the lane, the path through copse or forest, the bank “whereon the wild thyme blows.” Town-children should hear descriptions of village life and customs. Such lessons should awaken a desire to spend leisure time amid country scenes, and teach children how to take a quiet and intelligent pleasure in the beautiful world that lies outside the noise and hurry of the city.

Study of Art.—It is a part of moral education to appreciate fine pictures, sculptures, ancient buildings, cathedrals, tapestries. Whenever possible (especially in the case of

the poorer children) visits should be paid to museums, picture-galleries, etc. In this way ideas of the power and range of human skill and imagination will be imparted. Music, also, will lend its aid to the moral instruction, and finely symbolize to the children the union of individual activities into a social and harmonious whole.

Play.—Play involves discipline, habit, truthfulness, kindness, honour, mutual dependence, justice, co-operation, and even industry and method. Thus even in their games the children should see there is a right and a wrong. Younger and weaker children must be considered. The rules of the games must be honestly observed. The wishes of others should be consulted in choosing or ending games. Defeat must be taken with good humour. The improvement which has taken place in popular sports since the old days of bull-baiting, etc. Distinction between innocent and harmful amusements. Our sports should not be too expensive, nor cause pain or loss to man or beast. The meanness of gambling should be explained, it being immoral because the pleasure of winning can only be obtained at a neighbour's cost.

Finally, lessons on the formation of character and habits and the right estimate of motives will be imparted. The elder scholars should, step by step, be trained to observe that the essence of morality does not lie in particular precepts and practices, but in the goodwill which spontaneously legislates for itself. And, when the right moment offers, the teacher, focussing all the power of his instruction and his influence into the earnestness of personal appeal, will call upon the pupil to dedicate his will to the fulfilment of the moral law, to realize his personal worth and capacity, and to play a manful part in the service of that community which is none other than his larger self.¹

The teacher should be left perfectly free in the choice of illustrations, and of modes of presentation. Some will take cases from history, others from science, others from personal knowledge. Some

¹ See also the excellent Syllabus, published by the Moral Instruction League, printed at the end of this book.

will draw from romance, others from the ordinary sphere. Some will employ much questioning, and perhaps even build the whole lesson on this Socratic procedure. For example, I once listened to a lesson on Peace by my friend Mr. F. W. Rowe, and his dialogue with the children opened thus—

“I should like you to tell me what is that little place which you love more than any other ?”

“Home,” replied the class.

“What part of your life was spent chiefly at home ?”

“Childhood—infancy.”

“What kind of home do you like best ?”

“Beautiful homes—peaceful—bright.”

“Well, in London, I have seen big shops where you can go in and buy a home ! You can get pots, pans, plates, dishes, brooms, pianos, carpets, pictures, beds, etc. The shopkeeper will (as he says) furnish you throughout. You give him the money, and then you can go right away for a time, and you come back to your house, and find all the home there ! But can you go to a shop and buy a happy home ?”

“No, sir.”

“The happy home depends on something more than money. Can you tell me what ?”

“On not being quarrelsome—on love.”

And so Mr. Rowe continued to the end of a very interesting lesson.¹ As will be seen from my own treatment of the subject, the method I prefer is the *dramatic* ; and I propose to touch briefly on its characteristics.

By the “dramatic” method, I mean the presen-

¹ The dangers of the Socratic method are—(1) Excessive strain on the children’s attention ; (2) A false impression that morality is purely a matter of reasoning ; (3) A lack of imaginative and emotional appeal.

tation by means of lively narration, by parable, anecdote, poem, myth, and legend. Moral truth should be taught, moral feeling trained, and moral energy stimulated by illustrations culled from life and history. Otherwise stated, this is the method of Dante, Chaucer, Cervantes, Defoe, Tasso, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, Molière, Goethe, and Schiller among the moderns, and of Plutarch, Æsop, and the Greek poets among the ancients. The teacher, working in the spirit of these eminent examples, uses vehicles which both hide and reveal his purpose. They hide it until he has fully awakened the attention of the children ; they reveal it when the climax is reached, and the imagination so quickened that a word or phrase is sufficient to sum up the ethical meaning. This ethical meaning is the point towards which he has directed all his effort. When this is attained, the apparatus may be discarded. For instance, take the story given on page 160 of this manual. Here you have a series of picturesque details—the Indians on the beach ; the dance of the natives about the image of the Madonna ; the messenger's stick and paper ; the massacre ; the liberation of the slaves by Las Casas, etc. Now, all these items of the narration are non-essentials. The essential is the conception of the duty and nobility of humane treatment of weaker races. If the children forget every item in the history of Las Casas, no harm has been done. Everything is gained if their hearts are moved nearer the ideal of fraternity.

So long, however, as the end is carefully kept

in view, the teacher may legitimately adorn his discourse with ample embellishment. He will not confine himself to the strictly rigid line of the didactic. He will digress for a jest, and a smile, to impart a piece of interesting information, to explain a name or a phrase. On page 205, for example, we are dealing with Chivalry, and we happen to mention the Moors. We pause to say—

I must tell you that the Moors were a dark-skinned people who had first come from Africa, but they had dwelt in Spain for many hundreds of years, building fine cities, schools, mosques (or places of worship), etc., and making the land fruitful and lovely with gardens and orchards.

Strictly considered, there is no call whatever to explain who the Moors were, and the moral principle (chivalry) which we seek to inculcate has nothing to do with mosques and gardens. But these things give colour to the canvas, as it were, and attract the child to the picture. We have effected a triumph in the educative process if we can lead him to feel that the moral road lies through the general affairs of the world, and wherever men and women congregate, and is not a restricted exercise for the cloister or the classroom. We, therefore, talk freely of manners, customs, art, industry, trade, historical facts and dates, and the rest, not because they are an organic part of our scheme, but because we wish to accustom the child to use his moral judgment in the midst of the many-coloured panorama of the world.

The reader will perhaps be struck with the abruptness with which many of my chats with the children

begin. When I wish to deal with the subject of discrimination in judging the actions and motives of one's neighbour, I open the lesson thus—

A tall man was taking a walk in the country near Moscow in Russia. His body was thin ; his cheeks were hollow ; the forked beard gave a strange air to the face. . . .

Perhaps you will say this introduction lacks dignity ; that it is irrelevant ; that ethics can gravely dispense with any notice of a forked beard or hollow cheeks. Assuredly, ethics can do without these trifles ; and assuredly, ethics must ultimately dismiss the whole mass of the illustrations which it enlists in its service. But the mind must first be placed in the receptive attitude ; the soul rendered eager ; the interest captured. Dante quite knew what moral object he had in view in writing his *Divine Comedy* ; but he takes pains to seize the attention first by the episode in the valley—

In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,
Gone from the path direct ; and e'en to tell
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest. . . .

And presently we behold the panther, the lion, and the wolf. I need not defend Dante ; the whole world will do that. For myself, I will say that many years of experience with young children have driven me irresistibly (for often, in academic moods, I rebelled) to this manner of direct appeal to the imagination. I will add—even at the risk of shocking official sentiment—that no man or woman has

any claim or right to act as a teacher who cannot tell a story with animation and enthusiasm. He or she may bend under the weight of diplomas, but lacks the one thing needful.¹

Before passing from the consideration of the dramatic method, a word may be said on a question as to which I find myself at variance with some of my colleagues in the Moral Instruction field ; and that is, whether, in relating a legend, the teacher may or may not legitimately dispel the illusion by suggesting that the story is not true. My friends protest against the introduction of any such stern caution as, "You need not believe this story." Here, as in other directions, I should encourage every teacher to do as he or she deemed best. But my own opinion is emphatic. I do not hesitate to convey to the children a hint as to the unhistoric character of a story, even in the very process of vigorous narration. I have followed this practice hundreds of times, and have never observed any consequent abatement of interest. If, for instance, I am recounting an episode in the *Nibelungenlied*, I may proceed thus—

There stood the lovely Brunhild, clad in armour, and sure that the poor King of Burgundy was doomed to die, because he would never be able to throw the javelin which she threw, to fling the heavy stone which she flung, and to leap as she leaped. King Gunther himself felt that he was not equal to the task. He was saved by the man of wit and

¹ The chief danger of the dramatic method is the temptation to dwell on the merely picturesque aspect of a story, thus neglecting the ethical end ; but it is of far less consequence than dulness and dryness.

courage, Siegfried. From the castle down to the sea-beach flew Siegfried. Into the boat he leaped, and he brought out a wonderful garment—a *tarnkappe*—a cloud-cloak. He put it on, and lo ! nobody could see him ; he was invisible. If you girls put on blue or red cloaks, you are very, very visible ; and indeed you wish to be, and I can assure you I like to see you in the bright array ! And you could not be invisible even if you wished it. But things happen differently in the grand old *Nibelungenlied*, and I love these wonders, even though I don't believe them. And so Siegfried ran back to the side of the King, . . .

Perhaps, as represented in this example, the sceptical note is too elaborate. It might be far more rapidly dispatched. An incredulous smile or gesture might suffice. In any case, the flow of interest receives no check. The children only demand to know what Siegfried did next. Their hearts move with the heroic pulse of the myth, not with its accessory marvels. In the same spirit, they appreciate a scene at the theatre, or even take part themselves in a juvenile play. While they perfectly distinguish the make-believe elements of the performance, they can enter with zest into the moral purpose of the plot. I maintain, therefore, that it is preferable to be frank. We gain intellectually, and lose nothing artistically.

In the second place, the instruction must be perfectly *definite* in its aim. Mere story telling, or mere chat, or mere argument, is to be conscientiously avoided. I do not mean that a moral conclusion should always be explicitly stated. Sometimes, the teacher will perceive a certain intelligence in the children, a certain facile comprehension of the story, which render a formal application quite unnecessary.

Sometimes also (and I ask particular attention to this point), he may be so sure of having made the due impression that he will rest content, even though he knows the scholars would be quite incapable of translating their feelings into words. It is in some cases even a fatal mistake to formulate the "lesson." There are subtle motions of the soul of which the expression may be best postponed, and a dry question, or a prim examination, may spoil the delicate yet vivid effect. The teacher, therefore, should let the use of abstract statement depend upon circumstances. It may be advisable just to tell the story and leave it to do its own errand ; or it may be opportune to sum up in a precept, or to discuss the principle involved. In any case, there must be some clear object before the teacher's mind which gives point to the illustrations, and to which all else is subordinate. The object will be to convey some definite thought on, or to produce a deeper appreciation of, the subject of veracity, mercy, honour, justice, etc.

The instruction should be *systematic*. The theme of kindness should be pursued from lesson to lesson in a connected plan ; just, in fact, as one would proceed in the study of a language or a science. Not only should this be done in order to secure consistency and fulness of impression and judgment ; it assists in the correction of errors which may arise under the most circumspect tuition. For example, I once closed a lesson with the story (given on page 77) of the heroic daughter who endured the agony of burns sooner than alarm her

mother. On inviting criticism from adult persons who happened to attend while the lesson was delivered I found one was inclined to underrate the girl's action because she may have neglected some means of putting out the fire. Here was a problem which could be considered in the next conversation on the same topic. We could then suggest that the moral value of the act was not lessened by any lack of knowledge, or by failure to adopt a right method of self-protection. The lessons and stories given in the present volume are but casual samples of the mode of treatment of such subjects as self-control, truthfulness, kindness, work, duty, international peace, etc. Each of these themes is capable of extension over a long course of lessons.

It would indicate a serious misunderstanding of the purpose of moral instruction in schools if it were regarded as an isolated department of teaching. On the contrary, it should be intimately related to the whole area of the child's education. I cannot, indeed, agree with those who think the faults committed by scholars should be constituted the subject-matter of ethical lessons. Judicious reference may be occasionally made to incidents that have occurred in the school circle, but the holding up to public condemnation of some specific instance of wrong-doing on the part of the young scholars is a system open to abuse. The child pointed at may be filled with resentment, and may come to the harmful conclusion that moral instruction is merely an instrument for refined punishment. Whereas, the main purpose of moral instruction should be to

encourage the child to love manly, womanly and honourable conduct. If one must employ personal allusions, it would be far wiser to select the cases that merit praise—the girl who candidly confessed to some little folly; the boy who put himself to much inconvenience in order to assist a distressed comrade, etc.

Every part of the school work should catch some reflection from the moral lesson. The ordinary reading books will furnish ample material for comment and chat which will lead the thoughts back to some principle laid down in the ethical instruction. The history lesson will yield (and might be made to yield still more abundantly, if our manuals were better written) instances drawn from biography and from the memoirs of nations. Poetry will render rich assistance. Even mathematics will reinforce the same tendency, when taught on some such basis as hinted at in Mrs. Boole's admirable *Lectures on the Logic of Arithmetic*, though, I fear, reform along this road will be tediously slow. And, passing beyond the limits of the classroom, we may discover in the playground itself a theatre of moral illustration. Children may easily make the mistake (as indeed the teachers may) that ethics is a study applicable to the graver issues of life alone. Let them learn the wholesome truth that in recreation, as well as in the field of "duty" in the formal sense, there is a noble path.¹

¹ The Education Code of 1906 very judiciously observes—
"Children who take part in properly organized games will learn, among other things, to 'play the game,' to 'give

It is of importance, also, to note the applications to social and civic life. The close connexion now subsisting in this country between the schools and the municipal authorities should result in a livelier appreciation of the educational aspect of public institutions. Facilities should be provided for visits of school children to places of civic interest—the local antiquities, castles, churches, centres of industry, town-halls, libraries, museums, parks, water-works, and the like. Such visits would impress the children with a sense of the large world of responsibility and labour and service into which they will ere long enter as citizens, and will also afford opportunities of learning to appreciate and respect public property and the general welfare.

and take,' to devote themselves to, and efface themselves for, a common cause, to feel pride in the achievements of others, to accept victory with becoming modesty and defeat with due composure, and, speaking generally, to acquire the spirit of discipline, of corporate life, and of fair play."

LIFE AND MANNERS

A RIDDLE.

I WILL ask you a riddle. “Why does a miller look out of the window?”

You give it up?

Answer—“Because he cannot see through the wall.”

Now, I will presently ask another riddle. But first of all, I will tell you about the man who stuck the dagger through his cheeks.

It happened in a Turkish land, near Mount Ararat. An English gentleman was travelling in that region, when a wild-looking man—a dervish—came up to him and asked alms; that is, he asked for money. The dervish wore a long striped robe, reaching to his heels. Over that was a coat with long sleeves. A broad sash went round his waist. A triple row (that is, three rows) of beads glittered on his breast and across one shoulder. His beard and moustache were black.

“Well,” said the Englishman, “I will give you something if you let me photograph you. I like the look of you!”

“Certainly, sir.”

The dervish undid his hair, which had been rolled up. It fell in long tresses on to his shoulders.

Then he took out a dagger.

"What is that for?" asked the Englishman.

The dervish stuck the dagger through his cheek, and pushed it till it came out through the other cheek, and blood-drops appeared.

In this strange position he was photographed. He stood quite still, not showing any sign of pain.

You may also have heard of the Hindu Saints who will hold their arms straight up for days, weeks, months, and years, without letting them fall.

Of course, you know what fasting is. It is going without food. Sometimes, alas! people cannot help fasting; but sometimes they do so on purpose. For instance, the Jews fast as a part of their religion. I have heard of Jews in Syria and Palestine who fast seven days at a stretch. They eat supper on a certain Saturday evening, and eat no more, nor drink water, till sunset the following Saturday. For seven whole days and nights not a morsel or a drop passes the lips. Even old men have been known to endure this fast twice a year. It is a wonderful sign of their faithful service to their religion. They do not fast because a hard tyrant bids them. They do so of their own free will.

Now, I will speak of people who are quite the opposite of these strict Jews. In Africa is a savage nation known as the Damaras. They are fond of smoking tobacco that has a strange herb mixed with it. This herb excites them as if it made them drunk. The Damaras will sit in a ring, with one

pipe for the whole party. The chief man fills it, lights it, and draws in as much of the smoke as he can. Then he passes the pipe to his neighbour. Meanwhile he keeps his mouth closed, so as to retain the smoke. Presently, his eyes look strange and staring, and he is obliged to lie down in a kind of faint. Often, the smoker has to be struck, or have water thrown over him, to rouse him. These savages are so fond of the pipe that they will part with things of value in order to get a smoke. They feel they must have the precious tobacco, though it hurts them each time. It is sad to see men rush after a pleasure like that.

And now I turn to quite a different part of the world, and quite a different person. The country is Russia ; the person is the great emperor, or Tsar. His name is Peter. In history-books he is called Peter the Great. Peter was a very remarkable man. He did things that were wise, and things that were mad. Among his wise works was the building of ships, and he built a museum ; and these things were very much needed by the Russians. But he also did wild actions. For instance, he gave an order that all Russians should shave their beards off ; and when he met some men who had not obeyed the order, he took scissors and began cutting their beards off himself. In his strong, rough way he did a good deal for his country, and in his time the Russians became more like the people of western Europe—the people of Germany, France, and England. Now he made a law that any nobleman who ill-treated a serf (or working-man ; a serf being

almost a slave) should be imprisoned. But one day he struck one of his own serfs, a gardener. The man felt the blow, and he felt the insult. He took to his bed, and died in a few days.

The Tsar Peter was very grieved to think of the sad death he had caused by passion.

"Ah," he cried, "I have done many great works. I have civilized my wild subjects. I have beaten nations in war. But I have not been able to . . ."

Able to what? I leave the Tsar's sentence unfinished. What quality was lacking in him?

The dervish had this quality, but it was of no real use to him.

The Hindu Saints have it, but I fear that it does not make them any better.

The fasting Jew has it, but I think he uses it too strictly.

The savages in Damara-land do not show this quality in their smoking-ring.

Tsar Peter also, like the savage, did not possess it. What is it?

THE RIDDLE ANSWERED.

I DARESAY you have thought of the answer to my riddle. It is "self-control," or "self-mastery." The dervish mastered his feelings when he stuck the dagger through his cheeks, though, to be sure, he was doing no good to himself or anybody else. The Jew who fasted seven days mastered his feelings, and we admire his faithfulness to his religion. The Damara savages had no self-mastery when they smoked their pipes. And the Tsar of Russia, Peter the Great, lost his self-control when he struck the gardener.

Lord Arundel did the same. I will tell you how it happened. He had a little son whom he loved very much. One day, for some reason, he felt angry with the child, and hit him hard on the head with a stick. The blow hurt the boy more than the father meant. You know that a very tender and wonderful organ is shut up inside your skull. It is a soft mass of nerve-matter called the brain. In this brain there flash the thoughts that you think as you read or hear the story I am telling. The feelings of gladness move in your brain ; and the feelings of bitter sorrow when some one dies whom you love ; and the feelings of wonder at the storm, or the sea, or the huge moun-

tain ; and all your other feelings. And when you make up your mind to do something—to brush your hair ; to run an errand for mother ; to play with your baby-brother at trains ; to go in good time to school, etc.—all these acts of your will begin in your brain.

The brain is injured by blows or concussions.

Alas ! Lord Arundel's little boy lost the power to think properly. He lost his reason. He could look at the world, but he could not understand it. He could eat, and drink, and walk, and sleep, but could not learn. Oh, how the father sorrowed ! How he repented of his anger !

He bade an artist paint a portrait of himself in a suit of mail-armour ; and at his side was painted his little son, with a strange helpless look in the eyes. Mr. Matthew Arnold wrote a short poem (or sonnet) on the picture, and in this he says—

Behold the stern mailed father, staff in hand ;
The little fair-haired son, with vacant gaze,
Where no more light and sense and knowledge are.

Lord Arundel hoped that other fathers would see the picture, and say to themselves, " I must curb my temper if ever I feel inclined to strike too harshly and wildly."

The picture would teach and warn.

Now, I will tell you a happier story. It shall be about a man who did *not* lose his self-control.

A famous Frenchman named Diderot visited the city of Orleans in company with a captain. They went into a barber's shop to be shaved. When you

boys grow up and go to be shaved, you will find that a barber's shop is a place for gossip and all sorts of stories.

The barber told the following incident which had quite lately happened in Orleans—

“ One of the kindest-hearted men in this city is Mr. Le Pelltier. He once had very much money, but has given away a large amount of it to the poor folk of Orleans. When he found he could not help them out of his own purse, he went to various people and asked them to give to a fund for relieving distress. While on his round of visits, he entered a shop belonging to a person named Aubertot. The shopkeeper said he had nothing to give, and retired into a back parlour. Le Pelltier followed him into the room, and begged again. The shopkeeper was so angry, that he lost his temper, and gave the visitor a sound box on the ears for intruding into his private room. Le Pelltier took the blow quietly, and said, ‘ Well, that is for me ; and now, sir, what have you to give me for my poor friends ? ’ ”

The people in the barber's shop all called out that Aubertot was a rude and unfeeling man.

The captain shouted out—

“ Le Pelltier was stupid to take it so meekly. If I had been there, I should have drawn my sword, and the shopkeeper would have been lucky if he had escaped with the loss of only his nose and ears ! ”

“ Bravo ! ” cried the other men in the barber's shop.

“ And then,” said the barber, “ things would not have happened that did happen ! ”

“What happened?” asked the captain.

“The shopkeeper was sorry he had struck so good a man. He knelt before Le Pelltier, asked his pardon, and offered him his purse.”

Le Pelltier went away glad—not because he had received a blow—(nobody likes blows, and he might justly have struck back)—but because he had kept his temper, and gained a nice sum of money for his friends in distress.

Everybody was the better for the deed—Le Pelltier was pleased; Aubertot learned a lesson; the captain saw that Le Pelltier’s way was better than his own; the barber had an interesting story to tell his customers; the poor were helped; and I hope you girls and boys have liked to hear the same tale!

THE COATI MUNDI.

WHAT is the Coati Mundi ? It is an animal about the size of a cat. It has a long snout and a long tail. Its feet are flat. So well can it climb that it can descend a tree head downwards, steadily and without falling. It lives in Central America.

An English gentleman, named Mr. Bell, spent some years in the forests in that part of the world, and he kept a coati for a pet, though, to be sure, it was a very restless, troublesome pet. It seemed to eat anything and everything—birds, lizards, grubs ; also fruit, berries, sugar, maize, etc. Mr. Bell's coati was a quite young one, but it soon made itself at home, and trotted about the camp and enjoyed itself immensely. It cared for nobody and nothing ! It would jump on to a man's lap, and sleep there. It poked its nose into pockets or up sleeves. It climbed on to shoulders. If you pushed it away, it snarled, snapped, and twisted its long nose from side to side in violent rage ! It followed people about, not because it loved them, but in order to see what it could get to eat. If the men sat down to dinner, the coati was soon amid the dishes. It singed its toes once by walking across the ashes left from a

fire. Then it scattered the ashes about in anger, and rushed up a man's back, and licked its poor burnt toes while it perched there! It got into a barrel of pork, greased itself all over, and then proceeded to lie down on the face of a man who was asleep! It would come into the huts at night, crawl under the men's blankets, and scratch them if they tried to turn it out.

One day, Mr. Bell was so tired of its pranks, that he carried it into the forest half a mile, put it down, and ran, thinking it would lose sight of him, and settle down in its native woods again. He ran as if for his life, and reached the camp quite breathless.

Alas, and alas! When he got to the camp, he saw the coati already back, and engaged in knocking pots over!

I daresay you will laugh at this account of the coati mundi—for that is the full name of this mischievous American animal. Perhaps you might even like to have one for a pet, though I am not sure if your mother would care to spend half her time in clearing up the damage done by your beloved four-legged friend. And perhaps you would be glad at last to set it down somewhere in the woods, and you would be off like lightning!

Of course, these ways are amusing in an animal. We do not expect a creature like the coati to keep its mind long on one thing. We are not surprised when it leaps from one interest to another, changing its mind three times in a minute, always busy, yet never getting any real work done.

Girls and boys are a different race from the coati.

We expect them to fix their thoughts on a task and to cleave to it till it is done. You know what we call this power of sticking to a bit of work. It is called paying attention. You know how some children's attention can be easily drawn from their book or map by the sight of a spider crawling on the desk, or a fly on the wall, or a mouse in the corner, or by the sound of a band in the street, or the butcher's lad whistling outside.

Some children are like the *coati*; their thoughts are, as people say, all over the place. They cannot keep a steady eye and a steady mind.

Others can hold their attention to the business in hand, like a good driver guides a horse, or a good cyclist his machine.

Some hundreds of years ago, the Moors dwelt in Spain as well as in Morocco. Though their skins were dark, and they were of Arab blood, they were a thoughtful and clever race of people. Many of the Moors were skilled in science and in medicine, or the art of healing. Young Moors would travel to cities in the East, in Egypt or Arabia, to learn from the famous teachers in the Arab colleges.

One of these teachers was Malek. A number of Moors from Spain journeyed together to the city where Malek resided, and became pupils in his school.

Malek was giving a lecture one day. The large window was open towards the street. A huge animal passed by. Its shadow seemed to darken the schoolroom. It had little eyes; a little tail; a long trunk, and great ivory tusks. Yes, of course you know it was an elephant.

The young men from Spain had never seen such a thing. They all rushed out into the street—all except one.

“Why,” said Malek to him, “do you not go? There are no elephants in Spain.”

“I have not come to the East,” answered the young Moor, “to look at elephants. I came to listen to your words, sir, and profit by your wisdom.”

Malek was very pleased at the young man’s power to fix his attention.

SELF-MASTERY.

A GERMAN boy went to the baker's shop for his mother. The baker was his uncle. There were tears in the boy's eyes.

"What's the matter?" asked the uncle in a kind tone.

"I cannot go to school."

"Why not?"

"Mother cannot afford the money."

"How much is it?"

"Fourpence a week."

The uncle promised to pay the fee. The boy loved books and learning, and was most delighted at the idea of being able to attend school. He thanked his uncle, snatched up the bread, and rushed off, tossing the loaf up and down as he ran. Alas! down came the loaf into the gutter. When he reached home, he received a scolding from his mother for bringing a dirty loaf! The lad grew up to be a professor—Professor Heyne, who died in 1812.

Of course, he had good cause to be glad. But even in our gladness we should not go wild. We should keep a look-out on what we are doing, and remain masters of ourselves.

When I was a boy in the choir at Windsor Castle, my mother sent me a birthday-book called *Valentine Vox*. It came on a Sunday morning.

"Do not open the book to-day," said the school-master.

Well, as soon as I got out of the room, I felt a strong desire to open the book, and I did. I did not master my big wish! The schoolmaster presently called me back.

"Did you open the book?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give it to me."

He took it and kept it away from me for several weeks as a punishment. How I longed to read about *Valentine Vox*! How I suffered for having let the desire master me!

I was not so good as a Roman named Rusticus, who lived in the first century. He was sitting in a room listening to a lecture given by Plutarch.

A soldier entered the hall, bringing Rusticus a letter from the Emperor.

The lecturer stopped speaking. All the people in the hall sat very silent. They waited for Rusticus to read the Emperor's letter. They thought that everything must pause until the important message was read.

But Rusticus did not break the seal of the letter.

"Go on, please," he said to Plutarch; and the lecture proceeded. Nor did Rusticus look at the letter until the meeting was at an end. No doubt he very much wished to read the contents of the message. He kept his feelings down. He would

not open the packet lest he should seem rude to Plutarch. His behaviour on this occasion was much admired by the onlookers.

Still nobler was the self-mastery of Saint Elizabeth, a noble lady who lived in the land of Hungary in the Middle Ages. She was the young wife of Duke Louis, a German prince. She was a very pious woman, and she always took the advice of a monk, who was her confessor.

"Madam," said the confessor to her one day, "when you sit at your husband's table there are rich meats and fruits placed on it. You ought not to partake of these luxuries."

"Why not, good father?"

"Because, my daughter, they are bought with money taken from poor peasants. These country-folk can ill afford to pay their taxes to the Duke's treasury."

"What must I eat?"

"Eat only frugal food. Eat dry bread, or plain cakes spread with honey. You will feel you have had no share in causing the misery of the poor."

The lady Elizabeth obeyed. When the Duke's guests sat down to a banquet, they ate dainty food and drank costly wine. The duchess dined on the plainest fare. Noblemen and ladies looked curiously at her plate. She took no notice of their glances. She was happy in the thought that the peasants in the fields and villages would not be parting with their money to load her dish with expensive meats.

One day (so the old legend runs) she was sitting alone at her meal of bread and water.

The Duke entered the chamber.

"My dear," he said, "let me drink with you."

He raised her glass of water and drank.

"Good!" he cried, as he set the glass down.

"And where" (turning to the cup-bearer who stood by) "did you get this excellent wine?"

"Sir, it is only water," answered the servant.

Do you see the meaning of the story? Saint Elizabeth gave up her own pleasure for the sake of the people. For their sake she drank only water. The love that filled her heart made the water seem rich and rare; not only to herself, but to her husband.

I do not think she need have kept to so strict a diet; but at least she acted in the spirit of kindness, and gave up her own wishes for the sake of the poor and lowly.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

ON the English sovereign-piece you see Saint George slaying a dragon. The Saint's steed rears on its hind legs. The Knight's cloak flies in the wind. His right hand grasps the deadly short sword that will soon deal the last blow. On the ground wriggles the four-footed winged beast, its snaky head lifted in rage, its eyes glaring in hatred of the bright captain who comes to deliver the people from its terror.

Such a dragon once lived (if you care to believe the story !) in the island of Rhodes, near the coast of Asia Minor.

Country-folk came into the town with pale cheeks, telling how they had been pursued by the monster ; how they caught the gleam of its great eyes through the trees of the forest ; how its jaws opened to let out smoke and flames !

Or they reported the death of a young girl, a young man, or child under the claws of the terrible creature.

On the hill above the city stood a castle-like building, with huge gates, thick walls, tall turrets. A chapel was inside. Every now and then you could hear the toll of the chapel bell, and you could

hear the solemn chant of the monks. The place was the monastery of the Knights of Saint John. The monks were half warriors, half men of prayer. They had a ruler over them who was known as the Grand Master.

One of the Knights of St. John went out to seek and kill the dragon. Alas ! he never returned. In the monster's cave lay his bones and his sword and his shield.

A second went forth, hoping to gain the gift of a gold cross which was to be presented to the conqueror of the dragon. He also failed ; he also died.

A third ventured to attack the beast. The same fate befel him.

A fourth brave fellow followed, and he was devoured with the rest.

A fifth tried the awful task ; and neither did he succeed.

Great was the mourning among the citizens.

The Grand Master called his monks together and said—

“Brethren, it is beyond the power of man to conquer this beast. I forbid any of you to attempt it again.”

But one Knight thought much of the suffering of the people, and of the tears that had been shed for the loss of so many victims. He longed to see the pleasant way through the forest made safe again for the feet of children. Notwithstanding the command of the Grand Master, he resolved that he himself would do what five comrades had been unable to perform.

For three months he prepared himself. He exercised himself in the use of lance and sword. Day after day he trained his limbs to move quickly, so that he could dart forwards and backwards like a flash of light. Then he sallied out of the monastery early one gray morning, and plunged into the dusky glade where the dragon's den lay.

A low growl, a hiss, a muffled roar ! The dragon had taken the alarm, and was on the watch for the bold foe.

With upraised sword the young Knight of St. John sprang upon the monster. There was a burst of fire ! Smoke rolled in black volumes about the cave. Two immense wings flapped and beat in fury.

At last a yell denoted the end of the fight. Heavily dropped the body of the dragon to the earth ; and the Knight, all splashed with blood and soot, looked down upon his fallen foe.

The news soon spread. Crowds of people collected at the spot to view the dead monster. Loud were the shouts of joy ; tremendous were the cheers that saluted the conqueror.

"To you is due the cross !" the people cried. "You have borne yourself as a hero !"

In glad procession they marched to the gate of the old monastery, the dragon-slayer in their midst. A group of Knights appeared at the entrance. They smiled their greetings to their valiant comrade.

Then stepped forward the Grand Master. His eyes were stern.

"He has slain the dragon !" rang out a thousand voices. "Master, award him the cross !"

The Grand Master maintained his grave look.

"Young brother," he said, "in this monastery the first lesson you have to learn is to obey. Obedience is your first duty. You did not obey my order. You went to meet the dragon, because you thought to gain glory. You were moved by pride and vanity. Go to your chamber. You may not win the cross."

For a moment all were silent.

"Sir," cried the other Knights, "you are too severe on our friend. He did indeed disobey, but he acted as a hero."

The Grand Master made no reply. He regarded the young Knight with a fixed gaze.

The hero cast his glance to the ground. His cheeks turned red. For a few minutes anger glowed in his heart.

Then he calmed himself. He unfastened his helmet, shield, and breastplate; gave his armour to a companion, and turned humbly and quietly away. The hot words that were about to spring from his lips were mastered. He obeyed in silence.

The Grand Master's face changed to a smile of admiration.

"My son!" he called, "come back!" Having embraced him, he drew out a gold cross, and placed it in his hand, saying—

"You can do greater things than killing the dragon. You can conquer your own feelings. You have gained a victory over yourself. Take the cross!"

CAN YOU EAT HEN ?

AN English gentleman, named Laurence Oliphant, was travelling among the mountains of Lebanon. One day he entered a village, and looked for a lodging. A Greek priest (that is, a priest of the Greek church) invited Mr. Oliphant to stay at his house. Soon a room was being swept out by women for his use, and a fowl was cooking on the fire for supper. The priest, however, could not talk English, nor could the English gentleman talk the Arabic, or Syrian tongue, which was spoken by the village people.

The priest, therefore, thought of sending for the village schoolmaster, a young Syrian, who was said to understand the English language. Evening had come on, and it would be nice to have a chat before going to bed.

Presently, the schoolmaster appeared. His looks were not very pleasant. There was something about him that Mr. Oliphant did not like.

As soon as he saw the Englishman he strode forward, seized him by the hand, and said, in a loud voice—

“ Good-morning ! ”

Well, but it was evening. This was a strange kind

of English. Mr. Oliphant did not think much of the beginning of the conversation!

The young schoolmaster took a book from his pocket and began turning over its leaves. It was a dictionary of English words and Arabic words. He seemed to be trying to make up a sentence. At last he was ready. He stared hard at Mr. Oliphant, and cried—"Can you eat hen?"

"Yes," replied the Englishman, supposing he meant the fowl.

The people who stood by—the priest, the women who were cooking, and others—looked with great respect at the Syrian who could talk English.

Alas! he could say scarcely anything else! He would roar out sounds that had no sense—

"Kopo lah nit jamo dox!"

Or some such nonsense.

Mr. Oliphant looked and said nothing. The bystanders were delighted at the Syrian's English! And when he found Mr. Oliphant was silent, he burst out again—

"Can you eat hen?"

As he spoke, he glanced round the room, as if to see whether he was admired. Thus he continued, and every now and then, in the midst of his jargon, he repeated—

"Can you eat hen?"

The Englishman got tired of this foolish and conceited young man, who seemed only to care about his own importance and not the stranger's comfort. He pointed to the door. The schoolmaster would not take the hint.

This was too much ! Mr. Oliphant picked up the dictionary, and put his finger on an English word. It was a short word of four letters—

“ Kick ! ”

He meant he would kick the Syrian out if he did not retire of his own accord. And still he did not go. Then Mr. Oliphant lifted up his boot and pointed to the toe !

At length the Syrian understood. He scowled dreadfully, glared at Mr. Oliphant, and left the room, shouting many rude words (in Arabic) as he went !

The schoolmaster, who ought to have known better, was a vulgar man, who pushed his company where it was not wanted. He talked, not because he wished to do the stranger a kindness, but simply to let folk see how clever he was. He was not a gentleman, though he taught the village children and was reckoned as a learned person.

I must tell of somebody better than this vain and pert Syrian.

In Italy there is a town, not large but famous, called Assisi. It is famous because it was once the dwelling-place of the good teacher, Saint Francis, who loved man and bird and beast, and gathered to his bosom the frightened hare or the timid lamb. But it is not of him that I am about to tell you, but of three other Saints, who paid a visit to a church there. The church bore the curious name of the Pardon of Assisi.

At certain times crowds of people, rich and poor, townsmen and peasants, old and young, would gather at the church, and confess their sins to the

priests, and those who seemed the meekest in spirit and the purest of heart were told by the confessors that their sins were remitted, or put away.

Perhaps a man came to the confessor, and, in a careless, or lazy, churlish way, said—

“I am sorry for my wrong-doing.”

His manner would show that he did not mean the words. The confessor would say—

“You cannot receive pardon.”

Thus many would go home without having heard the message of comfort.

Among the people who visited the Pardon one day (so I have read in an old legend) there were three saints. Their names were Saint Felix, Saint Vincent, and Saint Philip. After the services at the church were all over, they returned to Rome and called on the Pope.

His Holiness (for thus people speak of the Pope) had them in his private room, one at a time, and questioned them.

First, St. Felix.

“Were there a great many people at the Pardon?” asked the Pope.

“Oh, yes,” answered Felix, “an immense number. I never thought the world could hold so many.”

“I suppose,” continued the Pope, “a large number had their sins remitted?”

Felix sighed.

“Why do you sigh?”

“Because, father, many came, but few were really sorry enough to win a pardon.”

"Indeed, how many of the good sort were there, who truly repented, and deserved forgiveness?"

"Only four."

"Who were the four?"

"The four were Philip, and Vincent, and an old man, and another person."

After a time, the Pope asked that Felix would leave, and send one of his companions in.

Second, in came St. Vincent.

"Were there a great many people at the Pardon?" asked His Holiness.

"Yes, quite a vast crowd."

And so the Pope went on, as before, until he put the question—

"How many deserved the pardon?"

"Only four."

"Who were they?"

"Father Felix, Father Philip, an old man, and another person."

When Vincent had told his tale, he left the chamber, and in went the third.

This, of course, was St. Philip.

The Pope made the same inquiries as before.

"And how many received pardon for their misdeeds?"

"Only four."

"Indeed, and what were the names of these four good men?"

"Father Vincent, Father Felix, an old man, and one other."

Do you see what had happened in each case?

They all mentioned an old man, and, as none of

them were yet old, we may leave him out of account. But who was the "other person"?

St. Felix had named Philip and Vincent.

St. Vincent had named Felix and Philip.

St. Philip had named Vincent and Felix.

So each one of them had been in the number of the good. But each one had left out his own name. Each had gladly mentioned his two friends, while saying nothing about himself.

The Pope, however, found out that, besides the old man, the three honest and faithful souls at the Pardon of Assisi were Felix, Vincent, and Philip.

How noble was their spirit. They were real gentlemen. Each was eager to tell of the good works and good character of a neighbour. Each kept himself in the background.

We read in the Bible—

Love envieth not.

Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own.

THE STONE MAN.

HAVE you ever heard of the woman Medusa, with snakes on her head instead of hair, whose look was so dreadful that whoever gazed at her was turned into stone ?

And have you ever heard of the Russian witch who gave to the man Ivan Devich one of her hairs, and told him to tie three knots in it and blow upon it, and as soon as he had done so, he and his horse became hard stone ?

And have you ever read, in the stories of the Arabian Nights, how a young man had a wicked wife who was an enchantress, and how she turned the lower half of his body into marble, leaving the upper half alive ?

And have you ever heard of Blanco, the Spanish grape gatherer ?

I expect you have not, so I must tell you about him.

First of all, I have to inform you that there is an old garden at Daroca, in Spain, in the corner of which you may to-day see a statue, called the Man of Stone.

People wish you to stand very solemnly in front of the figure. They say it has an awful story. The

stone man was once alive. When he was alive his name was Mateo (or Matthew) Blanco.

The earth was red on the side of the hill, and in the red soil grew lovely grape vines in the enclosures called vineyards. Blanco was owner of two vineyards, and he and his sister made a good deal of money, and lived very close, and saved much, and gave poor food to their labourers, and never bestowed a copper on a beggar or a crust on a hungry neighbour.

The servants would not work for them, because they were so mean. Blanco and his sister had to go out into the vineyard themselves, but though they toiled hard they could not properly tend the vines, and the fruit became less plentiful.

The sister grew thin and died. Blanco was alone in the world. The vineyards were too much for him to manage. He tried to sell them, but the plants on them had been so much neglected that no one came forward to buy.

It was the time of the vintage, or grape harvest. Many hands were needed to gather the beautiful purple berries. Blanco found work.

Never before had he—the son of a hidalgo (nobleman)—laboured at the side of common workmen. He could not get used to the thought that he was only a mate among mates. He spoke proudly to the others.

“Here!” he would call out to one, “carry this basket for me.”

“Fetch me a cup of water,” he would order another.

His comrades would grunt at him in a surly manner—

“Why do you put on such airs? You are not the master.”

One morning the vineyard was crowded with gatherers. Men and women pulled the splendid clusters of fruit from the branches, and piled them up in baskets. The baskets were emptied into large trays, or presses, and stout lads—clean and joyful fellows—trod with bare feet on the fruit till the juice ran out into big jars below, ready for the making of wine. Some sang, some shouted, all enjoyed the work—except Blanco, whose hands moved lazily, and whose basket did not fill quickly like the rest.

Thomas watched, and saw Blanco put a number of the finest grapes into his mouth. This happened often. The eyes of Thomas were sharp! Nobody loved Blanco. When Thomas reported the theft to his mates, they were at once roused. They peeped through the leaves and branches of the vines, and saw Blanco eat in an idle, loafing way, as if he were paid to grow fat instead of to labour.

The news reached the overseer, or foreman. He would not, at first, believe the tale, but at last so many of the folk assured him of Blanco's misdeeds that he felt obliged to carry the complaint to the master.

Blanco was brought into the owner's presence, and accused.

“What!” he cried angrily. “Do you suppose that the son of a hidalgo would be a thief? I see how it is. I was rich once, and these fellows rejoice

because I am now poor, and so they insult me ! ”

“ Well, Blanco,” said the master, in a good-natured voice, “ I am unwilling to think you could act so badly, so I will give you another chance. Pray go back to the vineyard.”

He went back with a scowl on his face, as if he had been very ill-used.

The next morning, and the next, his companions noticed the same thing. His basket was not loaded as the others were. The foreman asked the owner if he might dress in peasant’s clothes and work near Blanco and see for himself what happened ; and the master agreed.

Peering through the thick growth of green leaves which divided one furrow from another, the foreman saw Blanco often stop to devour the best grapes. There was no mistake about it.

Again he was brought before the master. Again he stuck to it that he had not eaten the fruit. Again the merciful owner let him go back to work. Again he was seen in the act of greedily eating, and this time he was seen by both master and foreman.

“ Rascal ! ” exclaimed the master. “ I have caught you in the very act ! What have you to say for yourself ? ”

“ Why, sir, I am gathering your grapes as you engaged me to do ! ”

“ But have I not beheld you for the last twenty minutes munching my choicest grapes ? ”

“ Sir, may the blessed saints turn me to stone if I have done so wicked a deed.”

He picked up the basket, and was going to walk

away. A strange look came into his face. His feet were fixed to the soil. His legs were changed to white stone.

"I cannot move! I cannot move!" he shrieked. "O sirs, O sirs, pull me away from this spot! Yes, yes, I did indeed eat the grapes! Forgive me! I will never do it again!"

The master and the foreman seized hold of him, one on each side. They pulled, they tugged, but all in vain. Many people crowded round. Many tried to help him; none succeeded.

Somebody fetched oil and vinegar. With these liquids his legs were rubbed to try and soften them!

Little by little the whiteness crept upwards. His waist was stone—his chest—his arms—his basket—his grapes—his head—and there he is in the garden of Daroca to this very day!

Well, of course, you will not believe this tale. It is a Spanish legend.

Then why have I told it to you? Greedy people and false-speaking people are not changed into marble, or granite, or chalk, or salt!

No, but the tale shows how such people are disliked. We should none of us wish a dear mother, or father, or a loved sister, or brother, or friend, to be transformed into stone. We should hate the very thought of it. But when people are selfish, and when they say words that are untruthful, we think (or some of us think): "If they were turned into stone the world would not lose much. We do not want such people here. They are not true comrades."

Does it seem to you a terrible thing to be changed into stone, like Blanco, or like the enchantress' husband, or the Russian horseman, or the person who looked at Medusa ?

I know a worse thing than that. It is, to be disliked by our neighbours because of our greediness or our deceit. The best of all pleasures is the pleasure of friendship with the other people in the world. And the worst of all punishments is to feel that no one cares for us, after our faults have taken away their kind regard for us.

Courage ! dear girls and boys. Nobody wants you, and nobody ever will want you, to be changed into stone. You are going to be women and men whom your neighbours will respect.

TWO TEMPERATE MEN.

IS it right to ride a bicycle? Yes. Is it right to eat? Yes. Is it right to go to a party? Yes. Is it right to read a nice story book? Yes. But if I ride hour after hour, at great speed, rushing along roads until my head is dizzy and my heart faint; and if I eat till I have a pain in the stomach; and if I stay at the party till the early morning, and go to work next day (if we can call it next day) with sleepy eyes; and if I read till long past bed time and find it hard to go to sleep—you will say I have done too much. I have gone to extremes. And if a man is careful not to go to extremes; if he is steady in his riding, eating, party-going, etc., what do we call him? We say he is moderate, or we say he is temperate. Very well; and would you say that every temperate man is a good man? Some of you say yes; some say no; others are not sure what to answer.

I will tell you about Capa, a strong, dark-eyed, bearded man, who lived in the island of Corsica, between Spain and Italy. One day, he entered a cottage on the mountain-side. The cottager hastened to set before him bread, cheese and water, which Capa ate with fresh appetite.

Another visitor came in, and began chatting with Capa.

"My friend," said the new-comer, "I wish I could share your life. I wish I could be a partner with you in your business."

"Do you?" replied Capa. "Well, sir, let me ask you some questions. Do you drink wine?"

"Yes, I have a flask with me. Will you have a pull at it yourself?"

"No; put it away. And do you smoke?"

"Yes, and here is my pouch of tobacco. And if you would like to have a smoke, Capa, let me lend you my flint and steel to strike a light on this tinder."

[You see, there were no matches in the wilds of Corsica.]

"No, put it all away. My friend, I hardly think you will be suitable for a partner!"

"Why not?"

"Because you do not seem willing to go without things. They who practise my trade must be very temperate. They must be willing to bear hunger and thirst. They must face the sting of the hail, the flash of the lightning, the force of the blast, the roar of the torrents. They must be ready to lie on the ground with a stone for a pillow. Night or day, they must be prepared to climb the misty heights, without rest, without fear."

What was Capa's trade?

He was a robber, a brigand. Hiding behind rocks, he would watch the travellers on horseback, or in coaches, coming up the mountain-road, and he would seize men with his stout arm, or aim at them with keen eye, or listen with sharp ear, for the approach of soldiers. He was strictly temperate, in order

that he might be always ready—fit, alert—to do his bad work of robbing other people. He knew that a careless, drunken man would be of no use as a brigand.

And now I will ask my question again, Is every temperate man a good man ? This time I do not think you will hesitate. You will say No.

Should we not like all men to be temperate ? Most certainly ; and it would be a good thing if they were. But that is only a beginning. A temperate man may be very selfish and very hard-hearted. He is not truly good until——

Until what ?

Well, I will talk to you about another man who was very temperate in his food and drink, and in all his habits. He was often to be seen riding on horse-back along the roads of England, a man-servant following ; and he would stop at a wayside inn, and order dinner. But, in giving the order, he would say, “ Mind, I want my own man to wait on me.”

“ Yes, sir,” the innkeeper would reply.

After a while, a fine dinner would come in, dish by dish—soup, fish, roast beef, chicken, apple pie, cheese, a bottle of port wine. All these the servant would place on the sideboard ; and he made for his master a basin of warm bread and milk, which was the whole of the dinner. However, Mr. Howard (for such was the gentleman’s name) always paid for the big dinner even when he did not eat it ; and so the landlords never called him mean. On one occasion, Mr. Howard called at a cottage, where the woman could offer him nothing but black bread,

eggs and oatmeal. She had no forks, and only laid a huge garden knife on the table. Mr. Howard and his man made a hearty meal, and were contented.

Mr. Howard never ate meat, and the things he most enjoyed (his "luxuries") were tea, butter and fruit; and he neither drank wine nor smoked tobacco. He was, as you see, very temperate. But what for? He was not a brigand; and he was not selfish.

When he was a young man, he sailed on a voyage to Portugal. In passing the Bay of Biscay, his ship was stopped by a French privateer, and captured; for, at that time, war was being carried on between France and England. The English passengers were now prisoners in the keeping of the Frenchmen, and, the privateer being short of water, the prisoners went without a drop for forty hours, and endured great suffering. At the seaport town of Brest, they were put in a prison, where the only beds were heaps of dirty straw, and there they stayed for six days. A leg of mutton was thrown into the dungeon by the jailer, and the prisoners clutched it and tore at it like hungry animals. When Mr. Howard was released, he told his story to the British Government, and letters were sent to the French Government, requesting them to give better treatment to prisoners-of-war; and after that the condition of the captives was much better.

Mr. Howard was well off, and he was the landlord of many houses in a certain village in Bedfordshire. The houses were in poor repair, the rooms dirty, the people careless. The landlord resolved to make a

change. He employed the men to put on new roofs, to mend fences, to plant neat gardens ; and the women were set to making linen garments. Soon, the village looked a new place altogether ; the dwellings were clean, the gardens bright, the people happier. John Howard (for that was his full name) was a changer of evil things into good ; he was a reformer. The temperate man was sharp, keen, alert, active ; and what for ? In order to make his neighbours happier.

When Mr. John Howard was made High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, it was part of his duty to visit the prisons, and notice how the inmates (the people in them) were treated. You know he had been a prisoner himself, and he could feel for persons who were shut up in jails. He saw many things that shocked him—rooms under ground that had to be reached by dark and slippery steps ; rooms badly lighted, cold and damp ; bad food, bad water, bad straw to lie on. In one place, some prisoners were confined in a small chamber, where they were glad to take it in turns to stand at the small window to catch a little light and air. Fever often laid the poor folk low, and their blood seemed to go cold, and then to boil hot. This disease was known as jail fever ; and sometimes, when a fever-stricken prisoner was brought to the dock of a Court of Justice, the disease would be caught by the jurymen, and the lawyers, and the judge, and a number of them would die. Even when a man was said to be “ Not guilty ” (or innocent), he was often marched back to the prison, and not allowed to go free until he had paid

the jailer his fees—that is, a sum of money for the trouble of minding him ! These things wounded the heart of John Howard, and he sent word concerning them to the Government—that is, the Houses of Parliament—the House of Lords and the House of Commons. People felt that these evils must be altered ; the prisons must be improved ; and a great many changes were made ; the life of the sorrowful prisoner was made more clean and healthy. Even if the prisoner had really done sins and crimes, he still ought to be treated with justice, and given a clean bed and wholesome food, and light and air. For all men are one family—the just and the unjust.

Howard wondered if prisons in other places besides England also needed reform. He would go and see ; he would tell the world what he saw ; he would pray to mankind to put an end to wrongs. Therefore, he went on travel for many years, passing from one country to another, and looking at the jails everywhere, and persuading kings and rulers to be more merciful. John Howard, the man of pity and love, journeyed in Wales, in Scotland, and in Ireland ; he journeyed in France, in Spain, in Portugal, in Sweden, in Denmark, in Germany, in Holland, in Austria, in Switzerland, in Italy, in Turkey, in Asia Minor, in Russia.

Ah, in Russia ! I feel sad as I name that country, for it was there that Howard died, in the year 1790. A young lady had fallen sick of the fever, and he went to give her a certain medicine which he thought might heal her. More than once he visited the patient. The last time was on a cold, rainy night,

and he rode on horseback through the wet. All night he sat by her bedside, and she died ; and he knew within himself that he had taken from her the deadly germs. In a few days his friends saw that he was dying. To one of them he said—

“Suffer no grand pomp to be shown at my funeral ; let no monument rise over my grave. Lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over me, and let me be forgotten.”

Forgotten ! No, he shall never be forgotten.

When you pass the grim and solemn gate of a prison, think that you see Howard there ; remember how he sweetened the jails of Europe, and say in a whisper—

“Master, thank you ! ”

And when you go to London, visit St. Paul’s Cathedral, and look at the statue of John Howard.

These were two temperate men. One was a brigand, the other a prison reformer. One was temperate and selfish ; the other was temperate and gave himself to the service of man.

THREE GIRLS AND TWO TEMPER.

A RUSSIAN farmer had a wife and three daughters. The wife was stepmother to the eldest girl, and disliked her so much that she made her work as hard as Cinderella. Poor Marfa had to rise before daybreak, feed the cattle, fetch water from the well, and wood from the stack in the yard, light the fire, sweep the floor, and mend her sisters' and stepmother's clothes. She got no thanks even then, but her stepmother nagged her, and screamed—

“What a lazy bones you are ! Look at this broom in the wrong place ! and whatever do you mean by leaving this dirty mark on the table ? ”

The step-sisters had breakfast in bed, and snoozed all the morning, and scolded Marfa when they got up. She cried to herself, and did her best to please them all, and looked cheerful even when her heart was sad. Her father loved her, and longed to make her happy, but he was afraid of his wife, and could not show the kindness that he felt.

The stepmother wanted to get rid of Marfa. So when the girls were grown up, she said to her husband one evening—

“I say, old man, it is time for Marfa to be married.”

“Yes,” he said.

“ Well, old man, get up early to-morrow morning, put the horse to the sledge, and take Marfa to find a husband.”

Then she called to her step-daughter—

“ Marfa, pack up your clothes in a basket ; put on your best dress ; you are to go on a visit to-morrow.”

The girl was pleased at the idea of visiting friends, and she slept sweet and sound, and rose early, and looked pretty and bright when she was dressed, though her garments were not very gay.

Her father had brought the sledge to the door. The snow covered all the land, and the sky was dull grey.

“ I’m ready,” he said, as he came into the kitchen.

“ Here’s cabbage soup for your breakfast,” snarled his wife. “ Be quick. The bridegroom will be waiting for his bride.”

Marfa and her father ate together. “ Now, old man,” cried his wife. “ It is time to go. You must drive straight along the road till you come to the forest road on the right ; keep along up the hill till you reach the tall pine-tree, and there you must leave Marfa, and Master Crackling Frost will come for her.”

The father looked very miserable at the idea of his daughter marrying the cold, cold Frost ; and Marfa began to weep.

“ What are you making that noise for ? ” called the stepmother. “ Frost will be a grand husband. He is very rich ; all the white ornaments on the trees belong to him, and all the diamonds on the snow ! ”

Marfa and her father drove away and arrived at the lonely wood and the pine-tree.

“Good-bye, my dear,” said her father. “Speak to Frost as cheerfully as you can.”

When he had gone, Marfa sat on her basket and shivered, and pulled her fur cloak closer round her. She heard Frost coming, and as he came he snapped the boughs and twigs of the fir-trees, and pine-trees, and birch-trees, and larch-trees. All white and glistening was Crackling Frost, as he sat on a branch and looked down.

“Are you warm, maiden ? ”

“Yes, Father Frost,” replied Marfa, shivering. He came lower down.

“Are you warm, fair lady ? ”

“Beautifully warm, father dear ! ”

And she shivered again.

He came lower down.

“Are you warm, darling ? ”

“Very comfortable indeed, dear Frost.”

Then Crackling Frost tried her patience no longer, but threw about her some soft thick blankets and sealskins and bearskins, and she slept peacefully and snugly till the next daybreak.

When her father came in the morning, he found her safe, and at her side was a packet of presents left her by Crackling Frost, a bridal veil, a fur mantle, and many other gifts. He drove his daughter home with great joy, and the stepmother was very much astonished, and very vexed, to see Marfa again.

“Well,” she said, “so he’s not married Marfa after all. To-morrow, old man, you shall take my

dear Mashka and my darling Prascovia, and Crackling Frost can choose one of them for his wife."

Next morning, dressed in their best, the two girls set out with their father, and he drove them to the pine-tree and there left them. They sat laughing and talking, but, after a time, began to feel chilly.

"I say, Prascovia, if Master Frost does not come soon, we shall die of cold."

"Oh, he won't come before dinner-time, Mashka."

"Which of us will he have?"

"He won't have you, you goose!"

"Do you think he'll have you?"

"Of course."

"Don't talk so silly, Prascovia!"

Some hours had passed, when they heard movements in the trees and the snapping of twigs.

"Hark, he's coming, Prascovia!"

"What does it matter if he is, Mashka? I'm so bitter cold, I can't feel my own fingers."

Crackling Frost sat on a branch, and swung his legs.

"Are you warm, maidens?"

"No, indeed! We were waiting for a husband, but the wretch has not come!"

He came lower down.

"Are you warm, pretty ladies?"

"What a foolish question to ask! Are you blind? Can't you see how blue we are, you stupid?"

He came lower down.

"Are you warm, fair sisters?"

"Go to the bottom of the sea, you ugly creature you!"

Then he breathed his breath over them, and they lay still, and never moved again.

Next morning, the stepmother said—"Old man, put hay in the bottom of the sledge to make it warm for their feet, and take some sheepskins to wrap round them, and fetch the girls."

When he came to the pine-tree, he found them dead, and he placed them in the sledge and covered them over with a blanket, and drove to the farmhouse. His wife came out to meet them.

"Where are the girls?"

"In the sledge."

She raised the blanket, and saw her daughters dead.

But Marfa married a young man of the village and lived in peace, and her children loved their grandfather.

The story I have just told is a favourite Russian folk-tale. By "folk-tale" is meant an old tale which is often repeated by the village people, especially to the younger members of the family. You see I have called the story "Three sisters and two tempers." Marfa's temper was cheerful. She bore bravely the troubles that fell upon her. She kept a smile even when the icy cold fastened upon her its heavy chains. To be sure, we cannot expect people to smile always when they are in trouble, but if they can act like Marfa now and then it would be something!

The other temper was the temper of the mother and the step-sisters—a fault-finding, sneering,

grumbling, rude sort of temper it was, and no good came of it.

But I should like to say one word before we part, and that is about the stepmother. You will notice that in the old fairy-tales, the stepmother is nearly always a very hard-hearted and cruel person. Now, it does not seem to me right to make the stepmother so mean and so bitter. There are certainly a good many stepmothers in the world who are gentle and kind. But I suppose the first folk-tale tellers pictured the stepmother as a wicked woman, and then other persons who made up stories copied them, and so it became a fashion. For you see there are fashions in story-telling just as there are fashions in ladies' dresses and bonnets !

COURAGE I.

A HUGE bull stood in a meadow, and bellowed loud and deep.

He had caught sight of a party of navvies. These men had been working on a railway near Fishguard, in South Wales, and they were going home after the day's labour.

One of the men stopped. He was a strong, burly fellow. Somehow he felt put out to think that the bull should stand there, defying all passers-by. Why should not he, stout Scot that he was, defy the bull ?

He climbed over a stone wall and approached the big beast, and shouted as if to invite the bull to try his strength.

The bull roared and dashed forward. Leaping quickly on one side, the navy struck the bull smartly on the nose !

The animal retreated a short distance, and the Scot followed and aimed a second blow. But the bull's fury had reached its height. He charged at the man, knocked him down, and attempted to gore him with his horns ! The navy's companions had seen the peril. They rushed to the spot, and managed to draw the bull's attention away. Rising hurriedly, and out of breath, the navy got safely out of the bull's reach. He bore several bruises,

and there was a wound on his cheek. He did not challenge the animal again.

Was the navy a brave man ?

Well, what is bravery for ?

Think for a moment of a broom such as you sweep the stones on the pavement with. It has coarse, rough bristles, which are very useful for its purpose. Now, suppose I wanted to clean a looking-glass, and used this broom very hard ! You would say it was a silly act. I was using the broom for a purpose it was never meant for. I was doing no good.

So it is with bravery, or courage. The Scotch navy was using his courage simply to defy the bull and make the beast angry, and his deed brought no help, or pleasure, or comfort to anybody. He was rash ; he was foolhardy. He may have been brave. I daresay he was ; but I should not call his fight with the bull a true act of courage.

Suppose a little child had fallen on the grass, and the bull was about to gore it, and the navy had run to the child's aid. Would that have been brave ? Yes, it would have proved that the man's heart was filled with courage.

Real courage does not act till there is a good reason—either it will act to keep off danger from one's self, or it will act to keep off danger from other people.

I will tell you about a Turk. I shall tell you this story with great pleasure. You will often hear persons talk with ill-feeling against the Turks. To such people the Turk, in his red hat, his jacket, his full and baggy trousers, and with his soldier-like mous-

tache, is a man to be disliked or hated. But we ought to be friendly to all nations on earth—Frenchmen, Russians, Chinese, Turks and all.

You perhaps know that the Holy Book of the Turks, Arabs, Moors and Persians is the Koran. The priests of the Moslem or Mohammedan faith read the texts of the Koran to the people every day. You may also have heard that the Moslem churches with round roofs are called mosques.

A crowd of Turks had assembled in the mosque in the city of Aleppo. Sacred was the place ; but evil were the thoughts in the souls of the people. They carried knives and rifles. There was a wild look in their eyes. They talked in low voices.

“ It is time to put an end to these bad Armenians.”

“ Yes, there is never any good in Christians. Nor do they think any better of us.”

“ Ah ! the city of Aleppo cannot hold both us and them. Either the Turks or these Armenian Christians must die.”

“ Death to the Armenians ! ”

Just then a voice rang loud and clear through the holy building—

“ Halt ! ”

The eyes of the crowd were turned to the door. A Turkish officer, or pasha, had entered. Walking with a resolute air through the mob, he went up to the priest and quietly asked for the copy of the Koran.

Having taken the book into his hands, he held it up before all the people. They watched with great curiosity. He was well known to them all. His

name was Edhem Pasha, and he was in command of the garrison of Turkish troops which was guarding the city of Aleppo.

"I have just been told," said Edhem Pasha, "that you folk have a mind to do an ill deed. I have just been told that you mean to go forth and carry death to the Armenians of Aleppo."

No one spoke. Not a sound was heard. Edhem Pasha opened the Koran.

"Here," he went on, "is the blessed book given by the prophet Mohammed to the world in the name of Allah, who is the one true God. I ask you if there are any words in this book which prove that it is a right thing to slay men, women and children who live at peace in the same city as ourselves, just because they belong to a different faith and have different ways and different speech."

There was no response.

"I will turn my own guns," cried Edhem Pasha, "upon the first man who lifts his hands against the Christians."

The people looked at him. The brave officer faced them with a calm gaze. His heart did not flinch at their savage scowl. He was determined to save innocent persons from death.

Presently, the crowd broke up and went home-wards.

The Armenians of Aleppo were saved. They were saved by the Turkish pasha's courage.

COURAGE II.

“**H**OW the wind blows to-night!” said the people.

The wind roared over the hills of Rome, round the grand ruins of temples and theatres, through archways, along streets where the great Cæsar once rode among his soldiers.

Slowly marched a band of men and women, stopping now and then when the wind blew out any of the torches which they bore, and then struggling on in the rain and the cold.

It was Christmas Eve, and the Pope was going to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore to say prayers in the holy service of the Mass. In after years this Pope was thought so much of that he was called the Great—Gregory the Great.

He was richly dressed, jewels glittered on his robes. The altar of the church was made gay with many leaves and winter flowers. Candles twinkled in all the corners. The worshippers were few on this night of tempest, but they were quiet and happy in the church.

When the service was nearly over, a shout was heard at the doors. The noise of steel weapons rang on the stone floor of the building. People cried

aloud in alarm. A fierce man named Cencius strode forward, followed by armed men. Cencius was captain of a strong fortress at Rome known as the Castle of Saint Angelo. He had some ill-will—I know not why—against the Pope, and he had come to enjoy his revenge. A slight struggle took place near the altar. The Pope's friends tried to protect him. It was in vain.

The rough invaders of the church carried Gregory to the entrance, and flung him on the back of a horse. His forehead was wounded and it bled. A clatter of hoofs was heard. The troop of Cencius galloped away in the darkness to the Castle of Saint Angelo.

The Pope was led to a strong-walled chamber, where he must remain for the night.

It happened that a kind-hearted man and a lady were passing the bridge by the castle just at the moment that Cencius rode up to the gates. They entered the open gateway and went right in, curious to see who the prisoner might be. They saw Gregory in his prison room, and asked if they might render him help. This being allowed, they gave him furs and cloaks under which he might keep warm.

The Christmas morning broke cold. The news of the Pope's capture had flown about the city. All Rome loved Gregory, and the people would suffer no harm to come to him if they could prevent it. An alarm bell was rung.

“Hark!” said the citizen. “Hark! the tocsin sounds!”

Crowds of people met together, and then hurried

towards the fortress. Cencius saw their approach. He thought it would not be long before the Pope must pass out of his hands. He would make some gain before Gregory went.

"Holy father," he said, "I am ready to let you go free if you will grant a certain estate of land and a certain sum of money. You are now in my power, but I wish you no evil. Popes are rich men, and you can give me something out of the plenty of the Church."

"No, I will not give," answered Gregory.

The tumult of the crowds was now plainly heard. Heavy blows were aimed at the gate, and voices exclaimed, "Open!"

Cencius felt fear. He changed his tone. Kneeling before the Pope, he begged for mercy.

"What you have done to me," said Gregory, "I pardon as a father pardons; but what you have done against God and the Church you must make amends for."

"What, sir, must I do that my sin may be taken away?"

"You must go as a pilgrim to Jerusalem," replied the Pope, "and visit the holy tomb of Christ."

The gate was unbarred, and the excited crowd surged in; and they saw the Pope and were filled with joy. The wound on his brow still bled, and he felt weak.

"You must go home and rest," said the people.

"No," he replied, "I did not finish saying Mass last night. I will now go to the Church of St. Mary and recite the prayers to the close of the service."

Over his priest's cassock he put a fur cloak, which the stranger had given him, and so he walked to the church, and a multitude went with him, and he ascended the steps of the altar and knelt and brought the broken service to an end.

He was sure it was his duty to conclude the Mass. Nothing would stay him from doing his duty.

No wonder the people learned to call him "Great." Men who are great in soul will go straight to the mark which they believe to be the mark of duty, and they will not be turned aside by trouble or danger.

Perhaps you say——

"Well, Gregory was a Pope. We expect men of such high rank to show courage."

We do. But we may expect courage in men of low rank also, and in children also.

"Oh," you say, "the captain of a castle will never seek to hurt me or seize me. These captains are only alive in books."

Well, I heard the other day of some brave children who were not afraid of a captain. It was captain Snow. Let me tell you.

In a valley of Switzerland called Emmenthal there is a school. Much snow falls on the mountains and in the passes during winter. The roads to the school are covered deep with the white flakes. The children look out of their windows and see the white country. Some of them know it will take them more than an hour's hard struggle to reach the house of A.B.C. and copybooks and maps!

"We must start earlier, mother," they say, "because of the snow."

Perhaps the smaller ones are carried on the shoulders of elder brothers.

Brave little souls ! Like Gregory the Great, they know their duty, and they perform it.

COURAGE III.

OF course, you like to hear about brave men. For instance, Sven Hedin, the Swedish traveller in Central Asia.

Among the sand-hills he toiled slowly along, with his party of natives, and camels, and one sheep. Sand-hills ; sand-hills ; more sand-hills ; always sand ; little water ; great thirst. Men, camels and sheep—all were dry. The sun burned in the sky ; the sand felt warm under foot. The water which the travellers carried in iron tanks had become warm, and some of it was placed in a tin can and buried rather deep in the sand for a while so as to make it cool and drinkable.

Soon the water in the tanks would be all drunk. Could more be found by digging ?

Kasim, one of Hedin's companions, began to dig. As he dug, he came upon sand which was moist. Surely water was below !

The sun set red in the west behind the sand-hills. Dusk fell ; stars gleamed ; and still Kasim dug. In each side of the hole in which he worked he had stuck a piece of lighted candle. The camels crouched round the hole, as if they knew what the man was trying to find.

Kasim dug to the depth of ten feet. Then he flung down his spade and groaned.

"What is the matter?" asked Sven Hedin.

"The sand down here is dry. It is of no use to dig more."

All the party felt weary. The nearest town was many miles distant. There was only enough water in the tanks to last one day more.

Hedin said to his head man, Islam Bai: "You will not despair, Islam? And you will keep up the courage of the other men, will you not?"

"I will, sir," replied Islam.

Next day they journeyed on across the sand. Two camels fell and were left behind. They were dying.

Dark clouds appeared. Oh! if they would but break in sweet rain! No, they passed. The sun burned again.

A storm burst, but it was a storm of sand, blown by the cruel hot wind. It almost choked the travellers.

A third camel fell. The other camels were too weak to bear all the loads. So some cases of flour, rice, potatoes, and parcels of books, etc., were buried in the sand. If the travellers lived to return to this dreadful spot they could dig up the hidden store.

The water was now reduced to three pints and a half.

Courage! Onwards!

Ah, what was Yollchi doing? He was drinking from a tank! Before he could be stopped he had swallowed half! Kasim and Islam Bai struck him in rage, and Sven Hedin had to rush between.

Only one-third of a pint remained. Yollchi staggered. He could not keep pace with the others. He dropped to the rear. Two men led the little caravan, and they drank the last of the water.

The sheep was now killed, for the sake of its blood. The men drank the red liquor.

Yollchi and another man sank to the ground, dying. A camel died. Four camels were left with Islam Bai, who was too ill to go on.

Kasim and Sven Hedin walked on. They reached a forest. So slow were their steps, they crawled rather than walked.

Kasim sank to the earth and lay still.

Sven Hedin rushed forward, his eyes searching among the trees. The night had come on, and the crescent moon glittered in the heavens.

Ha ! What was that light that gleamed among the trees ? It was the light of the moon shining on a pool of water !

Sven Hedin hastened for dear life. He knelt ; he stooped ; he drank, drank, drank, drank.

Now, he must go to the help of Kasim. How could he carry the water ?

His boots ! Yes, the boots would do. They were stout water-proof boots of leather. He drew them off, and filled them with water and hanged one at each end of a thick stick, and balanced the stick on his shoulders.

Then he trudged through the forest, shouting, " Kasim ! Kasim ! Where are you ? "

All was silent. Sven Hedin lit a bonfire, hoping Kasim would see the flames. There was no sound.

The Swedish traveller fell asleep, and he slept for two hours.

The morning had dawned. By the grey light Sven Hedin discovered the mark of his own feet. He followed the trail until he found Kasim.

"Would you like some water?" he cried.

Kasim shook his head. He looked dull and dazed. His senses had all but failed him.

Sven Hedin held one of the boots to Kasim's lips. Oh! how the man drank, drank, without stopping.

"More!"

"Yes, Kasim, here is another boot!" And he emptied the second.

Poor Kasim, however, was still too feeble to walk. Sven Hedin wandered on till he met some Asiatic shepherds, who gave him food. Kasim was brought to the shepherds' camp, and later on Islam Bai rejoined them.

Well, no doubt you think it was brave of Sven Hedin to venture into so wild a country, and to endure heat and thirst, and to face death. The books of travellers are full of such stories.

But I admire the miller's brave daughter, who, in the year 1902, died in the hospital in the old English town of Banbury, in Oxfordshire. Her name was Allitt. She had been cooking some food, and was standing in front of a stove, when her dress caught fire.

Miss Allitt was alone in the house with her mother, who was very ill.

If she called out she feared it would alarm the

mother, and make her worse. Therefore, she kept quiet, and, in silence, she tried to quench the flames that rose all around her from the burning clothes !

Smoke was seen issuing from the open door. Neighbours ran in, put out the flames, and, in great haste, carried Miss Allitt to the hospital.

In an hour she was dead.

Brave girl ; for her mother's sake she gave up her own life.

Brave soul, how noble was the silence in which she bore the pain !

THE TROUBLES OF A HEAD.

“**Y**OU are a very naughty boy, Vittorio, and I shall punish you,” said an Italian lady to her seven-year-old son.

The boy looked sulky, and held down his head. Oh, this poor head! I am about to relate to you the sorrows it had to bear.

By way of punishment, the lady placed a small night-cap, made of green net, on his head, and bade him walk by her side to church. It was a neat little cap. There was nothing frightful about it. If somebody had given it to Vittorio as a gift, he might have been pleased with it. But he hated it because it was set on his head as a punishment. He did not want to leave the house, but he was forced to. In the streets he sobbed, he screamed, he howled! People turned round to see if some poor child was being cruelly ill-treated. All they saw was a boy wearing a green net cap.

When he and his mother arrived at the church, he ceased howling, and sat in sad silence. His eyes were turned downwards. He feared that the priests, and all the people in the church, were gazing at him, and at the green net cap.

They returned home. Vittorio was so overcome by his terrible punishment that he could neither eat,

nor talk, nor study his lessons, nor read his favourite books.

Once before he had worn the green net cap for the same reason, and he had felt the same sense of shame, and for three months, it is said, he was a very obedient boy.

You see this punishment was not a very severe one in itself. Some Italian boys, and some English boys, would only have laughed if father or mother had said, "You naughty lad, you must wear a green net cap!"

But Vittorio had a strong imagination. It was the idea of the punishment, and not the cap itself, that hurt his feelings. He trembled at the thought of hundreds of eyes gazing at him for his evil deeds!

He was about eight years old when his elder brother, aged fourteen, came home on a visit from his college at Turin. The brothers played together, and they acted as soldiers. One day, Vittorio was marching up and down in fine style, under the command of his brother, the captain, when he happened to turn on his heels too quickly. He slipped, and fell with great force against the "dog," or iron-bar, of the fire-place. The brass knob which is usually fixed on these bars was broken off; a jagged point was left; and this point made a nasty wound in the little boy's head. At first, however, he felt no pain.

"It's all right," he said to his brother, "don't say anything about it."

The brother was frightened, and ran for aid. Vittorio presently felt drops of blood run down his cheek. He raised his hand to the spot, found it was

red, and began to shriek ! A surgeon was called in, and dressed the wound. For some days the boy was obliged to stay in a dark room. His eye had become swollen, and the light must be kept away from it. The mark made by the dog-iron remained on his forehead all his life.

When at length Vittorio came forth from the dark room, he was a strange object. His head was bound with linen bandages.

"What is the matter with your head ?" a friend would ask.

"Oh," he replied proudly, "I cut it while I was performing a soldier's exercises."

At school, a visitor noticed the boy whose head was swathed with bandages.

"What is the matter with yonder boy ?" he inquired of the teacher.

"He has had a bad fall," replied the teacher.

"While I was performing a soldier's exercises," cried Vittorio, who wished everybody to know the exact cause of the accident.

Thus, the neat green cap gave him terrible pain and grief, and the ugly bandages gave him great pleasure ! In one case he was afraid of people's looks of reproach and disdain. In the other case he loved to think people would praise him for so nobly playing a soldier's part !

About a year afterwards it was thought by his uncle that he had better go to school at Turin, a city which was some distance off. Just at this time his brother died. The mother had lost one son, and was now to part with the other. Her sorrow was

great ; and young Vittorio also felt deep grief, and he clung to his mother so earnestly that it was a hard matter to get him into the coach that was to carry him to the college at Turin.

At school he had more troubles with his unhappy head ! The food supplied to the scholars was of poor quality, and Vittorio, whose mother had always carefully watched over him, felt the change very much, and soon began to look pale and thin. Painful sores appeared on his head.

His schoolmates had no pity for his misfortune. They made a mock of him. When they could find no other sport, they surrounded Vittorio, and teased him, and jeered at him because he did not look so strong and robust as themselves. They even invented a name to taunt him with. They called him " Carrion ! " which means the flesh of dead animals, unfit to eat. And they shouted after him the word " Rotten ! "

Often he slunk into a quiet corner, to keep out of the way of the scorers, and to shed tears in his loneliness.

After a while Vittorio was more kindly treated. The professors of the college saw that he needed better food, and allowed him to have it ; and they also allowed him to sleep an hour longer each morning than his schoolfellows, because his brain was restless, and he suffered from sleeplessness. His health improved. No scholar was more mindful of his lessons. From class to class the boy worked his way up. He passed well in the examinations. The other boys could now perceive that the lad whom

they had despised was a lad that had talent and character.

But oh, the poor head !

Vittorio had been four years at his school when he fell ill, and all his hair had to be shaved off. He was forced to wear a wig. As soon as he joined his class again, and the boys noticed the wig, a loud shout arose ! They thought it would be delightful to play with Vittorio's new head of hair. But I am glad to say he had gained courage, as well as made progress in learning. He saw that it was of no use to sit down in a corner and endure in silence all the insults of his companions. He made the best of his new trouble. He himself could make sport !

To the astonishment of the boys, Vittorio rushed into the playground, snatching off his wig, and tossing it into the air !

"Bravo !" went up a tremendous cry from the boys, as they watched the wig rise and fall like a football.

"Here, catch it !" called Vittorio, as he flung the wig to his companions.

They all laughed heartily ; and I am happy to tell you that, in a day or two, none of them took any more notice of the wig, and he suffered no more persecution. A little good humour, you see, saved him from a great deal of annoyance.

I have said so much about the outside of Vittorio's head that perhaps you would like to hear a short story about the inside ; I mean as to what thoughts and feelings moved in his young brain. He was a boy of fancy and imagination, and, indeed, he was to

become one of Italy's greatest poets. So fond was he of reading books that he loved a poetry-book more than he loved pudding or tart.

For instance, he saw a copy of the poems of Ariosto in the hand of a schoolfellow, and he very much wanted to obtain it for his own. Alas, he had no money to spare ! But if he had no money, he had other means of buying. Each Sunday an extra good dinner was prepared for the scholars in the shape of half a fowl each.

Vittorio said to his schoolmate—

“ I will let you have my half-fowl next Sunday if you will sell me your Ariosto.”

“ That is not enough,” said the other.

“ Two half-fowls.”

“ No, not enough.”

“ Three ! ”

“ Not enough.”

“ Four ! ”

“ Right,” said his friend.

And so, for four Sunday mornings, Vittorio passed on his half-fowl to his comrade, and contented himself with bread, and vegetables, and the poetry-book !

I will not say that was a proper thing to do. At any rate I do not think his mother would have approved of this way of purchasing a book. But I am pleased that Vittorio showed so much love for the reading of good works, and was willing to yield up one pleasure in order to secure a better pleasure.

I must close by revealing to you his full name. It was Vittorio Alfieri. He was born in 1749, and died

in 1803. He wrote plays for the theatre, not to make people laugh, but to teach them noble lessons. One of his dramas is called "Abel," and gives the tale of Cain and Abel, and of the murder. There is a scene in which we hear poor Abel cry for mercy. He reminds Cain how he had talked kindly to him when the ploughing of the field or the worry of tending the flock made Cain impatient.

Abel.—Keep back thy axe ! O do not strike me ;

See,

I fall before thee, and embrace thy knees.

Keep back thy axe, I pray thee ! Hear thou me ;

The sound of this my voice, in yonder fields,

Has soothed thee oftentimes, when much incensed,

Now with the stubborn clods, now with the lambs,

But thou wast ne'er so angry as thou'rt now,

Dear brother of my heart !

Cain.—I'm so no more.

The people of Italy remember with respect the name of the poet Alfieri. Out of the head that suffered so many troubles came many noble thoughts and words.

JUST JUDGMENT I.

AN English soldier was on duty among the mountains which tower high along the north of India, and look over the table-land of Tibet.

A Tibetan native—a short man—came towards the soldier and, as soon as he saw the Englishman, put out his tongue and also raised his left hand to his left ear. In great wrath, the soldier knocked the native down.

Up rose the Tibetan from the ground, and thrust out his tongue more than before. Again the soldier knocked the native down.

An officer came by.

“Why,” asked he, “are you striking this man?”

“Because, sir, the dirty rascal put out his tongue at me. And when I knocked him down, he did it again; so I gave him a second blow.”

“You have made a great mistake,” said the officer, “through not understanding the ways of the people of Tibet. When a Tibetan puts out his tongue and touches his left ear it is a sign of respect. He meant to tell you that he was your humble servant!”

Of course, the soldier was sorry for his hasty blow. He did not understand the man's motive; that is, he had not understood why the native did an action which seemed so strange.

A Scottish lady named Mrs. W. M. Ramsay was on a visit to Athens, which is now, as in years gone by, the chief city of Greece. By her side walked her little three-year-old daughter. The child had on a white frock, black socks, a white cotton bonnet, and, in the bonnet, was fastened a bow of black ribbon.

A Greek lady and gentleman passed them in the street. They looked at Mrs. Ramsay, and whispered to each other; and then the gentleman turned back. He lifted his hat, and said in a kind voice—

“Madam, is that sweet child’s mother dead?”

“No.”

“Her father is dead, perhaps?”

“No.”

“May I ask who has died in the family?”

“Nobody.”

Then his face changed. He looked angry. Stamping his foot, he cried—

“Madam, you have done very wrong. Go home at once. Take the black bow out of the poor child’s bonnet, and put on a blue one!”

No doubt you wonder why the Greek gentleman was so angry, and I will explain his reason to you. In Greece, people (or some of them) believe in the Evil Eye. They believe that bad men and bad women have not only evil thoughts, but eyes that are evil. When such men and women look at people, the power of their eye can work harm, and cause sickness, or some other injury. These Greek people have a belief also that if a child wears a black ribbon, unless it is in mourning for the dead, the rib-

bon will make its wearer subject to the Evil Eye—that is, the wearer will easily take harm from the look of the evil men and women. Of course, this belief is but fancy. The Evil Eye cannot do these injuries. But Mrs. Ramsay saw that the lady and gentleman wished to be kind to her little daughter, and so, to please them, she took the black bow from the child's bonnet. But, you see, here again, how a great mistake was made. Mrs. Ramsay loved her daughter, and yet the Greek lady and gentleman thought her careless and cruel.

It is so easy to make these mistakes when we are judging the manners and customs of the natives of other countries. How often British people misjudge the manners and customs of foreigners, of Hindoos, of Chinese, and many others.

If you open your atlas you will see lines drawn across the maps, some from side to side, and others from top to bottom. I suppose you know what these lines are called? They are called lines of latitude and longitude. The lines of longitude (those that run from top to bottom) are also called meridians. No doubt you have heard of the meridian of Greenwich. It is the line which runs round the world, passing through the town of Greenwich on the river Thames.

You also know that learned men have measured the circuit (or length round) of the earth. It is about 24,000 miles. Nobody, of course, has ever gone round the world, measuring every bit of the way, but learned men have measured part of the way, and so reckoned the whole measure from that.

Well, about a hundred years ago (the year was 1808) an astronomer, or student of the stars, named Arago, thought he would measure part of a meridian. He was living in the island of Majorca, which lies in the Mediterranean Sea, and belongs to Spain. At that time there was war between Spain and France. It was the time of the great Napoleon. The French fleet was sailing near the coast of Spain.

Arago needed points to measure from, just as you make points on a sheet of paper, and measure from spot to spot. So he had large bonfires lit on the mountain, and, with his spying and measuring instruments, he was reckoning the distances between the bonfires. He was measuring part of a meridian.

The country people of the island saw these strange fires in the night. They gathered together in crowds. They asked each other what was the meaning of these lights.

"I know what they mean," cried one, "the villain is making signals to the French fleet. We shall be conquered by the French. We shall be made the servants of Napoleon!"

"Traitor!" they shouted. "Let us put him to death!"

They hurried up the mountain, carrying weapons.

The astronomer saw the mob. A friend rushed in and told him of the danger. He hastened away to the sea-shore, and took refuge on a Spanish government ship.

When the riot was over, Arago went back to the island, but he felt obliged to stay within the strong walls of the castle of Bellver. After two months

he left Majorca altogether. It was not safe to stay there. And yet, as you know, he intended no harm. He was only a man of science, trying to make the geography of the world better understood.

One other instance I will give you. It happened in the year 1793, in Paris, when people's minds were much disturbed by the French Revolution. There was a lunatic asylum (a place for mad folks) called the Bicêtre, and a new officer was chosen to look after it. This was Doctor Pinel, a very wise man. He found the insane people were treated in a manner which did them no good. They were shut up in dark cells, into which rats crept. The poor prisoners, whose only fault was that they were insane, lay on damp straw; they were dirty; they were fettered with chains; the men who looked after them were coarse and brutal.

Dr. Pinel made great changes.

He had the chains taken off. The rooms had more windows put in them. Beds were made clean; food was wholesome; the warders were told to speak more gently to the inmates. After a year or so the tale went about the streets of Paris that Pinel was doing foolish things. He was letting the mad folk do as they pleased. Soon the lunatics would be out in the city, hurting the people whom they ran against in their mad career!

Dr. Pinel was one day walking in the streets, when a mob got round him.

"Hang him to a lamp-post!" they shouted.
"He wants to let the lunatics loose!"

I fear he might really have been hanged had not

an old soldier of the French Guard run up and defended the doctor, and stayed by him till he was out of reach of the excited people. This old soldier had for a time been an inmate in the asylum. He had been shut in a dark cell, and had worn heavy chains. But Pinel came and the chains were removed, and his lot was made comfortable, and his mind was cleared of its wild fancies and he was set free. He remembered Doctor Pinel, and was very glad to help him in his hour of peril.

So here, you see, was a man who was most kind-hearted and pitiful, and who had done a vast deal of good to the suffering persons in the asylum. Yet he was looked upon as an evil-doer, and nearly lost his life.

The Tibetan was not rude, he meant to be polite.

Mrs. Ramsay meant no harm to her daughter, she loved her.

Arago, the man of science, was not a traitor.

Doctor Pinel was not an enemy of the people.

When you see persons do things you do not understand, you should first make sure *why* they do these things before you judge them. We should try to judge all men justly, whether they are Christians or Jews, or civilized or savage, or Europeans, or Asiatics, or Americans, or Africans, or Australians.

JUST JUDGMENT II.

A TALL man was taking a walk in the country near Moscow in Russia. His body was thin; his cheeks were hollow; the forked beard gave a strange air to the face.

He was a Frenchman, named Jacques Miraut-Daussy, and he had come to Moscow to give lectures about the story of art—that is, the story of old paintings, carvings, and buildings. He was a professor.

What I am telling you happened in the year 1848. There was then a terrible sickness raging in Russia known as the cholera. Many persons had died of the plague. Many more were dying.

The French gentleman's road lay through a village. Illness had laid many a peasant low, and sorrow brooded in many a hut by the roadside. Anxious faces looked from the doors, as if trying to find some hope to cheer the stricken heart.

A group of villagers caught sight of the Frenchman. His singular features seemed to them not the features of a man. They whispered to one another—

“Who is this? What evil spirit is this?”

You must bear in mind that they were unlearned country-folk, and ideas would come into their heads that you and I would think absurd.

“This,” they said, “is the spirit of the cholera! We hate the cholera! It has killed our dear children, our wives, our friends——”

A cry arose.

“Slay the cholera!”

Pitchforks and scythes were hastily gripped. A crowd appeared in the street. The professor saw the danger. Hastening his steps towards Moscow, he trusted soon to leave his pursuers behind. Alas! their feelings were raised to madness. They fell upon the stranger, and, in a few moments, he lay torn and bleeding on the earth. He was dead.

And the villagers went home satisfied. They told their families the cholera was killed. Yet, as you know, the person they had done to death was an innocent foreigner, who wished to harm no one. They were ignorant people. If they had been used to reason better, they would have known that the plague was a bad state of their blood caused by filth in the air, in clothing, in houses, in drains, in water. They would have striven to make the air and water and dwellings pure. You and I must use our judgment. That is, we must use our common sense, and think with care before we decide that a man or woman is bad. We may, in our haste, even hate people that are harmless, and people that are good and that wish us well.

You will see this again in a story which I will now tell you about a young man who lived in the lovely island city of Venice. A bridge in Venice crosses a canal, and is called the Regatta Bridge. A regatta is a rowing-match in which

boatmen and gondoliers race against one another, and make merry in water-sports. It was the desire of a young Venetian to become a leader in the Regattas which took place near the bridge. This young man often called at a house near the Regatta Bridge. In the house lived a father, a mother, and seven daughters. Now of these young ladies (so I read in an old legend) six were handsome and one was very plain. Of this last maiden he took little notice. He talked gaily with her sisters, and perhaps wondered to himself which of the six he would marry.

The plain girl saw all this, and her heart was sore. She loved the young gondolier, but to no soul in Venice did she tell her thoughts. And he really was a brave lad, worth loving, only he often (like the rest of us) thought and did unwise things.

After a time his health seemed to fail. He was not so joyous in his manner ; his voice did not ring out so cheerfully ; he walked with slower step. The six fair sisters observed this, and were sorry he was not so lively a companion as before ; but, except for that, they did not care. Another person did care very much. It was the plain girl with the kind and tender and beautiful heart.

He would sit alone, sullen and moody. Like the Russian peasants of whom I have just told you, he had mistaken ideas about sickness, and what it was that caused sickness. He had often heard his mother and the neighbours talk of witchcraft. He suspected that the plain girl must be a witch, and that she had cast over him an evil spell. What was

to be done ? The witch must be killed. He would kill her on Holy Thursday, when the rest of the family had arranged to go to church, and she would be alone in the house near the Regatta Bridge.

The evening of Holy Thursday had fallen soft over the palaces and waters of Venice. Red had sunk the sun in the west. On the bridge loitered the young man, with unholy passion in his breast. A dagger was hid in his girdle.

As he waited and hesitated he gazed upwards, and he saw six lustrous stars in the sky, and one pale, weak star. The six stars grew dim, and the pale star burned bright. Strange ! that the glory of the six should become faint, and that the feebleness of the poor pale star should change into beauty !

He drew near to the window of the house where the seven sisters dwelt, and he peeped in. The curtain was drawn aside enough for him to see, and the casement was a little open to let in the cool evening air.

The plain girl was kneeling before a little image of Christ on the cross. As she lifted her eyes to the crucifix, she cried and sobbed, as if her soul was grieved, and as if she longed for something which she could not obtain. What was it ?

He entered the house. She rose to meet him. Her eyes were wet with tears. He had forgotten his anger. He had said to himself—

“ If this girl were a witch she would not kneel before a crucifix.”

He said to her—

“ Why do you weep ? ”

She was silent.

"Why are you so sad?" he asked.

"I was praying that you might get well, and be gay and strong once more; and I prayed that I might have the sickness instead of you."

Of course that could not be done. We cannot take over an illness from another person and make it ours instead of theirs. If we could I believe many good folk would gladly suffer in place of the persons whom they love. But no, it cannot be.

His heart was touched.

"I did not know," he said, "that you cared about me. You used to keep out of my way."

"I did so because I thought you came to see my sisters and not me."

"That was true; I did. But you are good. You are kinder to me than any one else. I shall come now for your sake."

The sisters came home on the night of Holy Thursday, and found the plain girl with a happy light in her eyes. She had become beautiful to the brave lad, because her heart was generous and loving. His health was restored. He married the girl who wept for him, and he became one of the most famous rowers in the Regattas.

So you see how wise it would be if we all stopped and thought, and thought again, before we made sure that a man or a woman was evil.

THE PAPER PROMISES.

A CASTLE with many towers stood on a rocky height. The road up to the castle entrance was a rough and steep path among the crags. A river wound its way along the bottom of the cliff. From the walls of this castle of Alhama the soldiers could see a wide valley, where cottages and gardens appeared ; and many mountains bounded the scene.

This fortress of Alhama was in Southern Spain, and was held by the Spaniards under the command of the Count of Tendilla. The cottages and gardens in the valley belonged to Moorish peasants. A few miles off was the noble city of Granada, the chief town of the Moorish kingdom. The time I speak of was the year 1483, when the Moors still held the lordship over the part of Spain which lies near Gibraltar. There was war in the land. The Count of Tendilla sallied out with bands of Spaniards to seize Moorish cattle and plunder Moorish houses ; and they returned with the spoil to the fortress of Alhama. The King of the Moors heard of these raids, and he despatched a strong troop of horsemen to keep the bold Count within the castle walls. These cavalry-

men patrolled the valley, and kept keen watch on the castle gates.

One night a loud crash was heard in the fortress. The soldiers ran hastily to defend the battlements. They supposed the Moors were attacking ! Not so ; the noise was caused by the falling of a part of the castle wall, which had been loosened at its foundation by heavy rains.

There was now an ugly breach in the ramparts. The Moors might see it, and try to force an entrance. What was to be done ?

The Count of Tendilla had a clever idea. He had large sheets of linen painted so as to look like stone. You know how artists do such things for scenery at the theatre. These sheets were stretched over the breach, and, at a distance in the valley below, they made the wall seem as strong and firm as usual. Meanwhile, the wall was being rebuilt.

Thus the Count deceived the Moors.

Was it right to deceive ? Well, men who go to war always do deceive their foes if they can. That is one of the evils of war. I will not say more about this deceit, but I will pass on to tell you how honourably the Count of Tendilla acted in another matter.

The castle of Alhama was large, and within its walls was a small town. The soldiers of the garrison would buy food and other articles from the townsfolk.

Now it happened that the Count's store of money ran short. You see he was cut off from the outer world. He could not send to the King of Spain for a supply of gold and silver. His men were loyal to

him; but, after all, they had a right to their wages. He heard murmurs in the barracks. What was he to do? He could not make gold and silver spring out of the earth at the word of command.

He sat down and thought. At last he hit upon a plan. He took small pieces of paper, and wrote on them like this —

One crown (or one florin, etc.),
Don Diego Lopez de Mendoza,
Count de Tendilla.

The soldiers of the garrison were mustered before the Count, and he showed them the papers and explained the meaning.

“I shall give you each,” he said, “one of these papers. You will take it to any townsman of whom you wish to buy something. Give it to him as if it were a gold or silver coin. It is only paper, but it has on it my name, and, on the honour of a Spanish knight, I promise to pay him back whenever I am able to obtain a supply from the Royal Treasury. You are brave fellows. You will drive away the Moors. The siege of Alhama will come to an end before long.”

Soldiers and townsmen all had faith in the honour of the Count of Tendilla, and things were bought and sold as before. And when the siege was over the people of Alhama brought their paper money to the Count and he gave them silver and gold, according to the amounts written on them. Thus, so long ago as the fifteenth century we see the

beginning of the paper money which is now known as banknotes, cheques, bills and bonds.

Would the people of Alhama have taken such papers (or promises to pay) from anybody? No, certainly not. Some men they would not have trusted. But they trusted the Count of Tendilla. They had known him long enough to make them sure he was a man who would keep his promise. He would be true to his word. His word was his bond.

Just his word, his name written on a scrap of paper, or the little promise "I will" dropped from his lips. How wonderful a thing is this little word when it is spoken or written by an honest man! There is nothing in fairy-tales more magic and beautiful.

And you, girls and boys, may utter these little words of promise; and people will trust your faith and honour. You may say to mother, "I will take the message before five o'clock," and she will believe you; or to a friend, "I will bring you the ticket for the concert to-morrow," and he will believe you.

THE PROMISE OF THE BUNER TRIBE.

TRAMP!

It was the sound of the steps of British soldiers—the “Guides”—marching through the narrow pass of the Khyber, between India and Afghanistan. They were making their way towards the Malka fort, a strong place in the hills which they had been ordered to destroy. War had been going on between the British troops and the mountain tribes; the hill-men had been beaten; but they hung about the cliffs and in the glens on the line of march, as if ready to fall on the white invaders. Some 12,000 or 15,000 natives were thus dispersed among the mountains.

The event I am telling of occurred in December, 1863.

The troops entered the Chamla valley, and the natives seemed to be on the point of attacking. They swarmed on the rocks.

An old chief, who had but one arm and one eye—his name was Zaidulla Khan—rushed forward and shouted to the hill-men—

“I warn you people that I have promised the

English to lead them to Malka and back. I am here with my tribe—the Buner folk. We know how to fight. We shall keep our word! If you attack the English, you must fight all the Buner tribe also!”

The hill-men paused. It was no light task to fight Zaidulla Khan. The troops marched on.

Before long other crowds gathered on the mountain sides.

Again the old chief rushed to the front, and again he cried in his stern, harsh voice, that whoever touched the English would have to deal with the Buner tribe!

And this Zaidulla Khan did all along the way until the “Guides” returned safely to their camp.

The Afghan chief was loyal to his promise. The Buner tribe acted as men of honour. Wild were their looks and fierce their eyes. The sun of Asia had browned their skins, and given a savage aspect to these black-haired dwellers amid the rocks. But they had said they would befriend the English. They were faithful to their pledge.

No doubt, there were false men among the Buner tribe as there are also among the English nation. But the Buner tribe understood the value of a promise. Their word was their bond. Zaidulla Khan had only one arm, but that was ready to strike for the honour of his tribe.

As we respect the Buner chief, so, on the other hand, we despise the conduct of the Chinese Emperor Yu Wang in the following story.

In the year 781 B.C. the Tartar people were

approaching the borders of China, and were expected to invade that famous old land in the Far East. The emperor awaited the foe at the city of Shensi. On the plains near the city an immense army was encamped. Nobles from all parts of China had brought their armies to defend Shensi and the Emperor.

The Emperor Yu Wang thought one day that he would amuse his wife the Empress. He told her he would cause a great commotion in the Chinese camp. He would have beacon-fires lighted at night on the city walls. The soldiers would hurry from their tents and rally to the defence of China, and what fun it would be to see the fright created by the false alarm!

One night, therefore, the fires suddenly flared up on the walls and towers. The nobles and their troops sprang to arms, and hurried with eager shouts to protect their Emperor and Empress.

The Emperor Yu Wang and his wife laughed heartily at the scene. Soon the soldiers discovered the trick that had been played, and they returned sullenly to the camp.

Not long afterwards, on a dark night, the Tartar army made an assault on Shensi. They were observed by the sentinels; beacon-fires were lit—but the Chinese army did not stir. Every one supposed that Yu Wang was playing with the beacons in order to amuse the Empress. The city was captured by the enemy, the houses and the royal palace were set on fire, and the Emperor and Empress perished in the flames.

This tale will remind you of the old fable of the shepherd-boy who cried " Wolf ! " in a false alarm, so that, when the wolf really came, no man would come to the aid of the flock.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

THERE came a ship from Dublin Bay, and in it were Irishmen, and men from the Hebrides Islands, and a woman named Thor-gun-na. She was a tall woman, with dark eyebrows, and dark-red hair. Strong was she in body ; strong also was her temper. Her age was more than fifty years.

The ship sailed into a haven on the coast of Iceland, the great island in the Northern Sea, the land of smoking volcanoes and springs of boiling water, and hills capped with everlasting snow, and rivers where salmon leap.

The time I speak of was about the year 1,000.

At a large farm called Frodis Water dwelt a stout Icelfander whose name was Thorod, and his good-wife Thurid.

Some one said to the good-wife : “ A woman from the South Islands is in the Dublin ship, and she has fine clothes in her store.”

The farmer's wife hastened to the beach, and spake to Thor-gun-na :

“ Have you good vestments for sale ? ”

“ No, I have none to sell.”

“ May I look at your things ? ”

“ Oh, yes.”

Thor-gun-na showed her store of frocks and head-gear and shoes.

The farmer's wife was eager to gain some of these gay articles of dress. She invited Thor-gun-na to live at the farm and work there, and she hoped in time to get possession of the things she desired. Thor-gun-na agreed to serve at the farmhouse at Frodis Water.

The first evening a bedstead was given her in the hall, and she took from her chest white English sheets and a silken quilt, and curtains to hang round the sleeping-place. Thurid wished much that she also could have white sheets, and a quilt of silk, and curtains.

Thor-gun-na laboured hard. In summer she raked hay. At other seasons she wove cloth for the raiment of men and women. Every dawn she rose and went to the church and prayed.

One summer day, as the folk were in the hay-field, a black cloud overcast the sky, and rain fell that was like unto blood. When the sun shone again, all the grass dried except that which Thor-gun-na had raked.

"I think," said the South Island woman, "this sign means death to one of us here."

That evening Thor-gun-na lay in her bed faint and sick, and she ate no food ; and in the morning she said to Thorod the farmer—

"If I die of this sickness, I beg of you to have me buried at the church of Skala Holt, and let the gold ring stay on my finger. Take of my goods such as you will to pay the cost of my burial, and let your

good-wife have my scarlet cloak. But I pray you to burn the bed-gear, sheets, quilt, and curtains and all."

Thorod said he would do what she willed. When Thor-gun-na died, she was placed in a coffin to be borne to the church some miles away. And the farmer piled the bed-gear in the yard, and heaped up wood, ready to set alight.

"Don't burn those good things," cried his wife.

"I promised to burn them according to her behest," he answered.

But Thurid put her arms round his neck, and persuaded him much. So he burned only the bolster and the mattress, and his wife took into the house the quilt, the sheets, and the curtains.

The promise was broken, and sore trouble fell upon Frodis Water and all its folk.

On the night of the day when the South Island woman was buried, the men that had borne the corpse to the church were seated round a big fire in the hall of the farmhouse.

A shining mark like a half-moon came out on the wall, and went to and fro. And all the people watched it in fear and wonder. There sat by the fire a man named Wooden-leg. He had lost his leg in a fight. So wise was he that Thorod the farmer often asked his counsel.

"What means this strange light?" said Thorod to Wooden-leg.

"It is the Death-moon," replied the wise man, "and men will die ere long in this place."

The half-moon was seen each evening for a week.

One day the shepherd came into the hall and he talked strange words, as if he were not sound in his mind. And so he went on for some while until one night he lay in his bed and died ; and he was buried at the church.

Wooden-leg was coming in from the yard one night when he met the ghost of the shepherd, and the ghost laid hold of him. At this was Wooden-leg much afraid, and he entered the hall in haste, and lay in his bed, and died, and was buried in the church.

Before Christmas Day five other farm servants died.

One evening, as the people sat by the fire, a noise was heard in the store-room where the dried fish was kept. They looked in, and saw no man there.

Thorod and six men went out in a fishing boat. The same evening, when the fires were blazing, the head of a seal came up through the floor of the hall. Its large, cat-like eyes gleamed. A woman hit it with a club, but the head rose higher. Then did a house-carle beat it, but it still came up. At last a strong lad named Kiartan dealt it many strokes till it went down and was seen no more. The seal's eyes had gazed very hard at the bed curtains which had not been burned. And I may tell you also that when Thor-gun-na was alive she had been very fond of the lad Kiartan.

The farmer, Thorod, and his six men were all drowned at sea, and a funeral feast of cakes and ale was spread at Frodis Water, and many guests came to partake. While they ate, in came the ghosts of

Thorod and his six carles, all dripping wet. The guests slunk away into the next chamber, and the ghosts warmed themselves by the huge fire until the logs were burned out, and then they went away. This they did several evenings during which the feast was kept up.

The guests departed, and the same evening came the ghosts of Wooden-leg and six other fellows, and were angry at not finding room at the fire. A second night this happened. The third night the lad Kiartan lit another fire in the next chamber, and Thorod and his friends sat at one fire and Wooden-leg and his mates blinked in silence at the other ! And so things went on till past Christmastide. Now also did the women die, one of whom was Witch-face, the wife of Wooden-leg, till out of thirty farm-folk eighteen were dead and five had fled, and only seven were left at Frodis Water.

The lad Kiartan went to his uncle, Snorri the priest, and told him all that had befallen, and asked what had better be done. Thurid, the good-wife, lay sick at this time.

Snorri the priest bade the neighbours come together on the eve of Candlemas, just as the fires were lighted and the ghosts in two parties sat by the two hearths. Then went in the lad Kiartan, and he dragged out the English sheets, and the quilt and the hangings, and made a heap and burned them.

Snorri said, "Now will we hold a doom at the door. Let us hear what any of you have to say."

"I say," called out the lad Kiartan, "that the

good-man Thorod comes into this house without leave and causes woe and death."

"And I say," cried another, "that Wooden-leg also comes into this house without leave and causes woe and death."

"Are there witnesses?" said the priest.

Indeed, there were many witnesses, and the case was proved, and doom (a judgment) was spoken on each.

"Go forth for ever, Wooden-leg," called the priest.

The ghost went out by the back door, saying in a grumbling voice, "I stayed as long as I could."

As the shepherd departed he said, "I only go because I must."

"It was nice in there," muttered Witch-face.

And so they all got themselves away, mumbling as they went.

Kiartan and the people walked in, and the priest sprinkled holy water; and Thurid, the housewife, was soon well again; and the ghosts were beheld no more; and peace settled on Frodis Water, and Kiartan grew up to be a mighty man among the Icelanders.

In this old tale, or saga, did the Northmen show their belief that a promise made ought not to be broken.

[The story just given is adapted from *The Eredwellers*, translated from the Icelandic, by William Morris and E. Magnusson].

“ WILL NOT ” AND “ WILL.”

SUPPOSE you are looking at a picture by the Spanish painter Zurbaran.

You see seven monks sitting at a table ; seven silent and grave men ; they are robed in white ; some have their cowls or hoods over their heads ; they are gazing at the food on their plates ; they do not eat, and they seem unhappy. What is the matter ?

On their plates we see roast fowls. But the monks have said, “ We will not eat any flesh ; we will eat beans, peas, fruit, but flesh we will not.” It was their strict vow. Hungry as they are, they refuse to take food.

But here is another figure in the picture.

It is an aged man, dressed in a bishop’s purple robe, and attended by a page-boy. He is lifting his hand to make the sign of the cross.

According to the old story, this bishop, whose name was Saint Hugh, had heard of the monks’ trouble. He came and made the sign of the cross, and lo ! the fowls were turned into roast land-tortoises ; and these creatures were not considered as flesh meat, and so the good monks could proceed with their meal !

Brave fellows ! We may smile at the picture, but we should honour their faithfulness to their promise. You must know that they were not at all foolish and thoughtless people. They were wise and industrious men, skilled at copying books in beautiful handwriting ; skilled also in making paper ; in breeding sheep ; in growing crops ; in the care of gardens and orchards. It was their belief that life could be lived better without meat than with it. Therefore, they had said, " We will not," and, as loyal and steadfast gentlemen, they kept their word.

It may interest you to know that the monastery where they dwelt was at a place called Chartreux, high up among the Alpine mountains.

Now I want to carry you to a different scene, and much nearer to our own time. The scene is the great city of Paris, and the year is 1871.

Paris had suffered great riot and terror. A number of the citizens had set up a government known as the Commune. They wanted to see an end to the old order of society, and some of them set fire to, or blew up, houses or monuments which made them think of things they hated, such as a royal palace, or a memorial of battles.

The leaders of the French Republic resolved to put an end to the Commune. They sent troops into Paris, who had to fight their way desperately through street after street.

One day, an English gentleman, whose name was Mr. Charles Austin, was passing along a thoroughfare in Paris, when he saw something that made him stop short.

Several men and women were standing with their backs to a wall. Their hands were dirty, as if (so at least it was said) they had been handling gunpowder in the act of blowing up houses in the city. They were Communists.

In front of them Mr. Austin beheld a row of French soldiers, waiting from an officer the order to fire at the Communists.

A lad of twelve or fourteen years of age was standing by the wall. He had been seized with the men and women. He also must die.

"Captain!" cried the boy, as he suddenly stepped forward.

"What is it?"

He held out a large, old-fashioned watch.

"This watch was lent me by my mother. May I run and take it home?"

"Ah, and not come back!"

"But I will."

The captain gave the boy a kick and said—"Va-t'en au diable!"

These French words mean, "Get away to the devil!"

The boy flew off at once.

They did not wait for him.

"Fire!" shouted the officer.

The Communists fell dead.

A clatter of wooden shoes was heard. The lad rushed round a corner, and placed himself against the wall, and waited for the moment of death.

The boy had said "I will," and he had kept his word.

The officer did not command the men to fire. He looked at the boy and thought for a few seconds. Then he said—

“ You may go.”

EVASION.

A CHINESE magistrate said to his servant, "The water here has an unpleasant salt taste. I hear that the water in the river some miles away is very good. Take the cart and fetch me some casks full of that."

"Yes, sir."

But, after starting out, the servant heard that a stream very much nearer yielded some excellent fresh water. Therefore, he went to this river, which was so much easier to reach, and filled the casks, and returned. The master asked how it was he had come back so quickly, and the man explained.

Had the man exactly obeyed his master's orders ?
No.

Do you think the master was displeased ?

Well, he was not. He was quite satisfied.

Do you think the servant did wrong ? I think not. He understood that the master really did not mind where the water came from so long as it was good to drink. He seemed to disobey, but he did not really do so.

Now let me tell you a story of quite a different kind.

In the south of Spain is a fine old city of the name

of Seville, famous for its oranges. Here there is a noble cathedral, in which is one of the largest organs in the world, and in the windows of which is set some most lovely stained glass. This cathedral is of very great size.

Three times a year a very curious event takes place in the cathedral, and I rather think you would like to see it. In the evening, when many people have assembled in the big church, a band of boys enter, and all eyes are directed towards them.

The boys wear pretty dresses, such as red and white, or blue covered with gold embroidery. Their jackets hang from the shoulder instead of the arms going into both sleeves. Short trousers, or knickers, reach to the knees. They wear gay stockings. On the shoes are large buckles, or bows of ribbon. Heads are adorned with Tam-o-shanter hats, in which feathers are fastened. Each boy holds a pair of castanets, or wooden clappers, shaped like shells.

"Here come the boys," whisper the people.

The boys make a clicking sound with the castanets ; music plays ; and they come forward dancing ! Fathers, mothers and friends look on with pride at the brave show, as the lads, tripping in time, and sounding their clappers, and holding their heads well up, advance along the wide nave of the cathedral towards the High Altar.

Before the altar they continue the dance, then they retire down the nave, and the ceremony is ended.

The priests of the cathedral teach the boys the way to dance.

A good while ago the Archbishop of Toledo (a city of Spain) was vexed at the idea of boys dancing in a church. He gave orders that the old custom should stop.

The people of Seville were much disturbed. They appealed to the Pope of Rome, and begged his permission for the dancing to go on as before.

"Send the boys to me," said the Pope, "and I will see what the dance is like."

So the lads had a fine holiday, for they were sent across the sea, and were taken to the grand and ancient city of Rome, where they could see the river Tiber, and the Capitol, and Roman arches, and I know not what else.

They danced before the Pope. His Holiness saw no great harm in the custom.

"However," he said, "as the good Archbishop does not like it, I will give way to his opinion. Only I will not stop the dance at once. It may go on until the suits of clothes which the lads don for the dance are worn out."

Yet it still went on in the year 1902, and, I believe, goes on to this very day. How dare the Seville folk do this after the Pope's order?

Well, to tell you the truth, they evaded the Pope's command; that is, they seemed to obey it, and yet they disobeyed.

The dancers' clothes are never allowed to wear out. As soon as a worn place appears in jacket or knickers, etc., a nice patch is carefully put on, or a new sleeve is added, or fresh trimmings sewn on, and thus the garments, hats and shoes never grow

old ; no, not even though many, many years have passed since the Pope's order !

Perhaps you will smile (as I do) at this evasion of the people of Seville. So far as I can see, it has done no harm to any one.

Yet do you not think it would be a very unhappy thing for us all if we thus evaded and dodged in our daily lives ?

If a notice-board in a park says, "Do not walk on the grass," a boy might run on the grass and say he had not disobeyed ; but you would not think he was honest.

Suppose a doorkeeper at the concert-hall asked you, "Have you a ticket ?" and you said, "Yes," and he trusted you without asking you to show it ; and suppose you had a ticket that was meant for some other concert altogether, would not that be a mean and paltry evasion ?

Evasion is fox-like ; it is cunning ; and straightforward folk despise it.

THE TONGUE AND HOW TO USE IT.

THE ox was thinking.”

“ Ay.”

“ He thought he would go.”

“ Ay.”

“ He thought he would go down.”

“ Ay.”

“ He thought he would go down to the water.”

“ Ay.”

“ He started to go.”

“ Ay.”

“ He kept on going.”

“ Ay.”

“ He got close to the water.”

“ Ay.”

“ He reached the water.”

“ Ay.”

You must suppose that this chat took place between two natives of Central Africa, on the Zambesi River.

Bishop Knight-Bruce tells us in a book about the Mashona people and Mashonaland that he heard a native giving his friend an account of something that happened to an ox. The tale took a very long time. At the close of each sentence, the friend said “ Ay.” After a while, the Bishop thought the story was

being spun out a good deal, so he began counting the sentences, with the "Ay" after each, as in the talk you have just read. And he counted as many as 217 sentences—all about something that happened to an ox!

You see that the Mashona man might just as well have said, "The ox went down to the water," instead of putting it into seven or eight sentences.

There are some English people who waste their words in the same way as this African. They use twenty words where one would do. They tell the truth, indeed; but they spread it out too much.

On the other hand, some folk do not spread it out enough. They do not say enough words to make their meaning clear.

For instance, a Chinese general was on the march with his army. They passed some water, in which frogs were swimming. As he passed by, he bowed to the frogs.

This was meant as a message to his army, and I do not suppose you would ever guess what it meant. Nor do I know if the soldiers guessed the meaning. But I believe that he intended to say—

"Soldiers, be bold; be bold as the frogs."

So I have read in a book about China; and perhaps Chinese frogs are famous for their bravery! But the general did not take much pains to make himself clear.

I have also heard of another Chinaman who was just as obscure, that is, uncertain and dark. He met an Englishman, Mr. A. H. Smith, and stopped him. Without saying a word, he did four actions.

First, he pointed his finger to the sky.

Then he pointed to the ground.

Then he pointed to Mr. Smith.

Then he pointed to himself.

And whatever do you think he meant? Mr. Smith found out the puzzle after a long time. He meant to say—

“Mr. Smith, will you please lend me a little money? If you do lend me something, however, I hope you will not tell anybody. No one is to know anything about it except the sky, the earth, and you and me!”

Now this was “going to the other extreme,” as people say. Instead of using too many words he did not use enough. Indeed, he used none at all, but only a few signs which might have meant all sorts of things.

It is our duty, when we tell a message, or make a request, to say it in such words as will make our meaning quite plain, but not to use needless words.

Then again, some people will utter words that had better not be said at all.

A young lady once went to the good man, Saint Philip Neri, to confess her sins. He knew one of her faults only too well. She was not a bad-hearted girl, but she often talked of her neighbours, and spoke idle tales about them, and these tales were told again by others, and much harm was done; and no good.

Saint Philip said—

“My daughter, you do wrong to speak ill of others, and I order you to perform penance. You must buy a fowl in the market. Then walk out of the

town, and as you go along the road pull the feathers from the bird and scatter them. Do not stop until you have plucked every feather. When you have done this, come back and tell me."

She said to herself that this was a very singular punishment to suffer. But she made no objection. She bought the fowl, walked out, and plucked the feathers as she had been bidden. Then she went to Saint Philip and reported what she had done.

"My daughter," said the Saint, "you have carried out the first part of the penance. Now there is a second part."

"Yes, father?"

"You must now go back the way you came, and pick up all the feathers."

"But, father, this cannot be done. By this time the wind has blown them all ways. I might pick up some, but I could not possibly gather up all."

"Quite true, my daughter. And is it not so with the unwise words which you let fall from your lips? Have you not often dropped idle tales from your lips, and have they not gone this way and that, carried from mouth to mouth until they are quite beyond you? Could you possibly follow them, and recall them if you wanted to do so?"

"No, father."

"Then, my daughter, when you are inclined to say unkind things about your neighbour, close your lips. Do not scatter these light and evil feathers by the wayside."

I believe the young lady took more heed of her words ever after.

Nay, speak no ill ! a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And, oh ! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan,
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

“ The tongue of the just,” says the Bible, “ is
as choice silver,”—bright, pure, and free from rust.

REWARDS.

MR. PENGELLY loved to go about Devonshire examining the rocks. He would break off pieces with a hammer and search for fossils. Often did he spend a day in this manner near Torquay, where he lived. One dark night he was returning home, when his foot struck against some object in the road. Was it a dog? No. He stooped and felt. It was a drunken man lying on the ground. After being assisted to rise the man swayed about so unsteadily that Mr. Pengelly did not like to leave him alone. With some difficulty he managed to find out the man's name and address. The place was two miles away. However, he resolved to get there somehow, and so off he trudged with his troublesome companion. Having arrived at the house, he knocked, and the door was opened by a woman.

"Is this your husband?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say it is."

"I have brought him home. I found him in the road two miles from here."

"Oh, indeed!" sneered the woman. "I expect

you have been drinking along with him. You make a nice pair."

"Good-night, ma'am."

The woman slammed the door. Mr. Pengelly, you see, was a kind man. He had showed kindness to a stranger. What reward did he get? The woman was hasty, and judged him wrongly. She misunderstood him. Kindness is sometimes misunderstood. Suppose Mr. Pengelly had known the woman would misunderstand him, do you think he would still have shown kindness to the stranger? I think he would.

Now let us go to the other side of the world; let us go to Australia. Perhaps you have heard at school that a large part of West Australia is very barren. It is very sandy; there are few trees; a sort of spiky grass called spinifex grows there; very little water can be obtained. Mr. David Carnegie was once travelling in this region with a few white companions in search of gold. Here and there they passed a native settlement. The natives were black and wild; but did no harm to travellers who they believed were not likely to injure them. Mr. Carnegie, his friends, and their horses and camels one day halted near a group of native huts. Poor wretched huts they were; just sticks propped up, with patches of leaves, etc., strewn over the top for a roof. An old man was among the native "black-fellows." He had the hair on the back of his head tied up in a bunch and enclosed in a net. His beard was arranged like rats'-tails. With him was a poor Australian lad whose eyes were very sore; the boy

suffered much from the pain and from the annoyance caused by flies which settled on his face. Mr. Carnegie saw the boy's trouble and offered to aid him. From his medicine chest he fetched a bottle of eye-lotion, and some of this he painted over the lad's eyelids, etc. The flies were kept off, and the child was relieved, and before long his eyes were much improved. Some time later, Mr. Carnegie was again travelling in that region, and passed the village. When the blackfellows heard of his approach, they resolved to show their gratitude to the clever white man. A group of Australians drew near to Mr. Carnegie, one of them carrying something very carefully. The object was covered with pieces of bark which had been torn from trees. The present was handed over to Mr. Carnegie. What do you think was inside the bark covering? It was a flat piece of wood, on each side of which were a number of drawings, rough and simple, done by a native artist. To these savage folks the pictures seemed grand and valuable. Of course, to Mr. Carnegie the gift was worth next to nothing, except perhaps for placing in a museum! But he took it with him because it was given in a spirit of friendship. In his case kindness had a reward, but only a very small one.

Next we will travel to South America. On the west side of that vast Continent there lies a land named Peru. The country was conquered by the Spaniards some centuries ago. I am sorry to say that the natives (or Indians, as they were called) were often ill-treated by the conquerors. A Spaniard possessed a number of Indians as his slaves. He

behaved brutally to them. But his daughter had a far sweeter temper. She did acts of kindness to the slaves ; she spoke to them in a cheerful and gentle voice ; and they loved her. Once this girl fell ill of fever. It is said that the South American natives seldom had this disease. They knew of a medicine which could often heal the fever-stricken ; but they would not tell the Spaniards what it was. Well, the Spanish girl's nurse was an Indian woman, and this nurse gave her mistress a bitter drink, which did her good. The girl recovered. Later on, when the Indian nurse lay dying, she told her young mistress where the medicine came from. It was made from the bark of a certain tree, and it was called quinine. No doubt you have heard of quinine, and perhaps you have tasted it. Of course, the young Spanish lady did not keep the story a secret, and now quinine, or Peruvian bark, is well known all over the world as a useful medicine in cases of fever. What kind of reward did the Spanish girl receive for her kindness ? I think you will agree that, in her case, kindness received a great reward.

Thus we have found that kindness may be misunderstood ; or it may be acknowledged by a small reward ; or it may be acknowledged by a great reward. Should you be ashamed to receive a small reward for a kind act ? No. Should you be ashamed to receive a great reward for a kind act ? No, I suppose not. But ought anybody to do a kindness on purpose to get a reward ? No ; you will agree with me that that would not be true kindness. It would be like trading—that is, selling your kindness for gain.

Lastly, let us turn to North America and to the United States. I expect you have heard of the man who was President of the United States at the time of the Civil War, in 1864. His name was Abraham Lincoln. Before he was elected President he was a lawyer, and he and other lawyers would travel from town to town "on circuit," that is, in order to do business at the trials of prisoners when the judge paid visits to these towns. One beautiful spring morning, Mr. Lincoln and his friends were riding across the prairie and through the woods. The birds sang; the sun shone; the scene and the sounds were pleasant. As the horsemen passed through a wood, they observed a little fledgling which had fallen from its nest to the earth. The young bird was fluttering in a vain attempt to rise to its home and its mother in the tree. After the party of lawyers had passed on, Mr. Lincoln pulled his rein, stopped, and then rode back. His friends waited for him. They saw him go to the spot where the fledgling lay helpless. He gently picked up the bird and placed it on a branch of a tree, close to the nest. The mother would soon see her young one, and help it with joy into the shelter. When Lincoln rode back, one of the party said—

"Well, Lincoln, why did you trouble to go back for such a small thing as that?"

"My friend," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I can only say this: I feel the better for it."

He felt the better for it. What reward had he received? He was happier, you say. Yes, but did he receive any gift from the birds? No. Did

the birds misunderstand him ? No ; I suppose we may allow that, in a certain sense, the birds understood him very well. At any rate, the fledgling was pleased at what Lincoln did. And yet you think he did obtain some sort of reward ? Yes, and so he did. But it did not come in the shape of a gift. It was no article that could be presented to him like the Australian stick. It was no valuable secret that could be whispered like the secret of the quinine. He had his reward in the doing of the kindness. Kindness brings its own reward. People who act kindly feel the better for it.

THEY BOTH REFUSED.

ROARING and swirling, the river Arno rushed along, spreading over its banks, uprooting trees, flowing into houses, breaking bridges. (The river Arno is in Italy.) One bridge was broken at each end. Only the centre portion remained, and it happened that, on this part of the bridge, there stood a house. You know that, in years gone by, houses were often built on each side of a bridge. This house shook with the violence of the flood, as the waters beat madly against the archway below. A father and a mother and their children appeared at a window calling for help before the building fell. Crowds of people looked on from the sides of the river. None dared launch a boat. An Italian nobleman, named Count Spolverini, rode up on his horse. When he beheld the family in distress, he called aloud, as he held out a purse—

“Here are one hundred golden louis for the man who will go to the rescue!”

The people looked at one another.

“I should be glad of the money,” said one. Then, with his eyes on the rolling water, he said no more.

The father, mother and children were still calling

from the window. Though the Count had promised the purse of gold pieces, he did not offer to go himself.

A young man pushed out in a boat from the bank. With two oars he kept the boat as steady as possible in the middle of the stream. In a few moments the little vessel was stayed by the stone arch of the bridge, just under the window. All the people watched eagerly. The children were dropped, one by one, from the house. Then the mother leaped; last of all, the father. Cheers rang from the crowd. The young boatman, assisted by the father, presently brought the boat to the shore. All were saved. The Count was waiting with the reward.

"Take the golden louis," he cried; "you have well earned them!"

"Thank you, no," replied the young man. "I am glad to have saved these neighbours. I don't want the money. Give it, if you will, to the family who have lost all."

For meanwhile the last arch, the house, and everything in it had fallen with a great noise into the Arno.

Now we will come to England, and hear about John Prout. The incident I am going to tell you occurred at Portsmouth a hundred years or more ago. Some warships which had been engaged in the war with France had returned to England, and the men were paid off all their arrears (that is, back-pay). One sailor received £60 in gold and banknotes, and, having placed his cash in a bag, he made his way from the landing-place towards an ale-house. Without noticing it, he dropped the bag, and passed

on. John Prout, a labourer in the dockyard, saw the bag, picked it up, and had an idea that it must belong to the sailor. He ran after him.

“Hi! have you dropped anything?”

“Yes,” exclaimed the sailor, after feeling in his pocket; “yes, my bag of money.”

He was highly delighted to receive the bag from John Prout.

“Here, my man,” he said; “I want you to have some of this as a reward. Take twenty pounds.”

He held out the sovereigns.

“No, I don’t want any,” answered John. “You are welcome to keep all your money.”

“Take ten!” cried the sailor, who was quite anxious to show his gratitude.

“No, no,” said Prout; and he began walking away.

“Yes, yes!” shouted the sailor. “I say you shall have something!”

He pushed a two-pound banknote (there were such notes at that time) into Prout’s pocket, and ran away. So I suppose John Prout had to take it, after all.

You see what both the Italian and the Englishman did. They both refused to take the offered money. One had saved human life. He was pleased at being able to render the service; he was too proud to accept pay. The other had found some lost property, and returned it. He was pleased at being able to render the service; he also was too proud to accept pay.

Would it have been wrong of the young boatman to take the golden louis, either the whole purse or

some of them ? Not at all. Nobody would have thought the worse of him.

Would it have been wrong of John Prout to take the sailor's twenty pounds ? Well, most of us would consider twenty pounds too much, even though the sailor freely offered it. And ten would have seemed too much, don't you think ? But would it have been wrong of Prout to take some smaller sum ? Not at all.

But they both refused. Was it right to refuse ? Yes, they could do as they thought well. The Italian had a right to ask that the distressed family should have the golden louis. John Prout had a right to bid the sailor keep his own money. It is a very happy thing for the world that some people take a joy in helping, and ask nothing in return.

Some day, perhaps, most of the people will act in that spirit.

THE PARTNERS.

CLOWNS made grimaces, conjurers played tricks. People who kept stalls in the market place and the streets shouted their wares. Men, women, boys, girls laughed, sang, pushed, crushed, danced. It was a fair in a German town. On the stalls were laid useful articles and toys without number.

Duke Louis took it into his head to stroll down from his castle into the town to see the fair. A servant who carried his money-bag walked with him.

A pedlar stood amid the hurly-burly of the fair holding a tray, on which were thimbles, needles, spoons, little leaden images to wear round the neck, and other knick-knacks.

“Can you,” asked the Duke, “earn a living by selling these things?”

“Well, my lord, I can, though it is but a poor one. I am ashamed to beg. I believe I could get on better, and even double my stock at the year’s end, if I could travel in safety from city to city.”

“Then, why don’t you?”

“Because, my lord, I should be stopped by your officers, and made to pay a tax on my pack of goods; and I should be obliged to pay at every toll-bar

along the high roads ; and that would take away my profits."

"Very well. I will help you out of that difficulty. I will give you a safe conduct."

"What is that, my lord ?"

"A paper signed by me and sealed by my seal, announcing to all tax-gatherers and toll-keepers that you are to go free of payments. What is your pack worth."

"Twenty shillings."

"Give him ten," said the Duke to his treasurer. "We will go halves. We will be PARTNERS. And make out a safe conduct for me to sign."

This was done. A year afterwards the fair was held as usual, and the pedlar stood there with a much larger stock of goods. He had travelled and traded, and done well. The Duke, being partner, had a right to half the profits ; and though he did not take half, he chose some of the pedlar's articles as gifts to his servants at the castle.

The years went by. The pedlar had now bought an ass, and on the ass's back were strapped two bales of goods, so well had his stock-in-trade increased. He made longer journeys, and even went beyond the borders of Germany, across the rocky Alps, and into Italy.

Once he visited Venice, that fair city by the sea which is called the "Queen of the Adriatic." His load contained rings, bracelets, pins, jewels, ivory cups, polished mirrors to see one's face in, knives, coral beads for babies, and the tongues of adders ! (The adders' tongues, I suppose, were a sort of charm

or medicine for healing disease.) On his way back to the fair he halted at an inn by the wayside in the province of Franconia—a district which was not in the government of the Duke.

Certain men saw the pedlar's pack and its valuable contents, and envied what he possessed. They lay in wait for him as he journeyed, and set upon him, and mauled him, and robbed him of all his wares and his ass.

"You rogues," he shouted. "I have a safe conduct from Duke Louis."

So saying, he drew the paper from his bosom.

They merely laughed, and soon the sound of their steps died away, and the pedlar was left alone in the forest, unhappy and a beggar.

He made his way to the town and attended the fair. Alas! he had nothing to sell. The Duke came, as was his wont each year. He was surprised to see the pedlar without stall or ass. His partner told the sad story of his loss.

"Don't be troubled about your loss," said the Duke. "I am your partner; I will recover our property."

That evening there was a great stir in the castle. Messengers flew hither and thither on horseback. All night long the warder was opening and closing the gates, as folk entered and left. Every now and then a band of knights rode in; or there marched a troop of men-at-arms; or a crowd of peasants from a village tramped in, bearing cudgels and other weapons. By morning a small army had mustered. The Duke took command, and set out for Franconia, and drew

up his force at the gates of the city of Wurtzburg. The citizens were much alarmed at the coming of this army. The Prince-bishop of Wurtzburg came forth from the city to demand the reason.

"I am hunting for my ass," replied Duke Louis.

"I know nothing about your ass."

"Some of your subjects have stolen it. You are responsible for their conduct."

"Very well. I will cause it to be searched for."

So questions were asked, and officers looked up and down the land until the robbers were tracked, and the ass was found and brought back to Duke Louis, with as much of the pedlar's goods as could be got from the robbers' hands.

Duke Louis had the pleasure of restoring the useful ass to the pedlar.

The people of Thuringia (the Duke's land) rejoiced to hear of the manner in which their lord had gone to the aid of a humble pedlar. That is what rulers are for, only they do not always think of it. It is the duty of the strong to aid the weak. The ruler should be the partner of the working-man.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.

WHEN I notice a girl or boy sing or play at a party, not to give joy to their comrades, but to show off their own cleverness ;—

When I see a girl or boy giving a birthday present of a workbox or a clockwork engine, not out of friendship, but to show what fine things they can afford to buy ;—

When I see a girl or boy join a rambling party in the woods and fields, not for the pleasure of company, but just for their own enjoyment of the walk and the sights and the tea in the afternoon—

Then I think of Jack the Irishman. So now I must tell you about Jack.

Once upon a time there lived in the south of Ireland a hunchback named Foxglove. He was so called because he wore a bit of this pink-flowered plant in his straw hat. Poor Foxglove, he had two troubles. The hump on his back was a sorrow to him, and he had but shabby clothes to wear.

The moon shone fair one night, as Foxglove walked by a lonely place in the country called Knock-grafton. The way was long ; he was not strong, and under the trees of Knock-grafton he lay down and rested and slept.

A lovely song began, and the music floated up among the happy stars, and about the rustling trees, and to and fro over the pleasant pastures where the sheep and cows grazed. The song came from many throats, and the notes were in parts which mixed together in sweet harmony. And the voices sang—

Mon-day, Monday,
Tues-day, Tu-u-u-es-day,
Mon-day, Monday,
Tues-day, Tu-u-u-es-day,

up and down in pretty trills and shakes.

Presently all was silent, and the moon looked down as if wondering where the singers had fled.

The song began again in joyful chorus—

Monday,
Tuesday.

Then a pause, and again—

Monday,
Tuesday.

Foxglove was sure it was fairies ! He must sing too ! He must be one with the little Tom-thumb folk ! He must be a comrade ! And next time he raised his voice with theirs, and sang, “ Monday, Tuesday ” ; and then, all by himself, he sang—
“ Wednesday ! ”

Oh, what a shout the fairies of Knock-grafton raised. They were charmed beyond measure.

Some wee hands seized him, and carried him swiftly right into the fairies' home ; and he was set on the grandest seat in the chamber, and fairies brought him food and drink, and such honour was paid to him because he had taught them a new word—

“ Wednesday ! ”

And because, like a jolly good soul, he joined in the song.

When the fairies were quiet awhile, and put their heads together and whispered, poor Foxglove felt afraid. He wondered what plot they were hatching. Then one mite addressed him—

“ Foxglove, fear not ; your hump is gone for ever ; look on the ground ! ”

Yes, and there was the hump on the ground. Foxglove's heart leaped with joy, and his whole body would have leaped, if it could, over the shining moon !

He slept. When he opened his eyes the day had risen, the birds chirped, the cows and sheep cropped the grass. Foxglove felt his back. The hump was most certainly gone. He examined his clothes—they were new ; he was wearing a beautiful new suit made by fairy hands and fairy needles !

Everybody stared when he entered the village. From mouth to mouth the story flew that the hunchback had changed into a handsome Irish lad !

One day, as he sat at his cottage door, an old crone spoke to him.

“ Foxglove,” she said, “ my neighbour's son has a hump on his back, and she wants him to visit the fairies of Knock-grafton and get rid of it. So she

wants to know what was the charm that you used to gain the good-will of the fays."

Foxglove told her just what had taken place, and the crone passed on the words to Jack Madden's mother. Jack Madden was the hunchback.

Not long after that Jack's friends took him in an Irish car one night, and left him in the selfsame spot where Foxglove had met the Little People and sung with them.

Jack was a youth of sour temper. A frown was always on his face, a shifty glance in his eye, a sneer on his lips.

Soon he heard the soft melody of the fairies. It gave him no pleasure. If they were happy, what was that to him? He would sing—oh yes, very loudly; but only in order to get a prize for himself.

The fairy chorus ran—

Monday,
Tuesday,
Wednesday !

Jack started. He took no heed of their tune; he minded not the time; he thought, not of the fairies, but only of his own comfort. So he bawled out—

Wednesday,
Thursday !

At once he was lifted up, borne through the air, and dropped into the midst of the Little People. They swarmed round him, shrieking—

"Who spoiled our tune? who spoiled our tune?"

A score of the little men found Foxglove's hump,

which was still lying near, and they dragged it up to Jack Madden and fastened it firmly on his back !

Jack fell asleep. And he awoke at dawn, and had two humps instead of one.

[This story is adapted from W. A. Clouston's *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i.]

A BRAVE SPANISH GIRL.

A CLEAR spring of water tumbled down the rocks. Behind it rose a black mountain which the Spanish country folk called the Evil One. When a storm was about to descend on the hills, and on the villages in the dale below, a dark cloud hung over the Evil One's head.

A girl named Carmenita often came to fetch water in the jar. She had a sweet face, grey eyes, and a pleasant voice.

Her father, Michael the farmer, often went away on business. The girl was left in charge of her aunt Juana, whose temper was sour, and whose words were harsh. Carmenita did not care to go to the lonely spring on the side of the Evil One, but Aunt Juana forced her, and at last the girl became so used to the solitary spot that she loved to sit on the mossy stones there, and think and dream. She reminds us of Lucy Gray—

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew,
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

As she grew up she found companions with whom she went to church in the village. They were the

daughters of a neighbouring peasant woman, who would accompany the girls to and fro. With the party would go the peasant woman's son Carlos, who looked upon Carmenita with love.

On holidays, Carmenita would dance with the lads and lasses on the village green. Best of all she liked to dance with Carlos. In a few weeks, when Michael returned home, she and Carlos would be betrothed.

The midsummer days had come. It was St. John's Eve. A dance was to be held on the village green. Carmenita was dressed in her gayest garb, ready to set out and join the merry party. She was to call at the house where Carlos and his mother lived.

Just then Aunt Juana called out—

“The dance will not begin till dusk, and that will not fall for an hour or two. We have no water. Go and fetch some from the spring!”

“But, Auntie,” pleaded the girl, “I have put on my Sunday clothes, and they will be splashed.”

“Not if you are careful; and we must have the water.”

“Auntie, would you not mind fetching it yourself just this once? I do so want to get to the village in good time.”

“You bad girl! you lazy hussy! you——”

And so Aunt Juana went on till Carmenita took up the two jars, and hurried away to the hill-side.

Dusk fell. The stars twinkled out. Carlos' mother and sisters went to the green, but neither they nor Carlos could see Carmenita. People laughed, sang, danced, but Carlos did not share the

sport. He was unhappy, and he tramped along the dark road in the valley to Michael's farmhouse.

Aunt Juana was walking up and down the kitchen in sore trouble.

"Oh, Carlos! I cannot find Carmenita. I spoke to her in anger. I sent her to fetch water, though I knew she wished to go to the dance. For a whole hour I waited, then I went to the hill of the Evil One, and found the two jars in the dark by the spring, but could see nothing of poor Carmenita. And presently I heard a trampling sound, and I saw——"

"What did you see?"

"I saw horsemen pass by like shadows—men with pale faces, and wearing turbans."

"They were the Moors," cried Carlos. "People say that every Midsummer all Moorish knights who lived and died in Spain rise from their tombs and ride to Granada to salute their king. You knew the ghosts would pass this way! You were a wicked woman to send Carmenita out alone! I must not stay to talk to you. I must find her!"

Carlos ran out, bounded up the mountain road, reached the spring, saw two jars filled, and called aloud—

"Carmenita!"

The moon was now gleaming brightly on rocks and water and hill-tops. No answer came.

He rushed along the path that led into a wild glen, and shouted again and again—

"Carmenita!"

No reply. Carlos wandered here and there, and back to the farm and then to his mother's cottage.

From no one could he learn any news of the lost maiden.

And where was she all the time ?

Well, as you know, she had gone to the spring and filled the jars. She was about to hurry away, when (but you need not believe any more of the story than you please !) a lady, with beautiful face and golden tresses, suddenly appeared at her side.

“ I have waited for you many years. In a few minutes you can help me ; you can save me from the power of the Evil One. Will you come and do what I ask ? ”

The girl said to herself—

“ If I go with this woman, time will be lost and Carlos will wonder where I am.”

“ Carlos can wait,” whispered the lady, as if she knew the maiden’s thoughts.

So Carmenita followed her. At a touch of the lady’s hand, the rocks of the mountainside opened. A dark passage was seen.

“ Shut your eyes. Take my hand,” bade the lady. They walked some distance.

“ Open your eyes,” said the lady.

Carmenita found herself in a large cave, the walls of which were shining crystal, and in the glass-like substance of the crystals glittered spots and lines of gold.

“ Sit down,” said the lady. “ Listen ! I am a Moor. Hundreds of years ago, I left my tribe, and married a Christian man ; and my father hated me for giving up the faith of the Moorish people, and he laid a curse upon me, and said my spirit should suffer

pain until some good girl should, on the eve of St. John, kiss my lips in kindness. Will you help me ? ”

“ Yes,” answered the Spanish girl.

“ But listen again. Evil creatures will appear, and seek to strike terror into your soul, so as to drive you hence. I myself shall change into awful shapes. But if you remain steadfast for a short time, all will be well, and I shall be saved. And now, dear Carmenita, with your left hand hold this pitcher tight.”

So saying, she placed a metal pitcher at the maiden’s side.

The lady, all in a moment, was altered into a black ape. Other black apes moved about the cave, chattering, grinning, pointing.

Carmenita held the pitcher tight, though she trembled.

The tramp of horses’ feet was heard, but she saw no horses, nor any men.

“ Monkey ! monkey ! ” laughed shrill voices ; and then they were quiet, but the black apes still chattered.

“ Carmenita ! Carmenita ! where are you ? ” cried a voice that sounded like that of Carlos.

The maiden nearly let go the pitcher. The black ape at her side (the lady, you know) put its hand on her arm, as much as to say, “ Take care ! ”

Then the black apes all changed into uglier things—into goblins, who leaped and danced about the crystal cave.

Carmenita held the pitcher tight.

She saw the dark creature at her side begin to

change. She could see the face of the woman coming back.

“Kiss me on the lips now,” said the woman’s voice.

Fire flamed round the lady’s body, but Carmenita kissed her lips. Then there echoed a sound of thunder. Carmenita fell asleep.

She awoke. It was early morning among the mountains. She lay beside the spring. Birds were beginning their songs. The two jars were full of water, but in Carmenita’s left hand was clasped a handsome golden pitcher.

As the brave Spanish girl went down the path, she met Carlos, and he held her joyfully in his arms. She told him everything that had happened.

Carlos dipped his hand into the golden pitcher, and took out stones.

Carmenita dipped her hand into the pitcher, and took out pieces of gold coin.

When Carlos and the maiden reached the farmhouse, Aunt Juana was very glad, and thought she would never utter a cross word again to her niece. People came from the village, and from other places, to see the wonderful pitcher. Whenever Carmenita wanted a gold piece, she fetched one out of this Moorish vessel.

Michael the farmer returned home, and Carlos and Carmenita were married. They went to live in the city of Barcelona, on the sea coast, where Carlos bought a silk factory. By honest work day by day he could earn money, and I think neither he nor his wife had a wish to take any more from the golden pitcher.

By this legend we see how the Spanish folk admire a person who will suffer pain, as Carmenita did, in order to help a fellow-creature out of distress.

[The story of the Golden Pitcher is adapted from Mrs. S. G. C. Middlemore's *Spanish Legendary Tales*.]

THE GIRL WITH THE SCALDED LEG.

DOWN came the rain, thick and fast ; and not only rain : a heavy white fog floated round the hills, and over the rocks, and in among the trees, and about Miss Durham and her guards. Miss Durham was an English lady who was on a tour in the wild land west of Turkey. It is called Albania. Her guards were men of Albania, who carried rifles adorned with silver. Fine fellows are the Albanians, with their dark eyes, long moustaches, and stout limbs.

The lady and her companions had reached a spot on the mountains which was 5,300 feet high. They could not easily turn back for shelter for themselves and their ponies.

“ What shall we do ? ”

“ We must go to our friend’s hut,” said Radovan, one of the guards. “ It is a poor place, lady, but it is dry.”

The party pressed on up the rocky road, amid the splash of the rain, and amid the roll of the thunder. Presently they came to a group of badly-built hovels. Through the small door of one of these they crept, and found themselves in a chamber with sloping walls, and with a roof so low that only by going

to the middle of the room could the lady stand quite upright. The floor was of earth, beaten flat by the tread of feet. At one end blazed a fire of wooden logs. Near the fire was tied up a young calf. "Bleat, bleat," sounded the cry of the calf. Other living creatures in the place were two hens that fluttered here and there, clucking and pecking up stray grains of maize. One hen was white, the other was yellow. Then there were people. A half-blind woman sat blinking near the fire, and three girls, her daughters, were her companions. The master came forward.

"We are poor," he said to Miss Durham, "but you are welcome."

He spread a straw mat for her to rest upon, and on that laid his great-coat, and the saddle-bags which he fetched from off the pony's back. Then he made up the fire. The logs sparkled red; the smoke curled out of a hole in the roof. On the fire the master slung a big pot, and into the pot he put maize-flour and olive-oil, so as to make porridge for dinner.

"My poor wife," said he, "used to do this, but now she can't. She is half-blind. I took her to the doctor in the town below, but he could not heal her."

Before Miss Durham and her guards he placed bowls of the warm porridge, and they ate with good appetite.

"We never have bread and meat here," observed the owner of the hut, "but we thrive; we are healthy. The air is sweet on the mountains of Albania, and the water is good."

To the lady he gave a special bowl of warm milk

from one of the cows. He had two cows and a few sheep.

"Ah, me ! father," moaned one of the girls.

This girl, who was fourteen years old, had been moaning like that several times. The father said she had had her leg scalded a few days ago by the spilling of boiling milk, and she could not go to sleep.

Just then an old woman from a hut near by came in, and asked what was the matter, and the girl showed the bad leg and foot, and the English lady went to see. The skin had peeled off in places, and a poultice of mud and grass had been laid on the wounds, and a dirty rag wound about. Miss Durham knelt down, and took off the mud and grass, and cleaned the flesh, and smeared some lanoline, and then wrapped a clean handkerchief round. The girl looked comforted and pleased.

Now the rain ceased for a while, and, from the door of the hut, Miss Durham could see the high mountains, rising purple and dark among the clouds. But soon the storm again gathered, and a shower of hail rattled upon stones and trees and huts, and Miss Durham thought best to stay all night. Her guards slept in one of the other hovels.

"Much trouble have I seen," sighed the master, as they talked in the evening. "My three brothers are dead. My only son is dead. My wife's eyes are nearly blind."

Then he put his arm about the girl with the scalded leg.

"She is very brave," he said, "and sometimes I call her my little son."

The girl's eyes sparkled at this saying of her father's.

Miss Durham showed the family the little pictures in her sketch-book—pictures of shepherds and other people who dwelt on the mountains; and they laughed at the portraits of the people whom they happened to know.

It was nearing supper-time. The woman threw maize-seeds on the floor, and the hens came to peck. The girl, at her father's bidding, caught hold of the yellow hen.

"And now," said she, rather sadly, "we shall have no more eggs from the yellow hen."

At first Miss Durham could not make out why the girl said this, but soon she understood. The father fetched a knife; he was about to kill the hen for supper.

"Don't do so," pleaded the lady; "porridge will do for me."

"Thou hast given to us," replied the father, pointing to the girl's bandaged leg, "and we will give to thee. This night thou shalt eat meat."

So saying, he killed the yellow hen. Before long, its flesh was being cooked in the big pot. To Miss Durham was given the best portion, and they all ate.

Before going to rest, the lady again dressed and anointed and bound up the scalded limb, and the girl went to sleep easily and peacefully. Outside, the night was black over the hills, and the wind howled. All the folk lay down on the floor, Miss Durham being warmly wrapped in the great-coat of the hut-master.

Morning dawned over the hills of Albania, and the inmates of the poor dwelling rose early for breakfast. For the third time the lady attended to the girl's foot, and she left with the mother some lanoline and some clean handkerchiefs ; also she gave her a few coins. Seldom, indeed, did these humble people of the mountains see the shining of silver. They kissed Miss Durham's hands, and they kissed her dress in token of thanks. The English lady rode away with her guards. The sun shone out, and began to dry the leaves of the trees in the forest of beeches through which the party travelled.

* * * * *

And now, as I look back into the mountain hut, I dream a strange dream, and I want you to dream it with me.

We look at the girl with the scalded foot, and she is being changed—changed—changed !

(Wave the golden wand, children ; the wand tipped with diamonds.)

Yes, and now we no longer see our Albanian maid. We see a great army of men, women and children—some are lame ; some are blind ; some are deaf and dumb ; some are bent with old age ; some are ragged ; some are hunger-bitten ; some are lifting up their hands asking for work, so that they may earn bread, and money to pay rent. They are the people in want and woe and pain. They cry for help.

Children, wave the golden wand again, the wand with the diamond tip.

The English lady has changed also. In her place we see a great crowd of men and women who are

strong, and able, and thoughtful, and kind. Somehow, as I look, I think I see your own faces ; you have become men and women ; you are among the crowd of helpers ; you have all come to the help of the people that suffer want and woe and pain.

I hear the helpers speak—

“ We have come to help with our churches and platforms ! ”

“ We have come to help with our colleges ! ”

“ We have come to help with our Parliaments and Councils ! ”

“ We men have come to help ! ”

“ We women have come to help ! ”

Yes, if an English lady can be kind to one Albanian girl, surely all the strong people of the world might be kind to all who are in need.

OUR POOR BRETHREN.

IN Italy people often tell their children funny tales about a stupid boy named Giufa. I will tell you three of these. The first two are merely jokes. The third one has a wise meaning in it.

FIRST TALE

Giufa's mother went to church one day, leaving the door open. She called to the boy as she hurried off—

“ Pull the door to ! ”

So Giufa obeyed his mother. He tugged and tugged at the door till he wrenched it off its hinges, and he carried it on his back like a young Samson, and he staggered all the way to the church, and he flung the door down before his astonished mamma, crying—

“ There's the door ! ”

SECOND TALE

A man kept blowing a whistle in front of the house where Giufa and his mother lived. The boy did not like the noise, so he went out and killed the man. His mother wished to hide her son's deed, so she

took the body and flung it into a deep hole, which was really a dry well. And being a very shrewd woman, she killed a lamb, and threw its body into the well also.

Now, the friends of the whistling man heard that he had been killed, and they believed Giufa had done the act, so they went to the judge and accused the boy. Then they and the judge came in a party to Giufa's house, and the judge asked him—

“Where did you put the body?”

“I threw it into the well,” said Giufa.

Then said the judge—

“Tie ropes round him, and let him down into the well.”

The people did so.

The carcase of the lamb lay on top of the dead man.

When Giufa reached the bottom, he put out his hands and felt the young sheep, and he called up—

“Did your father have wool?”

“No, he did not have wool,” cried the whistler's son.

“This is not your father here.”

Next Giufa found the lamb's tail.

“Did your father have a tail?”

“No, he had no tail.”

“This is not your father,” answered Giufa.

Next he touched the four feet of the lamb.

“Did your father have four feet?”

“No, he did not have four feet.”

“This is not your father.”

Lastly, he felt the lamb's little horns.

“Did your father have horns?”

“No, my father did not have horns.”

“This is not your father.”

“Pull him out again,” ordered the judge, “and let him bring up the horns and the wool that he talks of.”

They hauled the boy up, and behold! he brought a lamb with him. And when they saw it, they thought they had wrongly accused him, and they set him free!

Well, I cannot say there is much sense in these two tales. I suppose they amuse the children, and help to keep them quiet at certain times! So now for the

THIRD TALE

Giufa was a stupid lad, so nobody cared for him very much. He was not asked out to tea, or to birthday parties. One day he happened to go to a farmhouse. The master saw a tall boy, ragged and poor, standing at the door, and called to the dogs to attack the beggar.

Giufa fled.

When his mother heard how he had been treated, she dressed him in a fine suit of velvet, and told him to go again.

The farmer and his family did not know Giufa again. They took him for an overseer, or a tax-collector, or something grand. With polite bows they asked him in, and found a seat for him at the dinner-table, where they set the best viands and drink before him.

The velvet clothes had done wonders!

Giufa had a hearty meal, and then, rising up, he seized pieces of pie, meat, cake, etc., that were left on the board, and thrust them into the pockets of his fine suit, crying—

“Eat, my clothes ! for it was you that had the invitation, not I !”

Ah, he was not such a stupid boy after all. He could see that people judged rather by the clothes than by the man. If a person was well-dressed they paid him much attention. If he was meanly clad, they snubbed him as a low-class creature.

So runs the tale in Italy ; and the same thing takes place elsewhere. Yet it is wrong, whether in Italy, England, India, Australia, or anywhere else. This kind of conduct is blamed by a writer in the Bible known as Saint James. He says—

If there comes into your meeting-house a man with a gold ring, in fine clothing ;

And if there comes in also a poor man in vile clothing ;

And if you have regard to him that wears the fine clothing, and say, “Sit thou here in a good place,”—

And if you say to the poor man, “Stand thou here,” or “Sit below my footstool,”—

Are you not dividing the people unjustly, and are you not evil judges ?

THE TWO SPIRITS.

DARK-FACED Indians gathered on the beach. A Spanish ship had been wrecked. Wild as the Indians were in their looks, their hearts were merciful. The Spaniards were white men, such as the savage folk had never before seen. But they were well-treated. They received food and shelter.

The Indians were natives of Cuba, the great island, 760 miles long, in the West Indian sea.

When the Spaniards were able to sail away, the captain left with the Cubans an image of the Virgin Mary. It was a new thing to them—this figure of the Good Mother. They thought highly of it. So much so, that they built a house on purpose to place it in, and they made the walls pretty with patterns made out of cotton—cotton being a plant which grows freely in their island. And hither came the Indians often, to pay their respects to the image. They made little poems about the Mother, and they sang songs before her, and danced. Such was the love of the Indians for the image, which seemed to them so beautiful.

In the year 1511, the Spaniards came in large numbers in order to settle in Cuba and make it their own. How would they treat the Indians, who were

so much weaker than themselves ? Would they behave in the spirit of kindness, or the spirit of cruelty ? Let us see.

A priest named Las Casas was among the Spaniards. He knew that his companions had a great wish to regain the image of the Virgin. It was a keepsake of the shipwreck and the escape from death in the West Indian sea. The priest had brought with him another image which he hoped to exchange for the one the Indians loved. So he took it to the chief, and asked that one might be given for the other.

No, the Indian chief would not part with the image. Fearing lest the Spaniards should take it by force, he carried it away by night.

The next day, the natives showed signs of anger, waving their spears, and uttering threatening cries.

The priest Las Casas went among them and spoke words of peace—

“ My friends, be not vexed. We shall not take the image which you hold so dear. And look ! I have another one with me here ; this also you may have for your own.”

At this speech the hearts of the Indians were filled with joy. You will not wonder that they looked up to Las Casas with deep respect. They were ready to obey any order that he sent them. Sometimes he would send a messenger to them bearing a stick, in the end of which a bit of paper was fastened. The messenger would point to the paper, and say—

“ The father Las Casas bids you do so and so.”

And then the natives would do as he bade. They stood in great awe of letters written on paper, for

they themselves were unable to read ; and the paper in the end of the stick was to them a master, telling them what to do !

But most of the Spaniards had a very different spirit in dealing with the natives. They considered the Indians to be a lower sort of beings than the people of Spain. It was (so they thought) quite right to injure and kill Indians.

One very hot day a company of about a hundred Spaniards rode slowly on horseback across a dry plain. A thousand natives carried the baggage, and yet the Spaniards felt the burden and heat of the day. Their mouths were parched with thirst. A band of Indians met them on the road, carrying supplies of cool water. How eagerly the Spaniards drank !

Towards evening the troop arrived at a native town. A large number of Cubans had come together to see the horses, for these animals were new to the country. The people gazed with much wonder at the fine steeds and their long tails and manes.

In a large hut some five hundred natives were getting food ready for the Spaniards, and the priest, Las Casas, walked up and down in the hut to see that the meal was rightly prepared.

A shout was heard outside. For some reason, which was never explained, a Spaniard drew his sword. His comrades, thinking there was danger, did likewise. Then they fell upon the Indians and began to kill. The natives were struck with terror. They did not fight, but meekly let themselves be slain.

The priest rushed out, and saw heaps of dead Cubans lying on the earth. He ran here and there, with hands uplifted, seeking to prevent the slaughter. When he came near the soldiers stayed their hands. When he turned away they again went on with the terrible work.

Las Casas rushed to the hut. There he found many Indians dead and dying. Some poor fellows had climbed the pillars that held up the roof.

"Fear not!" he cried to them, "there shall be no more slaughter—no more!"

And he turned to see if he could save others.

A young Indian, hearing the father's promise, thought all was safe, and came down from the roof-beams. As soon as he descended he was thrust through the body by the short sword of a Spaniard. Las Casas came back only just in time to kneel at the Indian's side and utter the last words in the dying man's ear.

How many Indians died in this massacre I do not know, but the good father had seen many piles of bodies, and he grieved at the hard-heartedness of his fellow-countrymen.

Most of the Spaniards were masters of a number of Indians who were really slaves. Las Casas himself owned some, though, as you may be sure, he treated them justly and gently. But he often thought about the matter, and at last made up his mind that he ought to set his slaves free. No one else had ever done such a thing in the West Indies, so he first told the Governor of Cuba what he meant to do.

The Governor was astonished.

“My good father,” he exclaimed, “do not act rashly. Take fifteen days to reflect.”

“You may consider the fifteen days as already past,” replied the priest, “for I am resolved no longer to be a slave-holder.”

So he set his Indian slaves free to go whither they would. And when he was preaching to the Spaniards not many days afterwards he told them what he had done, and begged them to follow his example. But they paid no heed to his words, and thought him a strange man.

Then Las Casas determined to sail across the broad Atlantic to Spain, for he hoped the King of Spain, Ferdinand, would listen to the tale of the wrongs done to the Indians, and would stretch out his hand to their help. The priest saw the King, but Ferdinand was old and sick, and presently died.

Father Las Casas then turned to a wise and strong man—a Cardinal—who ruled Spain for a time after the death of the King. The Cardinal gave ear to the story of Las Casas, and bestowed on him a new name—a very noble name. It was “THE PROTECTOR OF THE INDIANS.”

Alas ! they needed protection very much indeed. In some places many Indians agreed together to kill themselves, so as to escape out of the cruel hands of the men of Spain. They hanged themselves, or drank the juice of a poisonous plant. When the priest returned to the West Indies he did all he could to shield the natives. He saved many, but many were slain as if they were brute beasts.

To the end of his life Las Casas was the faithful

friend of the Indians. He died in the year 1566, at the age of ninety-two.

His spirit was the spirit of Humanity, or Kindness.

The spirit of many Spaniards was that of cruelty.

One spirit is manly ; the other is unworthy of men.

And when we look at the world to-day we see that there are millions of native people—coloured races, as we call them—in Asia, Africa and America, who are weaker than the white folk. What is the duty of the white folk towards the weaker folk ? It is their duty to deal kindly and justly, trying to help and preserve them. The white folk should be the Protectors of Indians, Africans, and all other nations less strong than themselves. The white folk should be led by the spirit of Humanity.

TEAR-DROP.

NO, you must not believe a word of the tale I tell you ; not a word. It will be a good tale for all that.

Where did I find it ? In a book by a lady (Mrs. Minnie Martin), called *Basuto-land ; Its Legends and Customs*. You girls and boys who are very clever at geography, and can inform your uncle what is the capital of England, will be able to point out Basuto-land on the map. In case there is just one who does not know, I may say that Basuto-land is in South Africa ; that it is a lovely mountainous country, something like parts of Switzerland ; that its people have skins of a soft brown colour ; they live in round thatched huts ; they are ruled by chiefs ; and they reckon a man rich if he has many cattle.

Two maidens, one named Tear-drop and the other Mokeet, were in want of food. So were many other people in the villages round. All who went to the Sun-chief, however, were helped. The Sun-chief's heart was kind. On his breast were curious marks—picture-writing—the sun, the moon, and eleven stars. The two sisters walked to his village and asked for food, and he gave them to eat.

After that he said to Mokeet—

“I have helped you maidens. Will you do nothing for me? What can you do, Mokeet?”

“Oh, sir,” she answered, “I can work; I can grind corn in the hand-mill; I can make Basuto beer; I can do all sorts of women’s work.”

“And you, Miss Tear-Drop, what can you do?”

“Ah, sir,” said Tear-drop, hanging down her head modestly, “I fear I cannot do so well as my sister.”

“In that case,” the Sun-chief replied, “she is clever enough to be my servant. And you, dear Tear-drop, shall be my wife.”

Tear-drop married the strong lord who had on his breast the sun, the moon, and eleven stars. At the wedding-feast, many warriors danced; and many girls danced; and the folk loved to look at the face of Tear-drop.

But Mokeet, the servant, hated her sister, and hoped to do her great harm. Alas! poor Mokeet. She was unhappy because she was envious.

When Tear-drop’s baby was born, a wonderful thing was seen. On its wee breast was a picture-writing—the signs of the sun, the moon, and eleven stars; just as on his father’s broad chest.

“I will take the baby to the Sun-chief, dear sister,” said Mokeet.

Mokeet entered the chief’s hut, carrying a bundle. She drew aside the cloak of skin, and showed it to the chief . . . what did she show him? It was a child with the ugly face of a baboon (or ape)! Where she got this creature from the story does not say.

"Take it away," shouted the Sun-chief, "my head-man shall slay it, and its mother also, before the sun sets."

He changed his mind, and Tear-drop was not slain, though the little ape was. And Mokeet took the real baby to the hut where the pigs were kept, and threw it into the sty, and fled back to the house.

The Sun-chief said Tear-drop should now be the slave, and Mokeet the wife ; and, as all this happened in Basuto-land, such things could be done, and no one thought them wrong. Tear-drop's name was a very true one now. Often did the tears glisten on her brown cheeks.

Some weeks afterwards, Mokeet passed the pig-sty ; and behold ! the child was fat and well, and was playing with the small pigs ! Mokeet was afraid to hurt the babe with her own hands. She ran to her husband.

"The pigs are all ill," she cried. "Their disease will infect cattle and men. Burn their sty down, I beg you."

Soon a fire flared up ; and Mokeet laughed to see the flames, for she thought the hateful child was burned to death.

But the Basuto fairies had carried the babe to the forest, and laid it at the feet of a tall elephant, saying—

"Take care of this child, friend Tusker."

"I will," snorted the old elephant ; and she kept her word, as good elephants always do.

When, one day, Mokeet strolled through the forest she saw the beautiful brown boy playing with the

elephant. Envy stung her heart again, and she returned home and said—

“The forest is the haunt of horrid wild beasts, which will come out and ruin the village. Burn the forest, I pray you.”

Loud roared the burning forest. But the Basuto fairies had gently dropped the lad into the river, and they bade the silver fishes guard him.

Time passed, and time passed. Mokeet walked by the river and saw a fine youth sporting in the water, diving, swimming, turning over and over ; and the silver fishes merrily darted round their human friend. Mokeet was in a fearful rage, and she threw heavy stones into the water to crush the youth. But the Basuto fairies lifted him out, and carried him to a hill, and gave him one of those wonderful wands which you see in the Christmas pantomimes.

“When you strike once,” said the fairies, “the ground will open for you to go down to the Land Below. And when you wish to travel back, strike twice.”

At once he struck the earth. A passage opened, and down he went—down the narrow tunnel, until he came to the Land Below. In that land he saw a large village, and the people came out and knelt before him, and said—

“We salute you, sir !”

Then they told him that they had waited for years for a chief to come who should bear on his breast the signs of the sun, moon, and eleven stars. And here he was, the Promised One, and so they named

him ; and he governed the Land Below with sense and justice.

Often, however, he went up to the surface of the earth, dressed in old skins of rabbit and deer ; and he visited the village where his mother ground corn and made beer, and watched her ; and sometimes he saw her crying ; and he loved her much, but did not show himself to her yet. Once, as he journeyed, he sat by a wayside well, and a good-hearted girl gave him drink.

"I want to find work here," the Promised One said to the maiden.

She told this to her father, who was a chief ; and the chief was willing to employ him.

"Only," said the young man, "I hope you will allow me to go away each evening for one hour."

To this the chief agreed ; and the young man, each evening, went to the Land Below and judged his people, and talked kindly with the folk of his village. He married the maiden whom he had met at the well ; and he told his wife the story of his childhood, and said the time was come to deliver his mother from her sorrow.

The Promised One and his wife went to the village where the Sun-chief dwelt. Mokeet saw the young man come ; she knew the sun, the moon, and the eleven stars on his breast, and she rushed in terror to her husband's hut.

"Why," said the old Sun-chief, "why do you cause terror to my wife ?"

"Sir," the Promised One replied, "I am your son."

"I have no son," exclaimed the Sun-chief.

"Behold ! "

And so saying, the young man pointed to his breast ; and Tear-drop was called in, and she knew her son ; and the Sun-chief was glad.

But when darkness came on, the Promised One, and his wife, and his mother, Tear-drop, hastened away ; for they could not feel safe while Mokeet was near. Mokeet had the Evil Eye, which causes hurt to the person it hates.

The Sun-chief soon found his son had fled, and he hastened after. Mokeet followed, like a bad shadow.

He knew now that Mokeet was a spirit of Hatred, and that she would bring death to those he loved. He halted, seized her, and cut off her feet, and then ran.

And still she followed, for Hatred is very persevering ; and he cut off her legs.

And still she followed, rolling swiftly over and over ; for Hatred is not easily beaten.

Then the Sun-chief called to the Sun to burn her, and the Wind to blow her ashes away ; and they did ; but her ashes, like dust, were in the air ; and he heard the voice of Mokeet say—

"I will follow you to the edge of the world."

The Sun-chief ran with all his might, and caught up his friends, and went down the passage with them to the Land Below.

Tear-drop forgave him all the past, and he said they must be married again ! And so they were ; and the village folk danced and sang.

At the beginning of the feast a cloud of dust.

gathered about the head of the Sun-chief, and a shrill voice said—

“ You shall not have Tear-drop, for I have found you, and shall hold you fast.”

It was the voice of Mokeet.

Quickly a messenger was sent to fetch a witch-doctor—an old man. The Basutos think witch-doctors can bring down rain, and do other useful things just in the nick of time.

The old man began singing a chant—a magic song ; and all the people listened in deep silence.

The witch-doctor lifted his wand, and made strange movements with it.

The cloud of Hatred melted away. Just a little of the dust lay on the ground, but it had no power to harm.

There was peace now in the Land Below, for Hatred had fled for ever.

Shout it from the hill-tops,
Shout it on the plain,
Nevermore shall hatred
Raise its brow again.

THE SNAKE FATHER.

ONCE upon a time there was a maiden named Mokeet. Her skin was a soft brown, her hair black. She was the daughter of a Basuto chief ; and you know, from your geography book, that the Basutos are a people of South Africa.

A young man named Tau the Lion wished to marry her ; but she loved Morongoe, the son of a neighbouring chief ; and she became Morongoe's happy wife.

Tau the Lion shook with wicked rage. He went to the ugly witch-doctor, who could lay evil spells on folk, and cause them to be ill, or to die, or to change their shape. The witch-doctor did as Tau the Lion wished, and, one day, Morongoe was seen near a river, and then was seen no more. Mokeet wept very bitterly. When her baby Seetsee was born, she wept again. The name Seetsee means "sadness." Little brown Seetsee grew up into a nice boy, and he played merrily with the other Basuto children. When he was about seven years old, he said to his mother—

"Mother, where is my father ? The other boys have fathers, and I have not."

“Dear child,” replied Mokeet, “Tau the Lion hated him, and the witch-doctor laid a spell upon him, and he went away into the water.”

Seetsee would not play any more. He walked round pools of water and watched for his father ; and he spoke to the frogs—

“Frogs, can you tell me where my father is ? ”

“No,” croaked the frogs, staring at him with their big bright eyes.

He still searched. One day an old frog leaped from a pond, and said—

“My son, you will find your father if you walk to the edge of the world, and jump into the great sea.”

The Basuto boy was glad to hear the frog’s advice. He made up his mind to meet his father in the land below the sea. Westwards he walked ; westwards, westwards ; on towards the place where the sun goes down red at evening.

It was sunset when the boy reached the shore of the wide sea. The water was of many colours.

“Where is father ? ” he said to the sea, and he stepped in.

“Where is father ? ” he asked again, and the waves splashed up to his waist.

“Where is father ? ” he asked yet again, and the water rolled its noisy billows over his curly head.

“Where is father ? ” he kept asking, as he sank, sank, sank . . .

Suddenly he seemed to have come away from the sea. He was on dry land. Flowers grew ; fruit hung from the trees ; flocks of sheep and herds of

cattle grazed on the green plain. Some lads were minding the cattle.

Seetsee went to one of the lads, and said—

“Where is my father?”

“You had better ask the chief,” was the answer.

“Many strangers come to this land, and I do not know which is your father.”

Seetsee found the chief, and told him the tale of the lost father.

“Wait here,” said the chief; and he walked away a little, and began talking to a snake that had coiled itself about a tree.

Seetsee felt sure the snake was his father in disguise. He ran up to it, and laid his hands upon its smooth, twisted body. Poor snake! It was indeed the lost Basuto chief. Seetsee was now eager to return and tell his mother Mokeet what he had seen in the land below the sea.

When he stood again in the presence of his mother, a change seemed to have passed over him. He had gone away a child. Now he appeared a youth who had something of the air of a man, and who looked with a clear and steady eye at the world and its dangers.

Mokeet inquired of an old doctor what was best to be done.

“Tell Seetsee to fetch his father back. The snake-chief must come with a troop of followers from below the great water, and when he enters the village, they must so surround him, that the villagers cannot behold the snake.”

The son was only too glad to carry out this plan.

Again he visited the land under the ocean ; when he came back, a crowd of men marched with him. The villagers came out of their huts in hundreds. The old doctor addressed the people—

“ My children, many years ago an enemy did great evil to Morongoe, and turned him into a snake. To-day he has come among you once more. He has been found and brought back by the love of his son.”

Then he cried—

“ Morongoe, enter the hut ! ”

The snake glided into Mokeet's hut. The doctor shut the door and set the hut on fire, while the people cried out in pity. When the building was burned down, there remained a ball of ashes. This the doctor threw into a pond of water. Then from out of the water rose a handsome man, clad in a cloak of skins, and carrying a polished black stick in his hand. He ran to his wife Mokeet, and the son stood by rejoicing ; and the whole village was glad.

Love had snatched the father from the land of shadows.

* * * * *

The story I have told you in English is a legend of the Basuto people. You see how they understand the meaning of love between son and father, husband and wife. In many ways the Basutos are more savage and ignorant than we in Europe. But a nation that can tell such stories must have good feelings in their hearts, and we should respect these brown sons and daughters of Africa.

MUSIC.

IF you do not like music, I hope you will neither read this Chat nor any other that I write ; for if you do not like music, you must be a goblin, and not a true girl or boy. However, I am so sure that you do like it, that I shall tell you some stories of music and musicians.

Madame Catalini was born in Italy, and died in 1848. She was an opera-singer, and was once on a journey to Dublin in order to perform at the theatre. She stayed for a day at a house near Bangor, in Wales. As she was passing through the kitchen, she stopped to listen to the tune played by an old blind harper. It was a Welsh jig, and the lively tones seemed to set all her blood a-tingle, and she began dancing, much to the astonishment of the servants. Faster and faster she whirled round, and faster played the blind harper ; until at last Madame Catalini paused for want of breath, and then, with a gay smile, presented the musician with two guineas. You see how she loved the music by which she gained her living. Her husband, however, was not so gifted as she was. Though he was quick at money matters, he had little mind for musical matters. Once she asked him to have her

piano lowered, because the notes were pitched too high for her voice to sing to. Of course, she meant that a piano-tuner should alter the strings of the instrument, and make each note a little lower. In the evening, she sang at a concert, and the same piano was used. But it was as much a strain on her voice as before, and she complained to her husband.

“Why, my dear,” he said, “I did as you wished, and had the piano lowered. I had a carpenter here with his saw, and made him take six inches off each leg !”

The next lady I will tell you about is a French woman, Josephine Fodor, born at Paris in 1793. She was a great favourite with people at the theatres, and was famous for her singing in Italy and England, as well as France. A very remarkable event happened to her in 1825. While acting in an opera, she all of a sudden lost her voice. Not a note issued from her throat. The band left off playing, the curtain dropped, and Madame Fodor went to lie down on a couch in her dressing-room. She wept and tore her hair, but for half an hour she was dumb. The people were calling and clapping for the play to go on again. Presently, she said—

“Draw up the curtain ; I will sing !”

The audience shouted as she appeared, and she finished her part, and then she fainted ; and when she recovered, her beautiful voice was again lost. Something had injured her throat. She went to stay in the city of Naples, hoping that the glorious air by the blue bay would restore her to health ; but her singing power never returned. Of course,

she had to give up the stage, and thus lost the chance of earning large sums of money.

You will be amused at some incidents in the life of the singing lady, Caterina Gabrielli, who was born at Rome in 1730. The Viceroy, or governor, of the island of Sicily invited her to dine with him and a very grand company. At the hour of dinner, the lady did not appear, and as he hoped she would sing to his guests, the Viceroy sent a servant to fetch her. The servant found her coolly lying on a sofa, reading a book. The man gave his message.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, "I quite forgot the dinner."

She went to the Viceroy's mansion, but she had taken it into her head not to sing; at any rate, not to sing in her best style. And so, when called upon to perform, she sang in such a careless way that people heard nothing to admire. The Viceroy was so angry that he had her sent to prison for twelve days! As you may suppose, however, she was not badly treated there, and seems to have done pretty much as she pleased. She ordered feasts to be prepared for her fellow-prisoners, and sang songs to them as heartily as if she were singing to Kings and Viceroys! Besides this, she sent sums of money to the poor folk outside. When the last day of her punishment arrived, the people in the prison all crowded to the gates to see her off, and shouted many a farewell to her as she departed. She had brought a ray of pleasure into the unhappy jail.

People, you see, may like music for various reasons.

One may like it to dance to. Another may use it for earning money. Another may be made vain by music, singing when she likes, and refusing to sing when the fit takes her. Sweetest of all is that music which is performed to bless the heart of the sorrowful. I will tell you a story which I told the other day to some girls and boys, and I felt sure, by the look in their eyes, that they were interested, and so, I think, will you be.

It is about Madame Camporese, a Roman opera-singer, born in 1785. A gentleman, who was a great friend of hers, called to see her one evening, just as she was going to set out for a party. She was handsomely dressed, and the carriage was waiting.

"I have come to ask you a favour," said her friend.

"What can I do for you?"

"It is not for myself, exactly. It is for a madman."

"A madman! Where is he?"

"In the asylum. He wishes to see you."

"What for?"

"He longs to hear you sing. The poor fellow used to compose music. He had an idea that he could write a fine opera, that would cause crowds to flock to the theatre. But his mind became unhinged, and he was taken to the asylum. While there, he heard that you, Madame, had come on a visit to the town. He insisted he must hear you sing. The warders told him it could not be done, and he became so furious at being denied, that he

had to be fastened to his bed with ropes ; and in this sad condition I beheld him. You cannot cure him, but a song from your lips might make him happy for days."

The opera-singer put a cloak over her shoulders, and said—

"Come."

"Where are you going ? "

"To the asylum."

"This evening ? Oh, I did not mean that. To-morrow will do."

"No, not to-morrow. If I can really help the poor man I will do so at once. Come and show me the way."

They went to the asylum, and Madame was taken to a room next to the chamber where the wretched music-writer lay tossing and screaming. The wall between the rooms was thin. She began to sing, softly but with a full note, and rising into a lovely melody that floated round the chamber, and along the passages of the big house, until every corner seemed to echo with the golden song.

The madman soon caught the sound. His eye became fixed, his limbs stopped their jerking motions, he lay quiet, and the warders looked at him in wonder ; and then they also hearkened to the lady's voice. As she ended the madman burst into tears.

At this point, Madame Camporese entered his chamber and sat down by his bedside. He gazed at her eagerly, and kept silence as she sang again. All his heart seemed to follow her in every turn of the enchanting tune.

As she finished, he thrust his hand under the bed-clothes and dragged out a ragged sheet of paper, on which he had scribbled some music of his own invention, and he gave this to the lady.

“Sing this,” he said eagerly.

She looked at the scrawl. There were no words to it; the tune was not very pretty. But she thought of some words that would fit—a poem which she had once learned by heart. Common as the music was, it seemed very excellent as she sang it; and the mad musician was full of joy.

“Sing my song to me again,” he cried.

And she sang again.

His eyes were raised, his soul was filled with peace. The people who stood by were much affected; and on some of their cheeks the tears fell.

And thus the lovely voice of the opera-singer gave happiness, at least for a while, to the troubled soul of the madman.

There is a song now singing,
Catch but its sweet beginning,
And you will still its notes prolong;
For ever, ever learning,
Yet never quite discerning,
The deep full meaning of the song.

It tells of love undying,
Before which grief is flying,
Like mists swept by the sun along;
Oh, how earth's sorrow leaveth
The heart that here receiveth
The holy music of the song!

WHAT THE QUILT SAID.

“**W**ALK in, sir, walk in ; you are very welcome ! ” cried the little Japanese inn-keeper, as the merchant came up to the open door.

No guest had ever come to the inn before. In fact, the place had only been opened that very day. It was not a first-class inn. The host (or master) was poor, and he had bought most of the mats, tables, pots, and other things from a shop kept by a second-hand dealer. But it was all clean and nice, and the merchant liked the house. He had a hearty supper and went to bed.

In Japan the people do not use bedsteads. They lie down on a mat and several quilts, and cover themselves with more quilts. These quilts are padded with cotton. If the person is rich, he can use a good many quilts to keep himself warm. If he is poor, not many. A very rich man will have quilts that are eight feet long and seven feet broad. In the daytime all these coverlets are put away in cupboards, which are closed by painted screens. Also, in these cupboards are stored the wooden pillows, on which the sleepers rest their heads in such a way as not to disturb the folds and plaits of their black hair. If a pillow happens to lie on the floor,

a Japanese person is careful not to touch it with his or her foot. And if the foot does touch the pillow, the person picks it up, and brings it close to his forehead, and says, "I beg your pardon."

Well, the merchant had only been asleep for a short time, when he was awake by the sound of voices in the room. They were the voices of two boys.

One said : "Dear elder brother, are you cold ?"

The other said : "And are *you* cold ?"

The merchant supposed two of the innkeeper's children had come into the bedroom by mistake. They could easily do so. Between the rooms of a Japanese inn there are no doors that can be locked. There are only paper screens that can be slid this or that way, so as to make an opening to pass through.

"Sh—sh !" said the merchant. "Children, this is not your room."

Silence for a short time. Then again were heard the voices—

"Dear elder brother, are you cold ?"

"And are you cold ?"

The guest rose from his bed, and lit a candle that was fixed in a Japanese paper lantern. He looked round the chamber. No boys were to be seen. He peeped into some cupboards. No, nor there either. He left the candle alight, and lay down. Then again—

"Dear elder brother, are you cold ?"

"And are you cold ?"

The voices were in one of the quilts ! Yes, he was sure they came out of the quilt ! In haste, he

put together all the things that belonged to him, tied them up, went downstairs, and told the innkeeper what had happened.

"Sir," exclaimed the angry landlord, "you must have drunk too much strong drink with your supper. That has given you bad dreams. My quilts do not talk!"

"One of them does," answered the merchant; "and, as you speak to me in this manner, I shall not stay in this house any longer. I shall pay you what I owe and depart."

And so he did.

[Of course, you need not believe the quilts did really talk. What I am telling you is a Japanese legend].

Next day another guest came and wanted a night's lodging. At supper he did not drink any strong drink. But he had not been in his bedroom long before he also came downstairs, and told the innkeeper that out of the quilt came two voices—

"Dear elder brother, are you cold?"

"And are you cold?"

"Sir," shouted the landlord, "I have done my best to make you comfortable in my inn, and you have no right to worry me with such foolish tales!"

"Foolish tales, indeed," replied the guest; "it is no foolish tales. I tell you I heard two boys' voices come out of one of the coverlets of my bed. I will not stop in this house!"

When the second guest had left, the master went upstairs, and took up the quilts one by one. Presently he heard voices come from a coverlet—

“ Dear elder brother, are you cold ? ”

“ And are you cold ? ”

Taking the coverlet into his own room, he lay upon it. All through the night the boys asked the same questions.

When the morning dawned, the landlord went to the shop of the second-hand dealer.

“ You remember you sold me a quilt ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Where did you get it from ? ”

“ From a small shopkeeper at the other end of the town.”

To this shopkeeper the inn-master ran, and then to another person, and so on, till he found that the coverlet had been sold by the landlord of a little house in a back street.

In this little house had lived a poor family—a father, a mother, and two boys—and the father earned very little money, and the mother lay ill, and could not help. One of the boys was eight years old ; the younger was six. In the winter, the father was taken with a sickness ; and, after a week of pain, he died, and was buried. The mother also died. The two brothers were alone in the house. They had no friends. They sold first one thing, then another, and another, to buy food. Nothing was left but one quilt. Snow lay heavily on the ground outside. The two brothers cuddled together under the one quilt, and the younger boy said—

“ Dear elder brother, are you cold ? ”

And the elder answered—

“ And are you cold ! ”

The voices had passed, by magic, into the cotton coverlet, and kept echoing there.

The landlord walked into the house with a dark and frowning face. He woke the boys from their sleep.

“Where is the rent?”

“We have no money, sir.”

“Then go, and I will keep this quilt as part of the payment.”

“The snow is thick, sir.”

“Go!”

So they went forth. Each wore only one thin blue blouse. The rest of their clothes had been sold to buy bread. They lay down, close to one another, in the snow at the back of the house from which they had been thrust out. Flakes of snow fell upon them, soft, glittering, and pure; and their numbed limbs did not now feel cold. They slept until they slept themselves into death. A man that passed by saw them, and bore the two bodies to the temple of the Goddess of Mercy, whose name is Kwannon. If you could see a statue of Kwannon in a Japanese temple you would see a fair lady with one kind face, but a thousand hands. It is said that this lady saw the gate open for her to enter into heavenly rest and peace. But she would not go in. She thought of the hundreds and thousands and millions of poor souls in the world who were in pain and sickness and grief, and she said she would rather stay with them, and help them with her many hands.

The brothers were buried under the shadow of the house of the Lady of Mercy. One day the

innkeeper called at the temple, and told the story of the voices, and gave the quilt to the priest. And now that the heart of the priest, and the heart of the innkeeper, and the hearts of all who heard the tale, were touched with pity for the dead children, the quilt spoke no more ; for it had done its work ; it had carried its message ; it had made the folk feel shame that the little lads should have died of cold and hunger in their town.

Many poor souls say to one another every day—

“ Dear elder brother, are you cold ? ”

“ And are you cold ? ”

And many poor souls live in dark streets and unhealthy rooms ; and they work for such little money ; and they are so ill clad ; and they have such scant food ; and if their thin bedclothes could speak, and if their purses could speak, there would be many voices crying aloud in all the towns and villages.

Yes, and ought not the thousand hands to help ?

Thousands and millions of hands ought to help.

[This story is adapted from the late Lafcadio Hearn's *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*.]

WE REMEMBER.

AN old couple—man and wife—looked from their cottage window out into the fields which were covered with snow. Across the snow the Russian girls and boys ran and played.

The old couple—their names were Ivan and Mary—sat quiet and sad. They had never had any children of their own. They could not help wishing that their own boys and girls were sporting with the rest and making a snow man.

Ivan at last said :—

“ Mary, let us go and do as the children are doing ; let us make a snow man.”

She got up laughing.

“ No,” she replied, “ not a man. Let us make a snow child.”

“ We will.”

Out into the garden they went, and they picked up handfuls of the white stuff, and made a figure of a child—trunk, arms, legs, head, two holes for eyes.

“ What means this ? ” cries Ivan.

The snow-child’s eyes turned blue ! The lips made a pretty smile. The limbs began to move !

[I mean they moved in the fairy-tale book. In the real world things are different.]

“ My darling snow-child ! ” exclaimed Mary, as

she cuddled the little live thing in her arms, and hurried to the cottage.

Very soon all the village knew that Ivan and Mary had a snow-daughter, and the girls used to come to help dress her, and to talk to her, and sing to her, and play games with her.

Snow-child (as we will call her) grew bigger every hour. She was quick to learn ; she was bright and good-tempered, in spite of her white snow-skin. No matter how she romped, her cheeks never got red. But she was happy ; and the children loved her ; and the old couple were gladdest of all.

But sometimes, as he sat in the chimney corner, and watched Snow-child's merry ways, Ivan would murmur in a low voice :—

“ Things which we love we cannot always keep. They go away—— ”

When the cold weather had passed, the village girls sang gay songs. I like to hear English children sing—

Joyous murmurs fill the air,
Hark ! the bees are humming ;
Spring has brought her glory rare,
How we love her coming !
From her fairy fingers fall
Leaves and flowery treasures.
Come with me, and we will all
Share her sunny pleasures.

And the Russian lasses sang likewise.

But Snow-child became quiet. She would sit a good deal alone. The spring was not just the time that made her most content. She was a daughter of

the frost, and not of the sun. Near the cool spring of water in the woods she was often to be seen. She sought the shade, and the ice-cold stream, and when showers of rain or hail fell she smiled.

Midsummer arrived. The day of the feast of St. John had dawned. It was a day for weaving flowers into garlands, and for lighting a bonfire when the dusk crept over the evening sky.

They piled up dry wood for the fire and set light to it. Then they prepared to jump ; for you must know that in many parts of Europe it has been an old custom to leap over the midsummer fire.

The girls stood in a line, one behind the other. Snow-child was last.

They ran. One jumped : the second jumped ; the third ; the fourth ; and so on.

A cry was heard—a cry of pain. The girls looked towards the end of the line. Snow-child was not to be seen.

“ She has hidden herself ! ”

They called among the shadows of the trees of the wood—

“ Snow-child ! ”

No reply was heard. They ran to Ivan’s cottage. Had she gone home ? No. The old couple had not seen her since the morning.

They searched the village. It was all in vain. And all that night they searched, and the next day and night, and the third day.

Mary wandered in the forest, calling the name of her lost dear.

She never saw her again. For Snow-child had

leaped over the midsummer fire, and, in its warmth, she had changed ; and she had gone upwards to the Blue, and, if only Mary had known, might still be seen as a white cloud.

Never did Ivan forget the child. Never did Mary forget. Never did the village children forget. Thus Snow-child was always with them, smiling in their smiles, working in their work, thinking in their thoughts.

Mary would say to herself : “ I am glad I had my Snow-child, even though we had to lose her.”

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

For we can always remember.

SHE THOUGHT OF HER BROTHER.

“ **I** N the King’s name ! ”
“ I won’t ! ”

“ In the King’s name ! You must come with us ! ”

“ I won’t ! ”

John hit out right and left. The sailors that had set upon him had a hard struggle to master him. At last he was got under, and bound, and handcuffed, and taken off. Where to ? To the ship in the harbour ; the fine ship with many white sails, and brave with its brass guns. It was a man-of-war.

John Pengelly was now, against his will, a sailor in the service of King George III. of England. The fellows who had captured him were a “ press-gang.” In the eighteenth century, strong young men were often seized in this way, and forced to serve on one of the King’s ships. Even if they had peaceful minds, they were obliged to take part in war.

Afterwards, John escaped. The strange thing is that he was seized by the press-gang again and again, in spite of all his quickness in running away. Seven times did he fall into their hands. His friends said :—

“ Poor Jack ! he is very unlucky ! ”

Well, his last voyage was to the West Indies. On the return of the vessel, it put into the Cove of Cork, in the south of Ireland.

Three of the crew—John amongst them—had plotted to make their escape. They would ask for leave to go ashore. A midshipman would no doubt go with them. But they would fly, two one way, one another, and the young officer would certainly not catch all three!

They obtained leave. The three were a mate, John Pengelly, and another common seaman. As soon as they had walked into a crowded part of the town, the mate and one man darted off down a side street. The midshipman gave chase with a loud shout. People were excited. Crowds gathered.

Meanwhile, John had rushed in another direction. At full speed, he tore down a narrow lane. The door of a house was open; a young woman was looking out; she guessed at once, from John's uniform and his black shiny hat, that he was a man-of-war's-man. She beckoned him.

"This way!"

He saw she was friendly, and he sprang into the passage, and she closed the door.

"Quick!" she said. "The people must have seen you come in. They will inform the officers. You must hide. Come upstairs."

She led the way to a bedroom.

"I'll get under the bed," said John.

"No," she replied. "They will be sure to look for you there. Get inside the bed."

By "inside" she meant right into the big feather

mattress. She ripped open the top. The big sailor thrust himself into the mattress. She covered clothes over him hastily.

A noise was heard at the street door. A search-party had been hurriedly got together. Somebody had told how John was seen to enter this house.

The men tramped in and out of the rooms. Some came upstairs. They looked under the bed, round the bed, but not into the mattress! The young woman stood by quietly.

Grumbling and scowling, the sailors left the house.

The young woman expected they would return; for they still had a strong suspicion that Pengelly was somewhere on the premises.

John came out of the mattress from time to time, but she would not allow him to do so for long. At any moment the pursuers might pounce upon him. So she begged him to lie in the mattress again.

Of course, though it was safe and warm, his refuge was not altogether comfortable. An active, healthy man does not care to lie in bed all day for several days, and that is what Pengelly had to do.

The young woman had made one or two holes in the cover of the mattress, so that the prisoner could breathe more freely, and more than once she fed him through these openings. Fancy yourself tied up in a mattress, having your dinner given to you through a hole!

At length the danger was past. The vessel had left Cork Harbour. Nobody was likely to watch the house any more, and John prepared to depart.

I do not think it was right to press men into the

King's service in that way, so I do not feel inclined to blame Pengelly for escaping as he did.

Well, in any case, the woman had done him a great act of kindness. As he was leaving the house, he asked :—

“How is it that you have been so good to me, though you never met me before in your life ? ”

“Oh,” she said, “I had a brother who was taken away by the press-gang, and it caused me great grief ; and I always have thought how glad I should be to save any man from suffering as my brother had had to suffer. He is now far away at sea, but I do not forget him. For his sake I helped you.”

She was right.

And some day we shall treat all men as if they were our brothers.

THEY THOUGHT OF THEIR SISTERS.

ONE Sunday, in the year 1876, an English gentleman named Mr. Hugh James Rose was visiting the city of Alcala, in Spain.

There is a narrow street in the city, in which may be seen an old house. Over the door is a slab of marble, and in the marble are cut a few lines in the Spanish language, telling how, in this house, in the year 1547, was born the famous man Cervantes. It was he who wrote the story of the mad gentleman, Don Quixote, and his adventures with the windmills which he thought were giants, and with waiting-maids at inns whom he took to be grand princesses.

Well, I am not going to talk about Don Quixote.

On the Sunday afternoon Mr. Rose stopped before the gate of a dark and grim building. It was a prison for women-convicts. Five hundred and forty-two women were confined in this building. What crimes they were being punished for, it is not my business to speak of. I wish to relate something that happened during Mr. Rose's visit.

About two hundred of the prisoners were over fifty years of age. Some had been shut up here for more than twenty or thirty or even forty years. One had lain on a bed in the sick-room (or infirmary) for

twenty years. The women sat on their beds, sewing garments, such as shirts for soldiers, or things for sale. A small part of the money they may keep for themselves. They took part in cooking, washing, and in sweeping out the prison rooms, etc. About fifteen of them were young mothers, who were allowed to have their babies with them. It was strange to see these little creatures cooing and smiling in a prison.

A girl lay ill in the infirmary. Mr. Rose gave her some Spanish money. She pointed to a woman in the next bed, and said :—

“ Give a part to her ; she has a baby, and is ill ; she suffers more than I do.”

One woman, thirty years old, had an iron clasp on each ankle, and wore a heavy chain. She had been fighting the night before, and had to wear this chain for a week.

When she saw Mr. Rose, she blushed. She was ashamed that he should see her being punished.

In one chamber was a crowd of women who had been in the place for many years. Some were very old and grey-haired.

Mr. Rose asked the matron (or warder) who was taking him round :—

“ May I give money to some of these women ? ”

“ Yes, certainly.”

He had with him a number of pesetas. A peseta is a Spanish coin a little less than an English shilling. It is worth 10*d*.

Very soon the women saw what he was about to do. They had caught sight of his open purse. They gathered eagerly around, but without pushing or

shoving. They trembled with joy to think they were to receive a gift !

To each he gave a peseta, as far as his store allowed. Twenty had had a coin.

Alas ! there were still twenty who had received nothing. One half the women had glad faces. One half looked sad and mournful.

Then the matron said to the prisoners who held money in their hands :—

“ Will you not have pity on your companions ? Suppose you halve the money, and give fivepence to a comrade, and keep fivepence each yourselves.”

At once they did so. Each sought out another woman, and promised that as soon as she had change, the friend should have part. They would soon change the coins, for they would be only too ready to buy fruit, the next time the fruit-seller came round with Spanish grapes, melons, oranges, and figs.

Mr. Rose turned to go. Several old women seized his hands and coat and kissed them. The tears streamed down their cheeks. They blessed the English visitor who had been kind to them.

“ Come again,” they begged him ; “ yes, oh do come ; for we are the most unhappy beings in the world.”

These women were prisoners. They were evil-doers. But you see they had good feelings in their hearts. They did not just care only for themselves. They thought of their sisters. They helped others who suffered.

They were but prisoners.

And there are men and women who have never

been in prison, and who live in homes of ease and comfort. I wonder if they all give a thought to men and women who live in the same world, and love the same sunshine, but who are sad and lonely.

Is it right of them to enjoy so much wealth and yet care so little for the folk who dwell in mean and unwholesome houses and who earn scanty wages ?

Some of them do indeed care very earnestly, and they help their less fortunate neighbours. They do well.

But what shall we say of the others who think only of their own pleasures ?

The prisoners of Alcala put them to shame.

CHIVALRY. I.

“**S**AINTE GEORGE ! Saint George !”

Such was the shout with which English soldiers used to rush into battle. They were eager to fight as St. George fought.

I have just been looking at a picture of St. George prancing on his horse. His lance is in his hand. The dragon is in front, opening wide his terrible mouth. Saint George stops not at so terrible a sight. He speeds on. And why ? At the back of the picture we see a lady tied to a rock. The dragon was about to devour her—long hair, sweet face, and all ! He will not do so now. Saint George will see to that.

The Saint, as I said, is on his horse, or, as the French say, his “cheval.” A gentleman warrior on horseback—a knight—was called a chevalier ; and the gentleman’s work (for it is real gentlemen’s work) of helping a person who was weak or in trouble was therefore called “chivalry.”

A boy who readily goes, quickly and cheerfully, as Saint George went, to the aid of any one who needs aid is a gentleman or a “chivalrous” boy. But, to be sure, he need not ride on a horse. A donkey would answer just as well, or he might run on his two fine and lively feet !

For instance, as these boys in Corsica did :—

Corsica, you know, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea. In this island was born the famous general and emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte. It is a mountainous country, and its people are tough and bold, like the rocks themselves. Brigands, or robbers, used to lurk amid the passes. Terrible blood-feuds took place. If one man killed another, the dead man's friends would slay the murderer, and the murderer's friends would seek to slay the men of the other side, and so on, perhaps for many years.

Well, but about the boys.

Three English ladies happened to visit the village where these boys lived. One Sunday afternoon they went out for a stroll along the bank of a stream. Splashing and roaring, the stream ran over and round large boulders. It was a scene fit for a picture. It was picturesque. The sky was charming, the air was soft, the——

But what was that noise ? A crowd of twenty boys scampered up to the ladies shouting :

“Sou, Inglese !”

A “sou” is a French halfpenny, and “Inglese” means “English ladies.” So the urchins were saying :

“Please give us halfpennies, English ladies !”

To make sure that the ladies should stop and consider about the “sous” the boys had stretched a rope across the road. The ladies were not inclined to stand and ask for leave to go on. They made a dash at the rope. It broke.

Then one of the “Inglese” sprang forward, umbrella in hand, to chastise the rude Corsicans.

Down came the umbrella with a loud "whack ! whack !" on the backs of two.

The Corsicans then declared war against the English. They drew up in battle-array. On one side the three brave English women. On the other were twenty stout lads of Corsica.

The Corsicans attacked with stones. The English army retreated, and the enemy pursued. One stone struck a lady on the head. Another stone hit one of her companions on the heel. The Corsicans yelled with joy. They were gaining an easy victory over the women who would not pay them the tax of half-pennies. If somebody like the Duke of Wellington, or Oliver Cromwell, or Sir Philip Sidney had been there ! But the Duke was not there, nor Cromwell, nor Sidney ; and the stones kept flying and the English troops still retreated.

" Ha ! "

A new war-cry was heard. A third army appeared on the scene. From a cottage by the roadside leaped out three big boys.

The newcomers at once opened an attack on the pursuers. With foot and fist they laid about them in full force. A confused halloa followed, and the scuffling of many feet.

In two minutes the stone-throwing army was in flight down the hillside towards the village. It was a regular rout. Some people, who like to use large words, would have called it a "*débâcle*." You will see this funny French word in books about war. Never mind if you cannot say it. It means a complete mix-up and defeat.

The ladies looked at the young gentlemen—the ragged young gentlemen (two of them with pipes in their hands)—and thanked them.

“The village boys are very bad,” said one of the ragged young gentlemen.

The ladies walked on.

Presently another noise ! The ladies turned to see the cause. The three ragged young gentlemen had made a raid on the enemy and caught one, an eleven-year-old boy, who screamed in wild despair.

The three Saint Georges—I mean the three ragged young gentlemen of Corsica—hailed the boy along. He had doubled up his legs, his feet scraped the ground as the three cottagers dragged him to the spot where the English women stood. He was dirty ; his large brown eyes gave out many tears !

“Here, miss !” said one of the rescuers in French, as he held up a stone, “here is the stone he threw.”

The eleven-year-old, brown-eyed, dirty Corsican howled, as if he expected to be beheaded or shot.

“I won’t do it again,” he screamed.

Then the kind Englishwomen forgave him, and he departed as fast as he could go.

The boys from the cottage were true “knights.” They acted in the spirit of chivalry. They hastened to protect women who were in distress.

Boys and men should help girls and women, and shield them from rough usage. And, in their turn, the girls and women will be glad to give help in their own way to the men and boys.

CHIVALRY. II.

YOU may think, after reading my story of the three English ladies in Corsica, that chivalry means helping women and girls, and nothing more. It is true that such is the usual meaning, but there is something else to be said.

Let me ask you a question :—

“ Why should men and boys be ready to help women and girls ? ”

Because, as a rule, the women and girls are less able to defend themselves from danger or from rudeness. It is the duty of the strong to protect the weak.

But are there no weak men and boys ? Of course there are ; and it is the duty of strong men and boys to help weak men and boys. That is what the Saint Georges will do. That is what chevaliers, or chivalrous men, will do. That is what gentlemen will do in Corsica, in France, in England, in America, in China—everywhere.

When I tell you what the Marquis de Villena did you will see that chivalry goes further still. Listen to the tale first, and then we will consider.

About the year 1490 a great war was taking place in the south of Spain. On the one side were the Spaniards. On the other side were the Moors. I must tell you that the Moors were a dark-skinned

people who had first come from Africa, but they had dwelt in Spain for many hundreds of years, building fine cities, schools, mosques (for places of worship), etc., and making the land fruitful and lovely with gardens and orchards. The time was come when the Moors were to go from Spain for ever. The war of Granada was to drive them from the Spanish shores. Granada, you know, is a region in the south of that sunny and charming country of the orange and the grape.

The King of Spain was Ferdinand; the Queen was Isabella. One of their noblest knights, or chevaliers, was the Marquis de Villena. In battle he was fearless. When he saw any one in distress, he tried to assist.

On one occasion, a conflict with the Moors had occurred. The Christians (that is to say, the Spaniards) were giving way before the rush of the valiant Moors. The Marquis was obliged to retreat with the rest.

As he was hastening from the foe—not in cowardice, but because it was useless to keep on fighting a much stronger force—he saw six Moorish horsemen in a ring about one Spaniard. The man in the midst was laying about him, bravely but desperately. The struggle was unequal. Before long, the lances of the six would strike the single Spaniard to the earth.

The Spaniard's name was Solier. He was the chamberlain, or steward (a kind of chief servant), in the household of the Marquis de Villena. Many years had he worked for his noble master, and now it looked as if he would serve no more.

The Marquis turned his horse round, and made his way, as speedily as could be, to the scene of the battle of the six against one. It was not easy to reach the spot. A crowd of Spaniards were flying all one way—away from the terrible Moors. It was like rowing a boat against the stream to press the horse through the mass of runaways.

The Marquis, however, was soon at the place of danger. He whirled his sword high, he struck in this direction and that, he slew one Moor ; another fell before his fierce onset. The other four recoiled before his mighty arm ; and then they fled, putting spurs to their horses.

But one of the fugitives (or runaways) presently rose up in his stirrups, and faced about—his steed all the time galloping. The Moor lifted his lance, aimed it, hurled it, and then hurried after his companions. The lance struck the Marquis on the right arm, and made a deep wound. The mark of the Moorish lance remained as a scar on the knight's arm all the rest of his life. Indeed, he could never afterwards write with his usual hand. He had to sign his name with his left, though he was able to hold a lance in his right.

Thus the chamberlain Solier owed his life to his master's courage.

Later on, the Queen Isabella was one day talking with the Marquis. The chat was about the war of Granada, and the exciting events that had happened in the campaign against the Moors.

She said to him :

“ I have heard how you risked your life to save

your domestic Solier. But you are a nobleman, Villena. How came you—a man of aristocratic blood—to venture your life for the sake of a servant? I can understand a knight helping a knight. But for a high-born gentleman to put himself in peril on account of a low-born person is a different thing altogether.”

The Marquis de Villena replied :

“Madame, my steward Solier has been very faithful to me. If he had seen me in danger, and if he had possessed three lives, he would have been ready to fling away all three in my defence. Was it not right, then, that I should venture my one life for so loyal a friend?”

Queen Isabella smiled. She agreed that the Marquis had well said. Nor did she forget the noble reply. If ever she was conversing on chivalry, and talking of how the strong should aid the weak, she would say :

“That was real chivalry when the Marquis de Villena went to the help of his servant.”

You see the servant was not what we should call weak. He was a strong fighter, and could very well take care of himself in the clash of war. Yet he was of “mean birth,” as proud people would say. He was looked down upon by the rich and vain. They would regard him as common, and as of less value than themselves.

Now, the Marquis de Villena did not leave Solier to shift for himself because he was of inferior rank. He assisted him as one gentleman might assist another.

“LIVE FOR OTHERS.” I.

SOMEHOW or other I never could feel fond of that lad Victor, though I have known him for years, ever since he was a very small child. He never seems ready to put himself out for anybody else. At a social meeting with others of his own age, he only plays when he likes the game. When he does not like it, he sits aside in a moody or haughty manner and does nothing. If a mess of ink, etc., is made by accident, he never stirs to wipe it up ; he lets some one else hasten to do it. If some article needs to be fetched from another room, he never offers to go. If a play is about to be acted, and the scenery and wings have to be dragged out of a dusty corner and put on the stage, our noble Victor wanders off somewhere while more willing hands do the work. If we ramble out into the country, he will propose to tramp along some road or path, even though he sees his comrades are not inclined for it, or that it would be a tiring walk for the weaker ones. If the fruit or cake at the tea-table is running short, he will take all he wants, and grin when he sees others go without. Victor has a fine name, but he will make a paltry man.

I wonder (No, I do not wonder, for I know) what Victor would have done if he had been in the place

of the young goat-herd of whom I am about to relate the story.

He was a Roman lad in the very old days when Rome was a republic. The city then was not so powerful as it afterwards became in the days of Pompey and Julius Caesar and the Emperor Augustus. It had hard work to hold its own against tribes and nations round about. For instance, the Etruscan folk were foes of the Roman people.

One hot day the goats were sleepily browsing on the hills, and the lad who watched over them sat on the rocks in the shade. The land he gazed out upon was lovely in its woods, meadows, streams, waterfalls, and the arch of blue that softly spread itself above all.

He was thinking seriously. The village folk in the valley had spoken of danger to the city. Angry words had passed between the elders of Rome and the Etruscan King. Angry words lead to war.

Ah ! what was that sudden flash on the earth and sky-line afar off ? The sky was clear, the day calm ; it was not lightning. There, again ! And there were many flashes !

The goat-herd leaped upon a rocky mound, and shaded his forehead with his hand, and looked very intently, as if all his soul was in his eyes.

It was an army ! The flash was the reflection of light from spears and bucklers and the harness of war-horses. That long line of sparkling weapons and armour was bringing death and woe ! And yet it was so distant that not a sound could be heard.

Was it his business to give the alarm ? Could

he not let some older person act? Why should he worry when there were plenty of others in the village who would move fast enough when they saw the peril?

He did not reason thus. He thought it was his duty to hasten at once to Rome and warn the Senate of the approach of the King of Etruria. Yes, *his* duty. He would have been ashamed to stay idle while others were doing their utmost.

He started to run—down the slope, across the stream, bounding from one stone to another in the bed, up the path on the next hill. At the top he turned for a moment to glance at the danger on the horizon. Then he fled once more towards the city. Up one hill after another he raced—they were the Alban Hills. So glaring was the sun that the runner was soon parched with a deadly thirst. He stopped for one precious second—hardly daring to waste it—to drink from a pool. At length he reached the city gate, startling the watchmen by the speed with which he passed. Up the Capitol he hurried, swift as an arrow.

The old men of the Senate sat in their chairs.

“The Etruscans are coming—I have seen them from the Alban Hills.”

So saying, he sank down. They came to raise him. A thorn had pierced his foot, and made the blood ooze. Some one drew it forth. Alas! the goat-herd was dead. The exertion had killed him.

Rome was ready for the foe. The Etruscans were beaten.

Ever afterwards the gatekeepers of the city were

chosen from the village of Vitrochia, to which the goat-herd had belonged. People always called these men the Faithful Ones, in memory of the faithful lad who gave his life for the sake of the commonwealth.

He did not shrink when the call of duty came.

He did not stand aside for some one else to do the right thing.

He acted like a man.

“LIVE FOR OTHERS.” II.

I HAVE explained to you why I never could feel fond of Victor in spite of his splendid name.

I am quite sure that if he had been King of Sicily, as William was, he would never have had William's dream. Let me tell you what it was.

On the coast of Sicily is the city of Palermo.

It is at the end of a lovely valley which the people call the Conca d'Oro, or Golden Shell. Behind it rise the hills, and, about five miles away, on the slope of one of these hills stands the small city of Monreale. This word means the Royal Mount. The Royal Mount is 1,231 feet above the blue spread of the sea, and on the top you see a grand church which was built so long ago as the year 1176.

At this spot was once a large park or chase. Among the woods on these wide grounds roamed stags whose antlers branched out in great glory, and wild boars whose tusks threatened death to the hunter. If you had crossed the chase, you would not perhaps have felt fear at the stags, though at some seasons they are more fierce than others. But I think you would have recoiled at the sight of a huge boar. This creature would not indeed eat you ; it feeds on worms, grubs, birds' eggs, reptiles,

mice, moles, rabbits, etc. It might run (and it can run very swiftly) from a man that attacks it. But if it finds that it cannot escape it will stand with its back to a tree, and then woe to the dog or man that is pierced by its terrible canine teeth, or tusks. Well, after all, it is not my business to talk about wild-boar hunting.

King William was of Norman blood. You know there were Norman kings in England. Indeed, the first Norman King was named William the Conqueror. The Normans were a very pushing and active people. Not only did they go northwards, but they even pressed south as far as Italy, and a race of Norman princes ruled over the fair island of Sicily.

The park I have described belonged to King William, and one of his royal houses stood in it, hence the mountain still bears the name of Royal. Often did the King ride a-hunting in this fine estate, and in his train were noblemen, and the huntsmen with their horns, and the hounds yelped in savage joy at the sight of the antlered stag and the bristled boar.

Suppose for a moment that our friend Victor (for we must call him our friend in spite of his unfriendly temper)—I say, suppose he had been king; and suppose you had said to him :

“Sire, would you be willing to give up this park for the good of the people ? ”

You know what King Victor would have said.

Well, one day King William had been hunting, and he was tired out with the labours of the chase.

He slept at the foot of a carob (or locust) tree, and as he slept he dreamed.

A lady appeared before him. He had seen her image in the church. It was Mary, the Queen of Heaven.

"William," she said, as she pointed to a certain spot, "in yonder ground there is a hidden treasure."

You may be sure the King thought of gold and diamonds.

"The treasure is a store of beautiful white marble, fit for the building of mansions and palaces."

The King of course thought he might erect for himself a noble palace.

"With this marble, O King, I wish you to build a place for the people's good."

Then the Queen of Heaven vanished, and the King awoke.

Now this is only a legend, but I think only good minds are likely to have good dreams. I believe King William had a real desire to do something for his Sicilian folk, as well as for his own pleasure; and, as his desires were kind, so were his dreams.

Well, he set men to work. A quarry was opened in the hill-side. Huge blocks of marble were cut out. On the brow of the Royal Mount a pile of splendid walls and towers rose. There were two structures—a monastery, or dwelling-place of monks, and a church for all the people around.

There are, indeed, other things that kings and men of wealth may do for the people's good. King William thought of this as his best gift, and therefore we praise the good wish of his heart.

No longer could he hunt in the park. He had given it to the people. He served others rather than himself. This was the true kingly spirit.

It was the same spirit as was shown by the humble goat-herd of the Alban Hills. You also may show it, if you give up a half-hour of your own time, at a word from your mother, to amuse a little brother or sister.

THE SILVER-HAIRED TERRIER.

A SILVER-HAIRED Yorkshire terrier belonged to an English lady—Lady Durand—who was travelling with her husband in Persia. His name was Roughie (*Ruffy*). As he was getting old, Lady Durand used to carry him about in a leather bag slung from her shoulder ; or the dog might be carried by some other member of the party of travellers. The terrier had once had an exciting adventure, for dogs have their adventures as well as soldiers, pirates, and brigands.

Roughie was once lost while Lady Durand was staying in the city of Teheran, the capital of Persia. Several gentlemen went out one evening to search for the lost terrier, but they all came back unsuccessful. A week passed, and still there was no news of the dog.

Lady Durand was living for the time in the Legation-buildings, a group of houses in which the British Ambassador resides with his officers and servants. A week after the loss of Roughie, one of the servants at the Legation was at work on a wall that ran close to the road.

A Persian passed by.

"I know," he said to the servant, "I know where the dog is."

"Where?"

"In the Colonel's house yonder."

"How do you know?"

"I saw it."

The servant hastened down from the wall and proceeded to the house of the Colonel, who was, of course, an officer in the Persian Army. He knocked at the door, and somebody came.

"Excuse me; have you a dog here which belongs to the English lady—a small dog with whitish hair?"

"No; you have made a mistake?"

"Oh!" replied the servant. "Well, never mind; sorry to trouble you. But, my friend, the sun is setting, and it is the hour of prayer. May I come in a few moments to repeat my prayers?"

"Yes," said the man at the door, "and I will lend you a carpet."

You know that Persia is a Mohammedan land, and that, at certain hours of the day, every good Mohammedan kneels on a little piece of carpet and repeats his prayers.

While the man was gone to fetch the carpet, the servant from the Legation spoke to a boy.

"My boy," he said, holding out a gold coin, "this money is yours if you tell me where the dog is?"

"In that room," said the boy, taking the coin and pointing to a door.

The servant at once opened the door, and out ran Roughie. Just then the man returned with the

carpet, and looked rather foolish when he saw the terrier dancing about the Legation servant. However, he tried to face it out.

“That is my dog,” he cried.

“If it is your dog, it will know you when you call it. Call to it.”

The man made a signal to the dog to go to him ; but the terrier never moved.

Then the servant from the Legation called out “Roughie !” and the terrier leaped up in joy at hearing its name ; and so that settled the question, and soon Lady Durand was caressing her little silver-haired friend. But how had the terrier been lost, and who had taken him away ?

Here is the explanation of the mystery. Roughie had gone for a walk, and had been set upon by a number of pariah-dogs—dogs that no man owns, and who prowl about streets in Eastern cities, seeking for food in the gutters. Poor Roughie was badly teased.

Two Persian workmen saw his trouble.

“Let us save this creature of God,” said one.

They snatched him away from his enemies, and carried him to the bazaar—the row of shops where many citizens were marketing. They held up the terrier, exclaiming—

“Who will buy a young lamb ?”

This was a joke ; and people laughed. The Persian colonel happened to come along, and he bought the terrier for (in English money) fifteen pence, and took it home. You know how it was recovered.

I must add that when Roughie was brought back

to the Legation-buildings he was so glad that the tears of joy ran down his hairy face.

And others were glad besides Lady Durand. The lady possessed two great Saint Bernard dogs. They had always felt affection for the little terrier. They had missed him ; and now that he appeared again, they jumped about in wild excitement.

There are two things I would like to say before ending the history of the silver-haired terrier.

First, I am pleased that the two Persian workmen took pity on the terrier in distress. That was quite proper. But they had no right to sell him in the bazaar without trying to discover the owner.

Secondly, the Colonel's house was not the true home of Roughie, even though that gentleman had bought him in a fair and open manner. We can have property in furniture, houses, clothes, and such things ; but creatures that can love and grieve are not to be treated as property of that kind. The terrier's heart had learned to love its mistress and the two great Saint Bernards, and wherever these friends were, there was its rightful home. And love, whether in dogs or men, is a nobler thing than money or property.

THE BULLS, THE ANTS, AND THE SHEEP.

A MURMUR of many voices buzzed round the circus. People sat in seats that were ranged in rows one above the other. Ladies fanned themselves. All were waiting eagerly for the fight which they had paid to see.

The gates of a cage at the side of the circus swung open. Out walked a huge bull, his eyes rolling, his flanks trembling, his hoofs pawing the sand in the circus-ring.

A black-haired girl, clad in spangled tights, sprang in front of the bull, and threw small darts at the beast. He ran towards her. She mounted a horse, wheeled about here and there, and pierced him again with darts. A strong man, called the Espada, at length slew the bull. The animal's blood splashed the sand with red. Loud cries of pleasure were heard from the people. They enjoyed the bull-fight. Two other bulls were dispatched in the same way.

The fourth bull was unloosed from the cage. The girl advanced, sword in hand. Her sword slipped, and she fell. The bull rushed upon her, stumbled, and rolled across her body. Quick as lightning the Espada leaped to her aid, and killed the bull.

The girl had fainted, and was carried out from the circus.

This scene took place in the island of Majorca, which belongs to Spain.

A French gentleman had witnessed the fight. Coming out of the circus, he heard the bells ringing. In the city of Palma there were thirty-six churches, and the bells of all were pealing in honour of Saint Alfonso. A procession of priests marched by, carrying flags, flowers, and holy images ; and some blew trumpets. The people who swarmed out from the circus into the street knelt down as the holy images passed, and made the sign of the cross. Their faces were grave. They felt it was part of their religion to show respect to Saint Alfonso.

But you see they forgot that religion should also make our hearts more kind, not only to men and women, but to the dumb animals as well. These Spaniards had looked on while the bulls were cruelly treated, and thought no evil of it. Shall we say the Spaniards were wicked ? No, not at all. The Spaniards are a great and noble people, with a deep love for their land and for the Catholic Church. But yet, you see, they have not all learned to treat poor brutes with mercy and respect.

Yes, mercy and respect. We may, indeed, feel bound to lay burdens on animals, and even to kill them for food : but we should hold back our hands from any action that would give them needless pain or make them the toys of our cruel sport.

Do not, however, think it is only Spaniards who offend. I have heard of a Spaniard who asked why

the English hunted so small a creature as the hare or fox, or so innocent an animal as the deer.

I think you will agree that a good man, no matter how strong he is, will not take a pride in hurting lives that are weak and humble.

The American poet, Whittier, tells how King Solomon rode out from the city of Jerusalem with his lords of war. They were met by a lady from a far region—the Queen of Sheba. She was dressed in gold and purple, and a train of splendid servants kept guard upon her. The Hebrew King placed himself at her side and they proceeded to the Holy City.

The way led over an ant-hill. The tiny black insects moved here and there in fear of being trodden to death by the horses. King Solomon (if you care to believe it!) knew the language of the ants, and caught their words—

“Here comes the King men greet
As wise and good and just
To crush us in the dust
Under his heedless feet.”

The King told the Queen of Sheba what the ants said. She thought the ants ought to be happy to perish under the feet of the horse of so mighty a monarch. Ants ought not to complain against the greatest of Kings!

“Nay,” Solomon replied,
“The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak,”—
And turned his horse aside.

All his followers did the same. The ant-hill was unharmed. And the Queen of Sheba bowed to the generous Solomon. She understood now that he was truly great, because he considered the poor as well as the mighty. She had been told how wise he was. She believed in his wisdom when she saw his justice to the lowly insects. And she exclaimed—

“Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great.”

And so, in any State or city, you will know the rulers are true captains of the people if they have regard to the folk that are most in need of help. They will not, as it were, trample on them, or despise them, or call them evil names ; but they will assist the sick to gain health, the ignorant to gain learning, and the workless to gain a livelihood.

And do you not admire the strong man who shows tenderness to a feeble creature ? When does he look grander—when he strikes down a weak thing in anger, or when he takes it up in his arms and protects it ?

An English lady, Miss Durham, was travelling in the hilly country of Montenegro, which lies on the west of the Balkan Peninsula.

She was riding in a carriage drawn by three little horses. The driver was an Albanian, a big fellow named Shan. His heart was generous, and his hands strong. It was a stormy night when Miss Durham was being driven to a city on the sea-

coast. The rain fell in torrents, and the sky was black.

A cry was heard on the roadside. Shan pulled up at once.

What was the matter ?

A man stood there in deep distress. At his feet a sheep was stretched on the earth. He had but this one sheep, and he was taking it to the town when, dead tired with the journey, it had fallen and could not rise.

Shan seemed very concerned. He told Miss Durham of the wayfarer's sad case. The man was poor ; the sheep was " a very little one " ; could he not take it into the carriage and so carry it to the town till its owner arrived ?

Miss Durham consented. Shan took the sheep up as if it were a baby. He set it on the box beside him, so as to keep it as warm as possible. Then, through the dark night, the three little horses trotted forwards. Shan the Albanian had to hold the reins and drive the three horses abreast. This engaged one of his hands.

In the other hand he held up a large umbrella over himself and the sheep.

He took pains to keep the sheep close to his side.

And as if this were not enough to occupy him, he sang songs all the way to the stopping-place, his clear and manly voice ringing loud amid the splash of the rain and the blowing of the wind.

So much trouble did he put himself to for the sake of a simple sheep.

Children, this was a good man. Let us salute the name of Shan.

SAINT FRUITFUL.

DARK rocks rise and throw shadows. Trees make a thick gloom in the glen. Few are the sounds. We hear the wind ; the sway of branches ; the murmur of a stream ; perhaps the sound of a bear's foot now and then among the brushwood.

You must suppose we are in a wild part of Spain, as long ago as the seventh century.

Approach. In yonder cave a lonely man sits reading, or counting his beads in prayer. The long beard hangs over his monk's robe. His face is grave, but not hard. The hermit has a kind soul. He will welcome you or any stranger that passes his cell.

The name of this solitary is so long that I must change it into simple English. His Latin name was *Fructuosus*, which means "fruitful." So let us call him Saint Fruitful.

Hunters sometimes rushed through the forest and among the mountain passes. The rocks echoed the noise of their shouts, their horns, and their dogs ; perhaps also the grunt of the wild boar or the growl of the bear. Saint Fruitful would catch sight of the wild rovers of the forest as they hurried by his cave, spear or bow in hand. A tired huntsman

would now and then stop to beg a cup of water or a handful of nuts and berries from the holy dweller in the cell.

After a time other monks joined company with Saint Fruitful. They built a modest house in the forest, and there they lived together as a brotherhood—chanting, praying, or labouring in the garden or the fields which they had cleared for tillage. The house was a monastery.

Saint Fruitful was one day walking by himself in the glen. A rush of feet and a chorus of voices were heard.

“Seize her !”

“Shoot her !”

“Ah, she has hidden her head in the monk’s robe ! Pull her out !”

Who was she ?

She was a hind—a mother-stag. The gentle creature had fled from the human foe, and found a human friend. Who knows but that she understood the look of mercy in the monk’s eyes, and felt assured that, under his coarse gown, there would be safety, and a refuge from the terrors of death ?

Saint Fruitful lifted up his hand.

“Stay !” he cried to the pursuers. “This animal is under my care.”

The wild huntsmen clustered about Saint Fruitful. Some raised their knives and spears, some bent their bows. Others cried—

“No, let her alone ! We must do as the holy man bids.”

The power of goodness was greater than the

power of brute strength. The men gave up the chase.

Saint Fruitful took the trembling hind to the monastery. She followed him from place to place. Her large eyes watched him, and she was happy when his hand stroked her. If he was absent, she bleated as if to call him back.

Thinking perhaps it was not so well for her to live away from her native haunt, he sent her forth.

She soon returned. Again he sent her forth, and again she came back. The simple creature loved her rescuer.

One day the news came to Saint Fruitful that the hind was dead. It had been killed by a young mountaineer who, for some reason, owed the monks a grudge. He thought he could hurt them by slaying their pet. The Saint had been absent from the house some days. When he returned he was astonished not to see the hind running to meet him.

When he understood what had happened, his knees trembled, grief filled his eyes with tears, he lay mourning on the floor of the little chapel which the forest monks had built.

Not long afterwards a man came to the door of the monastery and asked to see Saint Fruitful.

"I am sent," he said, "to beg you to attend at the bedside of one whom you know, though I fear you do not regard him as a friend, since he killed your hind. He lies very ill, and is in need of your herbs and your good counsel."

The Saint bore no ill-will, and hastened to the cottage of the sick man. In the night he sat up

with him, by day also he watched over him, nursing him, cheering and consoling him. For a while the sufferer lay between life and death. Then he recovered, and was able to give his warm thanks to the Saint whom he had wronged, and who generously tended him in his hours of distress.

Ever afterwards the man who had once borne malice in his heart against the monks was their faithful friend. His heart had been touched by the strong compassion of the Saint.

Mighty indeed is the spirit of kindness which can draw the hind of the forest to its garments for protection, and soften the savage temper of an enemy.

THE GIANT.

IN the land of Canaan (so says the legend) there once lived a giant named Offero. Why his name was changed to Christ-offero, or Christopher, I am going to tell you.

He was very tall, very large of limb, and very strong. Not a soul in Canaan could carry such heavy weights. Hence he was called Offero, or the Bearer. But then, you know, there are many weights which men and giants may bear. They may bear a sick man who has fallen by the wayside ; or they may bear bomb-shells to the place of battle. Strength may be used to save or to kill.

Our friend Offero had not thought that out. He was strong himself, and he supposed that the noblest thing in the world was strength. So he made up his mind that he would go about the world until he met the most powerful King that lived on the face of the earth, and he would own him as master. You see he had no idea of setting up as King on his own account. He had sense to see that, after all, though his legs and arms were huge, his head was not unusually wise.

At last he came to the court of a famous King,

to whom he offered himself as servant, and the King was much pleased to be master of such a big fellow.

One day a minstrel came to the palace, and amused the King and his courtiers with songs and stories. In one of these tales the minstrel often spoke of the devil. Every time he did so the King made the sign of the cross.

“Why, sir, do you make that sign?” asked the giant.

No answer.

“If you do not tell me, I will leave you,” said Christopher.

“I make the sign,” replied the King, “to defend myself from the Devil, for I fear lest he should hurt me.”

“Why, then,” cried the giant, “you are not the most powerful King in the world; for you are afraid of a yet stronger prince. I will seek this prince, and serve him.”

So the giant Offero went away, and tramped many a wide land, till he came to a desert. There he beheld a large army of fierce warriors, and their leader was a most terrible captain. This frightful leader said to the giant—

“Where are you going?”

“I go to find the Devil—Satan—because he is the greatest prince in the world, and I wish to serve the greatest.”

“I am he,” said the captain. “You need not go farther.”

Then the giant joined the army of the Evil One,

and had pleasure in the thought that he was now a follower of the strongest being that existed.

Long was the march of the army. At length they halted at a spot where four roads met, and there stood a cross by the wayside. As soon as Satan caught sight of it, he trembled very sore, and was filled with dread, and walked round at a wide distance, so as to keep as clear as could be of the cross.

"Why do you do that?" asked the giant.

No reply.

"If you do not tell me, I will leave you," cried Offero.

"On that cross," said the Evil One, "died Jesus Christ; and when I see it, I cannot help trembling, for I fear Jesus."

"Why, then," cried the giant, "there is yet a more powerful King than you are; and I will go and find him."

Many days did the giant search, but found not. He stopped at the door of a cell, where dwelt a good old hermit, and begged to know the way to the King.

"This King," said the hermit, "is, indeed, the great King of heaven and earth, but, if you take up his service, you will have to do many hard duties. For instance, you will often have to go without food."

"No," answered the giant, "I cannot fast; for, if I did, my strength would fail."

"Also, you must kneel and pray."

"I know nothing of prayers, and I shall not serve such a King."

"Do you know a river," went on the hermit,

"which is wide and deep, where the water rolls over large stones, and the passage is dangerous?"

"Yes, I know the river."

"Well, since you will neither fast nor pray, go to that river, and help over its water the folk who desire to cross. Perhaps, while you are doing these deeds, you may chance to see the King."

"I can do that," said the giant. "I should like to do that."

He made a hut of the boughs of trees on the bank of the swift river. With his mighty hand he pulled up a palm-tree, which he used for a staff to steady himself whenever he waded in the roaring stream, carrying men or women on his broad back. Never did any one ask him for aid and find it not.

Now the legend tells that the Lord looked out of the starry heaven, and said—

"This man serves me, but does not know it; therefore will I show myself to him."

That night the giant rested after the toil of the day in his hut. His enormous limbs were stretched at ease, and he was falling into slumber. Then there came a voice, saying—

"Christopher, come forth, and carry me over."

It was the piping voice of a child. The burly creature rose up in haste, and looked out into the night. He saw the swirling waters that rolled over the stones. He saw the stars that glinted in the high heavens; but he did not see the child; and he lay down again.

Again the cry was heard. Again the giant looked forth. Again he lay down.

A third time the prayer came to his ears. Then he groped about with a lantern in his hand, and he beheld a little lad on the bank of the river ; and the lad said, in a pitiful voice—

“ Christopher, carry me over this night.”

Then Strength took Weakness on his broad shoulder, and gripped the palm-staff, and stepped into the river. The water rose up in a horrid flood, and the waves beat so hard upon the giant that he nearly fell, and he leaned with all his might upon his big staff, so as to stay himself against the rush of the stream in the darkness of the night. The child seemed heavier than a man ; nay, it seemed as heavy as many mountains, as if the very Alps were piled on the giant’s back.

After a stern struggle he reached the other side, and softly laid the little one on the bank.

“ Who can you be, child ? ” asked the giant. “ If I had carried the world itself on my shoulders, the burden would not have been more heavy.”

“ Wonder not, Christopher,” said the child, “ for you have borne not only the world, but its Maker. I have seen your deeds of kindness to the feeble, and I am well pleased with your service. In token of my pleasure, I bid you plant your staff in the earth, and it shall bring forth leaves and fruit.”

The child was no more seen.

Then Christopher (which means the Bearer of the Christ) stuck his pole into the soil, and, lo ! it became a palm-tree once again, and sprouted large leaves, and brought forth clusters of ripe dates ; for

there is nothing so gracious and so fruitful as an act of kindness done to the feeble.

On the walls of churches in Italy and Spain you may sometimes see paintings of Saint Christopher—very large figures, perhaps twenty feet high—big enough to be seen a long way off. And the people believe that the sight of the strong Christopher puts new life into those that behold it, so that the sick man feels more cheerful when he raises his eyes to the great picture, and the tired worker in the field goes on with more courage at his task.

The giant of the world is the Power of Money, of Machines, of Trade, of the Learning stored up in many Books.

How, then, shall the giant use his power ?

He will serve the little children of the world, for they grow up into the strong men and women that do the world's work.

He will serve the women of the world, for though they do not make the machines, and build the ships, and plough the land, yet they rule the homes which support health, strength, and peace.

He will serve the sick, the blind, the dumb, the people who have little wit and skill ; because, in serving them, he wins their love, and Love is the noblest and strongest King of human hearts.

[Adapted from Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of Saints*.]

THREE BOYS.

PHILIP was fourteen years old. It was time for him to choose his occupation.

“What would you like to be ? ” asked his father.

“Father,” cried Philip, “I want very much to be a gardener.”

“Why ? ”

“Oh, I could grow such beautiful flowers—roses, lilies, geraniums, chrysanthemums, pelargoniums——”

“And other lovely blossoms with long names,” added his father. “Well, I know a neighbour who is a gardener. I will ask him to take you into his service.”

The neighbour looked at Philip.

“Nice boy,” he remarked ; “bright lad ; I am willing to try him.”

So Philip started in his new employment.

The first thing he did was not growing lilies and roses. He was set to pulling up weeds in a plot of earth.

“We cannot get roses from ground that is choked with weeds,” said the gardener.

Of course, Philip agreed to that, and he knelt down and began pulling out these troublesome little plants—tens, dozens, scores, hundreds of them. After a time he felt his back begin to ache.

“Oh!” he groaned as he rose from the earth.

And besides that he was told to dig. This again meant a good deal of stooping as he turned up the soil with a garden fork. Again his back ached.

And besides that he was ordered to sow seeds, and he had to bend close to the ground as he placed the small seeds in holes as the master showed him. Again his back ached.

Philip went to his father and said he had had enough of gardening. He did not like so much stooping.

“So,” observed his father, “you do not wish to work on the EARTH. Well, what shall we turn to now?”

“Father, I should be pleased to be a hunter.”

“Very good, I know a man who lives up yonder mountain, and I will persuade him to employ you as his assistant.”

They climbed up the rocky hillside, and found the hunter in his mountain hut. He agreed to find work for Philip. The boy was full of happiness at the idea of chasing the wild deer across the rocks, and perhaps even of following a brown bear to its den in some dark cavern!

But oh! what a labour it was to hunt the deer. They went out before sunrise, and crept quietly over the rough and wild stones of the mountains. Often they crept along a path that led along the top of a

cliff, and a careless movement would have sent the climbers headlong to the bottom of a pit. The hunter would check Philip if he made the least sound, and the boy scarcely dared to breathe. It would not do, so his master said, to alarm the deer. They would never get near enough for a shot. Philip felt cold and wet and miserable after crawling amid the mountain mist for hours !

In a day or two he returned to his father.

“ Back again ! ” said his father. “ So it seems you are now tired of living so much in the open AIR.”

They next visited a fisherman, who consented to teach Philip how to catch the slippery little dwellers in the river and the lake. The boy was delighted.

In a canoe he paddled on the stream or across the broad pool for hours, and often at night-time. Now and then he had to angle—that is, to use rod and line, and he must needs wait a long while before a fish bit the bait. Or he had to sit in the boat while his net spread the snare for the passing salmon. Fog often brooded over river and lake, and Philip shivered, and grew weary of the silent watch.

He went to his father and said he was tired of a fisherman’s life.

“ Tired already, are you ? So you do not care for life on the WATER.”

“ Father, I am sure I should like the next thing I have thought of.”

“ I hope so. What is it ? ”

“ I want to be a cook.”

“ That will be a great change for you.”

“ Yes ; and I will learn to make puddings, tarts, pies, jellies, cakes—— ”

“ Very good. I know a neighbour who is a cook. We will call on him.”

And before long Philip was dressed in a white apron, and wore a nice white cap, and was trotting about a large kitchen in a gentleman's mansion. Very often he had to stand over the fire, stirring some sauce or mixture in a pan. He must stir slowly, and keep on stirring. The warmth of the fire made his cheeks red, and he almost felt like a roast sirloin of beef ! The heat of the kitchen was a dreadful trial.

He gave up the situation.

“ Well,” said the father, “ you dislike the FIRE ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ But, my son, you do not want work that has anything to do with earth, air, water, or fire. These four things make up the world. Where will you go, then, for an employment that will suit you ? You may be sure that, in every occupation, you will meet some hardships, and have to bear some pain. It is the business of a man to bear these troubles as part of his daily labour.”

I hope Philip found a new situation, and I hope he made the best of his troubles.

So much for one boy. Now about two others.

They had very different ways and different tempers.

One had parents who were well off. He was allowed to go about idle. He amused himself as he pleased.

The other was the son of poor parents. They taught him to make baskets from the branches of the willows that hung over the brook. He became an expert little workman.

One day (so I read in an old school-book, and if the story is not true it does not matter !) a party of savages made a sudden raid on the coast of the land where these boys lived. The lads happened to be on the shore. They were seized and made captive, and were carried off in the canoes of the savages to a distant island.

Unhappy indeed were the two young prisoners, far away from the old home and the old scenes in which they had been brought up. They noticed the savages looking at them with cruel eyes, as if intending to slay them ; perhaps (who knows ?) to eat them !

The poor lad had his wits about him. He saw some osiers, or willows, growing by a river-side. Gathering a bundle of the flexible twigs (that is, thin branches easily bent), he twisted them in a sort of plait. The wild fellows of the island crowded round to look. They were curious to know what he was doing. Soon he had finished making a crown. Approaching the chief of the tribe, he presented it to him, and by signs informed him that it was meant to go on his head.

The chief crowned himself. All his people shouted in admiration. Every one else wanted a crown of like kind. The skilful young plaiter was led to a comfortable hut, where he was well looked after and kindly treated. He had work enough now

in making crowns and baskets for a whole island !

As to the other boy, who could make neither crowns, nor baskets, nor anything else, and had never thought of earning a livelihood for himself, he was told to gather osiers for the use of his fellow-prisoner !

Whether the lads ever escaped to their friends I do not recollect. I suppose they must have done so, or else the tale would not have reached us !

THE INDIAN.

THE sun was near the setting. A Spanish gentleman, named Señor Triana, had fixed his camp on the bank of a river in South America. A number of white men were in his party. They had been exploring the great river Orinoco.

The fires were lit for cooking the evening meal. Soon the vast forests on each side of the stream would be silent. No sound of bird or beast would be heard.

The splash of a paddle was noticed by the white men. They looked up the river. They saw a canoe approaching. In it sat a young Indian. The canoe was six feet long ; it was narrow, and very shallow. The Indian's paddle had a broad end shaped like a rose-leaf. He was well used to the work, and the paddle dipped into the water with a graceful motion.

Never before had he seen a camp of white men. He stopped paddling, and stood up in his canoe. Like a bronzed statue seemed the brown-skinned Indian. He was nearly naked. On his brow was placed a crown—a strange crown ; for it was made of the claws of a jaguar, which is a kind of tiger found in South America. Waving on his head were two

eagle's feathers. A string hung round his neck, to which was fastened a bag. The Orinoco Indians have these bags to carry salt, bone hooks for arrow tips, and hollow reeds through which they draw up to their nose a sweet and intoxicating powder. The Indian was a fine-looking savage. His teeth were white and strong ; his eyes bright and black.

The white men had come to the edge of the water to speak to him. But he could not understand their language, neither could they understand his. So they had to talk by signs. The Indian noticed various articles in the camp which he wanted. He saw and pointed to salt, a knife, and a piece of glass which one of the travellers held in his hand.

These things were not given to him. He seemed surprised. You know he was a savage. His idea was that he had a right to take and keep anything that pleased him. I do not mean he wished to steal anything ; but he did not see why he should not be allowed to carry away articles that took his fancy.

Señor Triana and his friends thought the Indian might be useful to them. They did their voyage on the Orinoco in two large canoes, heavily packed with boxes, trunks, weapons, and cooking-pots. He might assist in paddling.

So they made signs to him that he might have the objects he desired if he would accompany the party for two or three days, and help paddle the big canoes. That would be hard labour ! When he quite understood what they proposed, the Indian stared as if much puzzled. He had never in his life worked as a servant to another man. He had never

bent to another man's will. It was a new sort of life to him. He had no mind for it.

For a while he remained in silence and gloom. He could not have the salt, the knife, and the glass. Soon he resolved what to do. He lifted his paddle, made a stroke on each side of his vessel, thus carrying it into the middle of the stream. In a few moments he was lost to sight, and they saw him no more.

Now there is a good deal to think about in this little tale ; and I will ask you some questions.

Ought the white men to have given the Indian the things he wanted for nothing ?

Salt, knife, glass. They would have been useful to him. He could not get them in the wilds of the forest, and he seldom met any traders who could supply him. If he had been in trouble and need, and the white men were able to spare them, I think they ought to have given him the articles. We should always, if we can, help a neighbour who is weaker or poorer than ourselves. I do not, however, suppose the Indian was in distress.

Well, was it right of the white men to expect him to work for the articles ? You will say yes ; and I agree that it was right. If everybody tried to get his salt, knives, and glasses as gifts, we might become lazy, and leave off earning, and even leave off working. The world is carried on by exchange. One man makes a good picture, and for this he gets clothes, food, etc. Another rears cattle and sells the meat, and so earns his household goods. Another makes clothes and receives his food and furniture in return. Of course, we change the things by

means of money, but it is really the things we want, not the money.

Our Orinoco Indian expected to get things without exchange. That would not be just.

But, all the same, I feel he was not quite wrong. He had never worked for white men, but very likely he had heard about them and their ways. He had been told, perhaps, that they often made Indians toil for them for very small pay. They would give employment to the Indians, not in friendship and goodwill, but in order to get all they could out of them and render as little as possible in return.

When we do this we use men as slaves, even if we do not call them slaves. It is not right to make a man work for us as if he were not like ourselves—as if he could not feel pain and sorrow and injustice. We should work *with* him and he with us. Then work is no longer slavery. I do work for you, and you are my master because you employ me. But you should also try to serve me. You should give me work that is fair ; work that will not hurt or over-strain me ; work that does not last too many hours ; and you should pay me such wages as will keep me strong and fit and cheerful, and able to do more when the next day dawns.

Therefore, I think the Orinoco Indian was wrong if he wished to take all and give nothing. But I think he was right if he disliked to be the servant of men who cared nothing for his happiness and only used him for what they could gain out of his labour.

THE SCULPTOR.

WE have heard the story of the Orinoco Indian. He was a savage.

Now I will introduce you to a very different man—an artist, a native of one of the loveliest lands on earth, a dweller in one of the grandest cities. His name was Donatello ; the country was Italy ; the city was Florence.

This Donatello (who died in 1466) carved figures in stone. He was a sculptor. People admired the statues that were chiselled from marble by his hand and brain. All the citizens talked of the works of Donatello.

A certain rich merchant—a dealer in fruit and vegetables and corn—often heard folk praise the carver. He thought he ought to possess some piece of Donatello's carving. Visitors to his house might look with pleasure at the object, and say :

“ Our friend the merchant has good taste. He knows what to buy. The pictures and statues in his house are of the finest quality.”

“ Yes,” he said to himself, “ I must get this carving fellow to do me something good.”

So he came to Donatello's workplace or studio.

“ Can you make me a bust ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ A large one ? ”

“ Yes, a colossal one.”

“ Very good. Proceed with the work. Let me know when it is ready.”

Donatello cut a huge head and shoulders out of stone. Such a figure, as you know, is called a bust. It could be fixed up in a high position, and then might seem only common size. Whether large or small, however, everything that Donatello did was well done. As people say, he put his heart into his work.

In two months he sent word to the merchant, who came to inspect.

“ It is quite satisfactory,” he said, in the same tone he would have spoken in if he had been saying, “ This chicken is nicely roasted.”

“ What is the cost ? ” he went on.

Donatello told him the sum.

The merchant looked shocked. He reckoned a little sum in his head. Then he burst out :

“ Why, your charge comes to half a florin a day ! ”

“ That is so,” answered the sculptor.

Well, half a florin a day was surely not overmuch to ask. But the merchant was used to beating down prices and bargaining when he went to the market and bought melons, or cabbages, or onions.

“ You charge far too much ! ” he cried.

“ I can see,” exclaimed the Florentine sculptor, “ that you do not understand carving. I suppose you are more used to bargaining for vegetables ! ”.

As he said these words he pushed the bust from its place and it fell to the ground with a crash and broke into a hundred pieces. It would not be possible to mend it.

The merchant stared in amazement at the ruin. The visitors to his house would never admire Donatello's bust !

The story came to the ears of the prince of Florence whose name was Cosimo. He had heard that the sculptor was making a beautiful figure. And now the news arrived that the figure was spoiled. He called at Donatello's workshop.

"Come, come, my good man," he said, "you have acted very hastily. I beg of you to carve another bust of the same kind for the merchant."

No. Donatello would not do the work over again. It was not the trouble that he minded. But he felt he could not work for a man who judged so meanly of his art, and wanted to beat him down to the lowest price. Not even the prayer of a prince would persuade the artist to carve the bust again.

Was he right ?

Well, I certainly wish he had not broken the figure. He might have put it away, and kept it for a more generous customer.

Still, I cannot help admiring the spirit that he showed. He seems to have thought :

"I have done the very best work I could. I do not ask a big price for it, and it is selfish and paltry of this rich man to grudge me so modest a payment. He has no real love for my work. I do not feel that he is worth toiling for. He shall have nothing of mine."

The Orinoco Indian wished to get the salt, knife, and glass for nothing. Donatello was not so simple ;

he was willing to offer his labour ; but he wanted fair payment. He rebelled against the idea that he must be driven to take the lowest possible sum.

Yet you know that workers often have to labour for very small pay, and the people who buy the things they make, or who employ them, get the articles or the labour at the lowest or cheapest price. Do you wonder that poor persons should be anxious to buy as cheaply as they can ? No, indeed, there is nothing to wonder at. And yet we must feel it is a pity and a shame that men should be forced to labour for a wretchedly small wage, instead of being able to take a joy in their work and to receive just payment. How can a man do good work when all his thoughts are bent on the pay he will get ?

Donatello believed workers would do their best when they were not obliged to worry about their wage and their bread. Once he was making a large bronze statue. It was a great piece of work, and it was being done for the city of Florence. How glad and proud were Donatello and his helpers at doing a noble work, not merely for themselves, but for others. Oh, that all workers could take such a joy and pride in their task ! The Lord of Florence visited the workshop ; many citizens looked in from time to time. Often the visitors dropped money into a basket which hung from a beam in the ceiling of the shop. When any of the workers—master or man—desired money to buy anything, he would pull down the basket, take what he needed, and go out to the market. And none ever complained of what their companions took.

THE WOOD-CARVERS.

A WOOD-CUTTER lifted his axe and smote a young oak tree once, twice, thrice—many times. At length the sturdy tree—heavy though not tall—fell with a thud to the earth, and its crooked branches lay sprawled among the ferns and flowers that grew below.

The wood-cutter gazed at the fallen tree.

“What,” he said to himself, “will this oak become? Will it be made into tables, or chairs, or floors for rooms, or seats in the garden, or fences to keep out robbers, or—ah, best of all!—into a ship that will go over the sea to England, to Spain, to Greece, perhaps even as far as Arabia?”

How can every wood-cutter know the end of all the timber he hews down? The trees are laid on drays and carried away, and he sees them no more.

Well, the young oak tree was not alone when it lay on the forest floor. Other trees of the same kind were stretched near it. All these were borne away by the carters.

The forest was in the North of France. The young oak trees were taken to the city of Amiens, which is about eighty miles from Paris. It is a very old town, and was the birthplace of Peter the Hermit—the monk who went from country to country in

Europe praying kings and nobles to go on the War of the Cross against the Saracens in the Holy Land.

In the year 1220 men were busy at the building of a church at Amiens. They called it the Church of Our Lady, or, the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Death took away the first builders when the church was still only partly built. Little by little the place grew under the hands of the craftsmen. The tall spire (426 feet high) was not set up until the year 1529. So you see this great house took quite an age to come to its full height. A man reaches his complete stature in about twenty years ; but this Church of Our Lady needed three hundred.

The oak trees were wanted for some work inside this church. For fourteen years (1508 to 1522) the stout wood was cut, chipped, chiselled, polished by French joiners and carpenters and artists. About six or eight men, some older, some younger, were busy at this task all the time. When it was done, and the cost added up, the expense was found to be (in English money) about £400. A common workman got three sous ($1\frac{1}{2}d.$) a day ; the master about a shilling a week. Of course, this small amount of money would buy more food and clothing than the same amount to-day ; but, at the most, the pay of the men was slender.

I have not yet told you what they did with the wood. What do you think it was ?

They were making one hundred and twenty seats for the singers and priests and other folk who came to worship in the Church of Our Lady. The seats had arms or elbow-rests to them. At the backs and

sides, and even on the arms, were carved pictures telling stories from the Bible. And over the seats were canopies, or covers, done like leaves and flowers, and rising to tall points or pinnacles that went up towards the roof of the church. To sit in such a chair must be a very different thing from sitting on a deal wood stool! If you were to sit in one, you might even dream for a moment that you were a bishop or a prince. The lovely carvings would enclose you, and would soar over your head like a wonderful summer-house. And when you stand at the entrance of the choir (the end part of the church), where these 120 seats or stalls are built up, it might seem to you as if you looked down a path or glade in a forest, with noble tall trees on each side. Perhaps now you will understand a little of this piece which I will give you from a book by Mr. John Ruskin:—

“Sweet and young-grained wood it is; oak, trained and chosen for such work, sound now as four hundred years since. Under the carver’s hand it seems to cut like clay, to fold like silk, to grow like living branches, to leap like living flame. Canopy crowning canopy, pinnacle piercing pinnacle, it shoots and wreathes itself into an enchanted glade, fuller of leafage than any forest, and fuller of story than any book.”

All the oak did not come from the forest in France. Some of the blocks on which the pictures were cut came from Holland, and the man who carved these Bible tales in wood earned sixteen pence for each story that he carved.

One summer morning two of the workmen were

not in their usual place. They had set out to the city of Rouen, where they wished to look at some carved chairs in the church, so as to learn something to help them in their own business. Thus did one city help another and one church help another.

At another time two monks walked into the Church of Our Lady, and examined all the oak carvings that were so far done.

"These leaves are good," they would say.

Or they would shake their heads and say, "The cutting of the figures on the back of that seat is not true; it had better be altered."

Thus the men who made the choir seats were ready to listen when their faults were pointed out. The monks who came to inspect the work had penance each for their trouble, and the cost of their journey to Amiens and home again was paid to them. Perhaps they walked; perhaps they rode on mules or horses. They had come from a town not very many miles away.

You see that nobody got paid much for the work they did, and yet the work was very good. It was excellent, which means that it could not be better.

Do you think the men liked doing their work? No doubt they did. When one had finished a canopy of oaken leaves and branches, he would stand back and feel glad to seek the work of his hands. And perhaps a sister or a sweetheart would come into the church and gaze in silence for a time, and then say:

"John (or Peter, or Robert), I love to look at your canopy."

And you may be sure the heart of John (or Peter, or Robert) would leap for joy at the words.

Well, should we not like every man to take a pride in his daily labour? Ought we not, if we can, to give each workman in the world—yes, in all the wide world—things to do that he will love to do? And would he not then do his business in a spirit of pleasure, and say to himself, “What I am doing is good for me; and it is good for the folk, and I love to do it?” And then he would not toil only for the money; indeed, he would not toil for the money at all. He would take the money because he needed it for food and clothes and rent and for the keeping of his dear wife and his babes; but his first thought would be the goodness of his work.

Be sure, I do not mean a workman should be paid small wages. No, there are millions of workers who receive far too small a wage, and we should try to raise their poor pay. But I mean that all men and women should, so far as possible, be given some work that may make them glad in their labour.

PAY !

THE other day I went to London. Before I entered the train of course I had to buy a ticket. I had to pay.

At a station at which the train waited some time I had refreshment of food and drink. I had to pay.

At night I stayed at an hotel, where the landlord supplied me with meals and a bed. I had to pay.

On my return I found that the rate-collector had called and left a "demand-note," stating how much I owed for keeping the poor folk in the workhouse, for the police, for schools and teachers, for cemeteries, for gas-lamps in the streets, for roads and bridges, for maintaining insane persons in the asylum, for meat and fish markets, for libraries, for museum and picture gallery, for parks, for hospitals, for cleaning the roads, for drainage, for tram-cars, for water. I had to pay.

So I had to open my purse a good many times, and I have to continue doing so.

Well, suppose the booking-clerk at the station had said to me, "My dear sir, you need not pay ; you can go to London for nothing."

Suppose the waiter at the refreshment bar had said, "You can have coffee and sandwiches free."

Suppose the hotel-keeper had said, "You may stay here to-night and eat and drink what you please ; I shall not expect any money."

Suppose the rate-collector had come to my door and said, "My good friend, I shall not leave a demand-paper with you as I do with your neighbours ; you can have all the benefits of this town for nothing."

Should I have been pleased ?

Perhaps you say, "Yes, of course you would ; and then you could spend your money on something else—chocolate, gold watch, diamond pin, motor-car, telescope, silk hat, snuff-box, revolver."

I am not so sure that I should want to buy all these things even if I had the money, though I think I should like the telescope to see the moon with ; also the chocolate.

But I am quite sure—very, very sure—that I should not be pleased if I was always told I need not pay while other people did.

Perhaps you think *you* would be pleased. The best way to clear this question up will be to tell you the story of the "Unlucky Young Man." It is a Russian tale.

This young man was the son of a rich merchant who left him a large sum of money. Poor fellow, he spent the money in ways that brought him no profit, and he lost all his father had given him.

People said, "He is unlucky, isn't he ?"

He became a labourer on a farm, but he did so badly that he was turned away.

Next he took to herding sheep and cattle, and he

failed at that too. His master said they could not afford to keep a man who caused them so much loss.

He went to another land, where he got the place of manager in the royal distillery—the works where brandy and other such liquors were made ; and before long the factory was nearly burned down through some mistake of the manager's. The King did not punish him, for he heard the story of the unlucky young man's troubles.

" Oh," he said, " you cannot help it, I suppose. You must take the name of Luckless, and we must treat you accordingly."

So, by the King's order, the name "Luckless" was stamped on the young man's forehead, in order that all men might see and read, and all citizens were commanded to supply his needs and ask for no pay. Only there was one rule the youth must observe : he must not remain more than twenty-four hours in any one place. But he was used to travel, so he thought this would be no great hardship.

Nobody ever asked him to pay his fare by coach or boat. No tax-collector ever approached him with a demand-note. Whatever shop he went into, he would receive food or drink or clothing, as he wished. The landlords of inns gave him shelter without presenting any bill the next morning. But never was he permitted to stay more than twenty-four hours. If *he* forgot the time, the hotel-keeper did not ! As soon as the clock struck the end of that period, the master of the inn would seize Luckless by the scruff of his neck and pitch him into the road !

And really, it was not nice to hear people's remarks.

If a customer said to a shop-keeper, "That young man has not paid for the meat-pie which you have just handed to him, and he is going away!" the shop-keeper would shrug his shoulders and reply, "Oh, it's only Luckless!"

And if the captain of the ferry-boat collected the fares from all the passengers who were crossing the river except this young man, and if somebody pointed out the error, the captain would explain:

"Oh, it's poor Luckless, you know. He never pays."

And then the passengers would laugh.

Why did they laugh?

Because it seemed to them stupid that a young fellow, who had health and strength and who was not exactly a lunatic, should go about taking everything he wanted and giving nothing in return. They did not wish to be in his place. It is true they were themselves sometimes short of money, and felt it hard to have to pay, and pay, and pay again. But in that case, they simply wished they could earn more money in order to pay. They did not wish to be let off paying altogether. It was (they thought) the duty of a man—yes, and his pleasure, too—to pay for what he had.

It is, therefore, a happy thing to be able to work for our living and to give fair payment in return for services rendered to us. We cannot respect the man who wishes us to supply his needs and who yet has no will to work. If he is a ragged tramp, we

shall not respect him. Neither shall we respect the man who dwells in a fine mansion, and has plenty of money to pay for goods, but yet does no useful work to earn the money.

WORK. I.

IN a glen in the Highlands of Scotland stood a church. Sunday by Sunday the country people came to the place to worship.

Near the building ran a stream which, in dry weather, was very narrow and shallow. At such times it was easy to step over it. When heavy rains fell, however, the stream was swollen, and ran deep and noisy. Then the people had to approach the church by another road, which led them a long way round.

Thus things went on for many years. The good folk grumbled, but nobody said, "Let us build a bridge." It would have been no great task to span the stream with a bridge of wood. But it would have been thought too much trouble! I fear we must say these Highlanders were indolent, at any rate, so far as building a bridge was concerned. Yet how many extra miles they must have walked in rainy weather through having to go round the other way! They had to work with their feet, if not with their hands.

We do not form a good opinion of people who are too lazy to work. They do not seem to us to be proper men and women.

If you were asked whether most human beings were lazy or willing to work, what would you say ? Think of the people you meet every day. Think of all the people you know anything about all over the world, and then answer.

Well, my answer is, that I think most human beings are quite willing to work. That is why we look with disdain at the lazy ones ; they seem so different from their fellows. I even think lazy people do not admire other lazy people !

But are all people who are willing to work fond of *all* sorts of work ?

Of course not. A man may like to do gardening, but not care at all for grooming horses. Another may love carpentering, and dislike writing, and so on. Would you blame them ? I think you would not generally do so. We cannot all be alike ; we cannot all perform the same work ; neither do we wish to see such a sameness in the work of the world. Our faces are unlike ; so are our employments.

Shall we say, then, that every man ought only to do such work as he likes ?

Well, that is not an easy question to answer. Let me tell you about the Corsican soldiers.

Corsica is an island in the Mediterranean Sea. It now belongs to the French, who took possession of it in the year 1796. Some little time before that it was held by the English, under Sir Gilbert Elliott, who acted as governor.

Sir Gilbert had English troops. He had also enlisted a number of Corsicans.

He noticed that the streets in the town of Bastia

were very dirty, so he ordered a party of the Corsican soldiery to go and sweep them clean.

The soldiers were not at first aware why they were called together in the square in front of the barracks. When they learned what they were expected to do, they were very indignant. They told their officer they would not go. They threw down their shovels and brushes which had been supplied to them, and dispersed, crying out as they went back to the barracks—

“ We enlisted as soldiers, not as scavengers ! ”

So they were too proud to act as scavengers, or street-sweepers.

Was that right ? Well, let us ask what the finest soldiers we ever read of in history would have done ? I mean the Romans. Suppose Julius Caesar had bidden his men sweep the streets of a town in Italy or Spain, or Gaul, do you think they would have obeyed ? I think so. They would have felt that such tasks were not too mean even for the companions of Caesar. They would have felt that they were serving Rome by sweeping as well as by fighting.

When you see a road-sweeper, wearing high boots, and an oil-skin cape to protect him from the splashing of mud, engaged in clearing the streets of mire and slush, you should see in him a useful and honourable worker. He is helping to keep the city healthy and sweet. He may say, as the Prince of Wales's motto says—“ *Ich dien* ”—“ I serve.”

It would have been very different if Sir Gilbert Elliott had ordered the soldiers to do something

unworthy. For instance, there was once a King of Persia who had built a bridge of boats across a passage of the sea between two coasts, in order that his army might march across the water. But a storm arose and the boats were unfastened, and the bridge was broken. Then the King was very angry with the sea, and bade his soldiers go down to the beach and lash the water with stout whips, to punish the ocean for daring to spoil the royal work. Now, that was a foolish thing to set grown men to do. They might, with reason, have disobeyed such a stupid order. But they obeyed, for they had only the spirit of slaves.

Therefore, we want (1) that all men who *can* work *should* work ; (2) that they should be willing to do useful work ; and (3) that none should have to do foolish tasks which are not worthy for men to perform.

But let us come back to the question. Ought every man to do only just the sort of work that he likes ? Did the Roman soldiers like everything that the general commanded them to do ? No. But did they, on the whole, like being the companions and fellow-workers of Caesar ? Yes. Does your father like the work at which he earns his living ? Let me suppose he does. But he may not like everything in the business. For instance, he may be a fire-brigade man, and he may like the work on the whole. But he will not like to be called suddenly out of his bed on a cold night in response to a fire alarm.

We will agree, then, that it would not be reason-

able to expect to have work which is always pleasant. We must put up with parts of it that are unpleasant.

Would you say that all dirty work is unpleasant ?

I do not think so. You would no doubt agree that when your skin is dirty it is a comfort to wash it. Now, in the same way, it may be a comfort to turn a dirty place into a clean place.

Once I found a large cellar full of all kinds of rubbish. A friend and I spent some hours in clearing it out, and what a work it was ! There were broken pieces of wood, bottles and glass, straw, old carpets and mats, scraps of iron, filthy paper, pots of spoiled paint, torn books, rags—you never saw such a mess. Do you think we liked doing that work ? Well, we did not like the dirt, but we liked getting rid of it.

Have you ever watched a woman clean up a house that has got into an untidy state ? She looks round, and she gives a sort of a groan, and she says—

“ Oh, what dreadful people they must have been to leave a place like this ! And just fancy having to clean up after them ! It is disgraceful ! ”

But that is only the beginning. She is like a general looking at the enemy before the battle commences. The broom is brought in, the water in the pail, the brushes, the flannels to wipe with. Then the battle begins. There is a flash in the lady's eye as she clears one messy corner after another. She will not be conquered. She is as resolute to gain the victory over dirt as ever the Romans were to win the mastery over the Gauls. And I think she

likes it. The dirt she hates ; but she loves the battle for cleanliness. I am not speaking of the women who have, alas ! to work over-much, and too many hours. They are slaves, and no human being loves slavery. But I am speaking of the person who is healthy, and has not too heavy a task ; and I think such persons enjoy even the toil that has to be carried on amid the grime and dust. For there is something beautiful in making the unclean world into a clean world, and turning rough and ugly things into useful and handy things.

That is what a noble Greek teacher felt when, one day, he was met by some friends in a smith's shop.

His name was Heraclitus. Often would he sit silent in a cave among the mountains, dreaming of how the world first came to be a world. People would come to hear him speak his thoughts on such deep subjects. He would tell them that he believed the world—stars and all—was formed from fire ; that the gods themselves were pure flame ; and that a man's soul was a small part of the spirit of fire. People admired him as a teacher and thinker.

And one day, as I said, he was seen in a smith's shop, all among dust, dirt, and smoke, and the clash of hammers.

"Come in ! Come in !" he cried to his friends.
"The gods are here also !"

He meant that this shop, where honest work was being done, was as fine a place as any lovely scene among hills or forests, and any part of the world was noble where men did their duty.

WORK. II.

SOME people were looking at a statue of a woman on horseback. The figure was that of the famous Joan of Arc, the peasant-woman who led the French against the English, and saved her dear fatherland from the rule of the foreigner. The statue was of gilded bronze.

"Very fine, indeed," remarked one.

"But the woman's head is rather too small," observed a second.

"And the horse's neck is not quite true in its shape," said a third.

This happened soon after the monument was set up, about the year 1878, in a street in Paris.

Years went by, and after a time no one was heard finding fault either with the woman's head or the horse's neck. Everybody now seemed satisfied that the bronze figure was very well done indeed.

Strange! Had people altered their ideas? Surely the statue had not altered?

Well, as a matter of fact, the statue had altered.

This will seem a riddle to you, so I had better explain how it occurred.

The sculptor's name was Frémiet. He had paid careful attention to what people said. He felt that some of the things they complained of were quite

just. It is true he had been paid for the work, but he did not like the idea of leaving it as it was. In secret, he made another figure of gilded bronze—another Joan of Arc on another horse, with a better head for the woman and a better neck for the horse. All his labour was done over again.

M. Frémiet knew that the public square where the figure was standing was to be dug up for the making of a railway through Paris. While this work was in progress, the old statue had to be taken down, and put under cover. The sculptor had watched for this moment. He had the new statue put up in place of the old one.

For some years only a very few persons knew the secret, but at length it was found out. People heard that M. Frémiet, who was now (in 1903) eighty years of age, had set up the fresh figure at an expense to himself of 20,000 francs. They admired him for this act. It was noble of him to wish to give the people of Paris his best work, even though it cost him so much money to correct the mistakes of his first effort.

His conscience did not let him rest easy when he saw he had made a statue that had faults in it. As a man of honour, he wanted to offer Paris a finer example of his work as an artist.

The old man had a grand spirit.

It is the same spirit which leads a boy to clean a window a second time if the first washing has not perfectly cleaned the glass, or a girl to take her stitches out and sew again a piece of work. They do it for honour's sake.

Perhaps you would like to hear about another Frenchman. This one was not an artist, he was a man of science, a chemist, one who studied the elements of which substances are composed, so that he could tell you what rice was made of, or alcohol, or milk, or sugar, and so on. His name was M. Berthelot.

A party of gentlemen called at his house one day. They were sugar-makers.

"Sir," they said, "you know, of course, that we get our glucose, or sugary matter, from maize, potatoes, and other starchy vegetables."

"Yes, gentlemen."

"We believe you, as a clever chemist, could find a cheaper way of extracting this glucose."

"Perhaps so."

"We should then make larger profits out of our manufacture of sugar, for we use immense quantities of glucose."

"To be sure."

"We might get 10 per cent. more profit."

"Indeed, gentlemen!"

"And, M. Berthelot, if that were so, we should be glad to pay you two per cent., that is, a fifth part of our extra gain."

In other words, he might have become a rich man.

But M. Berthelot answered—

"Gentlemen, I have thought about the glucose. I believe I can invent a way of getting it more cheaply. But I do not want to make a gain out of it, for it will help the workers of France to do more trade.

In our chemical workshop here we work for the honour of France."

Was the great chemist right? Do you think every chemist in the country would have declined the profit? Do you think every chemist would have done his best to discover the new way of getting glucose "for the honour of France"? Or would every English chemist work "for the honour of England"?

These are hard questions.

Perhaps you say, "A chemist, like other men, must earn his living. He has a right to all the profit he can get. The French sugar-makers offered the money of their own free-will."

So they did; yet he did not take it. Let me ask you another question.

Was he wrong not to take it?

I do not think you will say he did wrong.

Now, I do not know M. Berthelot's affairs, so I cannot tell you all about his earnings. But I should suppose he received enough money each year to live in a simple and comfortable style, and he did not grasp at more.

I will not say he would have been wrong to take the share of the profit.

But I will say I think he showed a noble spirit—a spirit as noble as that of the artist—in not accepting it. He loved his country, and thought it an honour to serve France by his skill as a man of science.

And so, children, when you do your work—your work at school now; or some task for your parents in

the home ; or the work by which you will earn your bread in years to come—you should do it all, not simply to get money, and not with the idea of money as your first thought, but for the honour of your fatherland—England, France, America, Germany, Italy, or whichever the land of your birth may be.

If you are not weary of my stories, I will tell you yet another. This one belongs to the history of Russia.

You have very likely heard of the Czar who was Peter the Great. He was born at Moscow, the old capital of Russia, in 1672 ; and in 1725 he died in the new city which he had built on the edge of the Baltic Sea—the city of St. Petersburg.

Russia, as your map shows you, is in the East of Europe. The West of Europe contains the countries Italy, Germany, France, Spain, Britain, Holland, etc. These countries of the West were in front of Russia in many ways. They understood better than Russia the arts of ship-building, machinery, and numerous others.

Well, if you do not know a certain useful thing, and your neighbour does know it, what had you better do ? You had better go to him, and, if he is willing to teach, you may learn the good knowledge from him. Perhaps he will give you lessons free ; or perhaps he will ask for payment.

Peter the Czar had a very strong will, and a very quick manner of making up his mind, and carrying out his ideas. As soon as a new idea came into his head, he would start up to put it into action.

One day, he called before him fifty young gentle-

men, belonging to the families of the highest rank in Russia.

"It is my will," he said, "that you all leave Russia for a time. You must go at once."

Most of them were married men.

"What, sir, will our wives say? Our children?"

"My will is that you go at once. Do not bandy words with me. I shall send a soldier with each of you as a companion."

"Where, sir, are we to go?"

"There are fifty of you. Twenty-eight will go to Italy, twenty-two to Holland or England. My people in Russia are very ignorant on all matters that concern ships. You are ignorant now, but you will not be so when you come back."

"How is that, sir?"

"You must each of you learn the use of maps and charts; the use of the mariner's compass and its thirty-two points; the secret of navigating vessels at sea."

The noblemen looked at one another in astonishment. What tasks the Czar was setting them!

"Besides that," he went on in his rapid, stern tone, "you must learn the art of building ships. And mind, you are not just to learn to act as commanders and captains. You must learn to do all the rough and dirty work also, and, if need be, to perform the duties of common sailors."

They might well look surprised. But they dared not argue. They must obey. So they bade farewell to their families, packed up their necessary clothes, etc., and off they went to Italy, to Holland, to Eng-

land. They certainly did not learn everything he told them to, but each of them, after a time, returned to Russia more learned and more clever than he left it, and some of them were *very* skilful and *very* learned.

Thus did the West teach the East. Thus did the wiser nations teach the less wise. Did it make Italy, Holland, or England poorer to give their knowledge and their art to Russia? Not at all. Every man who becomes wiser may make the whole world wiser.

And now let us see, in short, what we have been talking about :—

(1) It is honourable for a man to do the best work he can. The best work does him credit.

(2) It is honourable for a man to do his best work for his country's sake.

(3) It is honourable for one nation to learn from another, or to teach another how to do useful work.

PEACE AND WAR. I.

THE south of Spain is a lovely land. Tall mountains rise towards the blue heavens, the tops gleaming white with snow. The melting snow fills the brooks that tumble in waterfalls down the rocks to the valleys.

In this land lies the noble old city of Granada. A few years before the three ships of Columbus sailed to the islands of America there was a fierce war in Granada between the Christians and the dark-skinned Moors. During this war the siege of Baza took place, and I am going to tell you the story of the siege.

The city of Baza lay at the foot of a steep hill, and a plain stretched away in front. At the back, close to the cliffs, stood a strong tower, or citadel. The side of the town towards the plain was fenced by walls of earth. And beyond these walls you could walk for two or three miles through gardens and orchards. Every citizen who could afford it had a piece of this garden land, and planted it with flowers, vegetables, and fruit trees, and in each plot was a

small tower, built as a summer-house, in which the folk could eat, or chat, or take naps ; or from the upper windows of which one could look out across the country and the forest of vines and mulberry and citron trees. Little streams or canals of water rippled among the gardens, carrying moisture to the plants and coolness to the air.

Precious is the labour of men's hands, and fair is their work. It was the honest labour of the Spanish people that built houses and walls, and planted trees and dug canals, and made the earth good to live in, and rich in food for man and beast. In this city men builded, and carried, and sawed, and carved ; and women spun, and wove, and cooked, and cleaned, and nursed. And in orchards outside the people took their ease and enjoyed the sweet fruit, and held happy converse together, as they sat under their own vines and fig-trees.

You know a stroke of lightning may blacken and ruin an oak or an elm.

So also does the curse of war blacken and ruin a country.

The army of King Ferdinand of Castile was drawing near to Baza. Men had gone in haste to the corn-fields and cut the grain and borne it to the store-houses. Others had driven cattle and sheep into the city amid a great noise of bleating and bellowing. Horses and mules were laden with heavy packs of food, or lances, darts, and other weapons. Children no longer played, maidens no longer sang, men no longer joked at their daily task, for faces were pale and hearts were sad.

War had come to throw its shadow over the city of Baza.

King Ferdinand pitched his tents on the plain. His footmen and horsemen formed a numerous army. The armour of his knights flashed in the sun, and the gold on his banners gleamed bravely.

But the glory of the soldiers was not like the glory of the beautiful gardens of Baza, and the clang of the trumpets was not so joyous as the laughter of the children in the streets.

The King sent his heralds to summon the city to surrender. To this message the Moorish prince replied—

“We are here to defend Baza, not to give it to the foe.”

The Christian soldiers marched from their camp. A roll of drums was heard, and the Moors—their heads swathed in white turbans—their hands clutching the scimitars with curved blades—swarmed out of the gates of Baza.

The war had opened, and the slaying was already begun in the gardens. Lances, arrows, and bullets flew. The summer-houses were burning. Smoke puffed blue and black among the vines. Men shrieked as their bodies felt the pain of sword and dagger. The blood of Moors and Christians made the little canals red. Soldiers were gasping for breath amid the flower-beds, and dead bodies were heaped in the shadow of the fruit trees and the myrtle.

King Ferdinand watched the battle. As he watched, a group of men came towards him, carrying

a wounded knight, Don Juan de Lara ; and they laid him down at the foot of a tree.

A young lady rushed to the spot, and knelt beside Don Juan. It was Donna Catalina, his newly-wedded wife. She took off a kerchief to stay the blood that flowed from his wounds ; but the stream could not be staunched. A priest bent over the young Spaniard, and uttered the last prayers ; and Don Juan looked at his bride and died. In peace they would have been happy together in a home. But in war the home was shattered ; the manly strength of the husband was crushed by deadly weapons ; and the eyes of Catalina were dimmed with tears, and the wife became a widow.

And the night spread its gloom over the mountains, and the unhappy city, and the spoiled gardens, and the dead knight whose bride was crying all through the dark hours. The banners of Spain were gay, and the majesty of Ferdinand was splendid, but war had done a work of shame, and the dead men—Moors and Christians—were strange things to see all among the broken shrubs and the trampled flowers.

Through the night the Moors kept up sudden alarms, so that the Christians could get no rest. Peace gives sleep and soft healing to the body and mind. War brings terror, and aching hearts, and tired brains.

The next day, King Ferdinand's troops were busy digging, as if they meant to throw up walls of earth for a camp in the orchards. It was only a pretence. The king felt it was not safe to keep his army in a place so cumbered with trees. He was quietly with-

drawing his baggage some distance away. You see that in war it is part of the business to tell lies and to deceive the foe. In peace we should say we ought to speak and act truthfully. In war we act falsely so as to win victories.

At sunset the Christian tents were suddenly struck and carried away. The Moors ran out to the attack. They were too late. The trick had succeeded.

But Ferdinand's camp was now so far from the city that he could do it no harm ; and, of course, in war one has to do as much harm, and cause as much pain, as can be. So now he and his captains held a council to think over a new plan.

He divided his army into two camps, and set one camp on each side of the city. The Moors wondered what this change could mean.

A noise of axes was heard in the orchards. The Christians were felling the trees. Lovely were the trees, whose branches spread wide, and cast a shade from the noontide glare. But the people of Baza would no longer recline in the pleasant shadow. Four thousand woodcutters were at work. You read in books that work is noble. Yes, work is noble ; but not all work. These four thousand men were destroying beautiful trees that had made the place rich. The Moors sallied out again and again. More dead men were lying in the flower-beds. In forty days the orchards had vanished. Nothing was there now but piles of timber, and uprooted shrubs—and dead men. The little children of these men cried.

And still the Spaniards worked. They made a moat between the two camps—a deep ditch, not to render the soil fertile like the little canals in the gardens (there were no gardens now), but to hinder the Moors from escaping. On the hill, at the back of the town, they cut another trench, and threw up mounds of earth, and so, on that side also, barred the way. They tried also to seize a spring of water that supplied the city, for in war you will make your enemy die of thirst if you are clever enough. But the Moors defended the spring and kept possession of the precious water.

The city ran short of food. But the Spanish army had plenty. Trains of mules entered the Christian camp day after day, bearing stores of grain and fruit, and meat. The Moors watched from the walls of Baza ; and the hungry women and children longed for some of the plentiful food in the Christian camp. But in war the more you can make the foe hungry the better.

Mohammed ben Hassan, the commander of the Moors, was in trouble because he had no more money to pay the hired troops who had come to Baza to help in the defence. The citizens brought to him their vessels of gold and silver.

“Take these,” they said, “and sell them ; or make them into coin ; and pay the soldiers.”

The women also stripped off their anklets, bracelets, and ear-rings and gave them to the service of the city.

Meanwhile, the queen Isabella, wife of Ferdinand, had arrived in the Christian camp. Knights and

ladies rode with her, the Moors looked out from their wretched town, and saw the queen's banners go by, and heard the shouts and the music, and saw the handsome dresses of pages and courtiers. In war one side takes pleasure in showing its splendour and comfort, while the other side is in rags and despair.

The city surrendered on December 4, 1489.

When the soldiers of Spain entered Baza they set free from the jails 500 Christian men, women, and children, who had been confined by the Moors. Yes, these Moors, who had enjoyed themselves in their orchards and gardens, had taken their pleasure while the five hundred prisoners of war drooped in wretchedness and tears.

Twenty thousand Christians had died during the siege. Of these, as many as 17,000 had died of disease. Seventeen thousand men—mostly the poor carriers and porters who bore heavy burdens and did the dirty work of the camp—had lain down in sickness and died. In peace most of them would have lived to old age, and built houses, and tilled the fields and looked in love at their children growing up and their daughters dancing at the village festivals.

Children, stand with me on the hill above the unhappy city of Baza. Look at the dreary waste of land—three miles of waste—where once the gardens spread their colours and the fruit hung from the fruit-trees without number. As we stand here, what shall we say of war?

War is a thing to be hated.

But our last word shall not be of hate. We will repeat together four noble words from the Bible—

“Blessed are the peacemakers.”

[The facts above narrated are taken from Washington Irving's *Conquest of Granada*.]

PEACE AND WAR. II.

THERE was music in the air. Children stopped in their play, and said :—
“ Hark to the nightingale ! ”

And men who were working, in pain and sweat at their daily task, stopped and smiled and said :—

“ Joyful is the story of the nightingale ! ”

The bird's business was music, and right well did he do his lovely part.

Work brings hunger, as it should ; and after the labour of his many songs, the little singer wanted a meal. It was dusk. Out blinked the stars in the blue. The poet Cowper shall tell the story in other words :—

A nightingale that all day long,
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite.

What was that on the ground, under the hedge at the wayside ? It sparkled with a fair and beautiful, though tiny ray.

Light ! All men, and women, and children love light as they love music. Each is a blessed gift, one to the eyes, the other to the ears.

What made the light ? It was a little beetle on the underside of which glows the beam of phosphorus. People call it the glow-worm. The bird made music, the glow-worm made light. Each gave a precious gift to the world.

Alas ! birds eat worms and beetles ! The music-maker saw the light-maker :

When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

But why should not both bird and worm live as friends in the same world ? Why should Music eat up Light ? One was a minstrel, the other a lamp. Why should one spoil the other ? Hear how the poet reports what the beetle said to the bird :—

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent ;
“ Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
“ As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For ’twas the self-same power Divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine,
That you with *music*, I with *light*,
Might beautify and cheer the night.”

The nightingale was touched by the beetle’s prayer. He let him go, and went away singing :

The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Cowper then turns to human beings, and asks them to dwell in peace.

That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other ;
But sing and shine with sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent.

The nightingale, the glow-worm—France, Germany, Britain, Italy, Spain, Austria, Russia, America, China, Japan—all these should live at peace. Some can make music, others light ; each can give gifts to the world, and the work of none should be hurt or hindered by war.

What can Japan give ? Lovely vases, and pictures, and silk and temples.

What can China give ? Porcelain, ivory, carvings, and quaint pagodas, and ancient songs.

What can India give ? Palaces, temples, beautiful shawls and carpets, and the holy hymns of the Brahmans.

What can Russia give ? Corn and timber, and metal, and delightful tales, and folk-lore.

What can Italy give ? Pictures, statues, music, poetry, and the monuments in the grand cities of Venice, and Florence, and Rome.

What can Spain give ? Charming cathedrals, and vineyards, and orange groves, and pictures, and stories, and ballads.

What can Germany give ? Music, and fine old houses and churches, and poetry, and fairy-tales, and ever so many useful books.

What can France give ? Fair cities, castles, mansions, china, silk, tapestry, poetry, music, noble thinkers.

What can America give ? Corn, metal, wood, fruit, machines beyond number, and the proud spirit of the eagle.

What can the British Isles give ? I need not tell you of the glorious things in the dear Emerald Isle, the hills and glens of Scotland, the woods and rich plains and swarming cities of England and Wales. You and I are glad to breathe the sweet air that blows from the seas all about our fine old lands—the lands of Shakespeare, Scott, and Goldsmith.

Children, say to yourselves, “ When we grow up, we will not vote for war. We will not stop the music, or put out the light of any people on the earth. Let them all bring their good gifts to the help of the world, and thank each other as friends and neighbours should.”

Which is the finest nation ?

I do not know. Perhaps the fairies who live in the grass and dance under the moonlight know the secret, but not I. In a whisper, I will tell you I sometimes think it is the French, but then I am very fond of the Irish, and I love the Dutch and their fishing-boats, and their windmills, and so I can never make up my mind. It does not matter.

Perhaps you will say the English make the best

knives, the French the best silk, the Germans the best operas, the Italians the best statues, the Americans the best machines—and so on.

Just as you like. Let us change our knives, and silks, and operas, with one another, and each will be the happier by giving and taking

Shall the Best-knife country be jealous of the Best-silk country ?

And if the Chinese, or Japanese, or the negroes of Africa wish to buy the beautiful machines of the Americans, shall the Best-knife people and the Best-opera people go rushing into the midst of the traders, and say, “ If you sell too many of your machines, we shall fight ” ?

We cannot all be best in everything. One nation will do cleverer things than another.

I will tell you about Robin Oig and Alan, two Scotsmen. They were deadly foes, frowning at each other, and showing the teeth in hatred.

It so happened that they both loved music. The particular music which they loved was the wild wail and hum of the bagpipes. I do not know if you care to hear that music. I think I would like to sit on a mossy rock on a Scotch mountain, and look around, and see fir-trees, and heather, and a lake. And if the bagpipes were half a mile off, I should like to listen as they played “ Bonnie Dundee,” or “ Ye banks and braes.” Perhaps you would prefer to have them close to you. Very well, you should please yourself.

Robin Oig and Alan decided to fight a duel. One or both should die by the sword.

They came to a lonely spot in a glen. Each had his sword. Each had brought his bagpipes, and each had consoled himself with a tune as he walked to the place of death, thinking it might be his last happy moment.

As they met, Alan had a sudden thought.

"Robin Oig," he said, "I have come to slay you. But it may be that we are not acting as wise men when we seek to end our feud in blood. If you consent, I propose that we each play the pipes, and I will try to beat you in this noble music, and you to beat me. If neither can conquer the other, we will draw swords."

His enemy was willing, and put the pipes to his mouth, and walked up and down in the heather, and blew soft, and blew long ; and the pipes roared, and squeaked, and sighed, and shouted, and grumbled, and laughed, and wept, and danced, and pranced, and sang with a great Scottish heart, until the glen echoed and rejoiced, and the music filled all the land !

Well, it seemed to !

Up rose Alan, and he said—

"Robin Oig, you are a great piper. I am not fit to blow in the same kingdom with ye. It would go against my heart to hack the body of a man that can blow the pipes as you can."

Then Alan and Robin Oig shook hands, and made peace.

And so the Germans may beat the English in some way that is useful for the world. Let them do so. We will applaud. The French may beat

the Russians in the making of pianos, or porcelain, or motor cars, or whatever it may be. They can each be best at something, without any jealous thought, or any desire to fight.

What is that great intent
On which each heart is bent
Our hosts among ?
It is that hate may die,
That war's red curse may fly,
And war's high praise for aye
No more be sung.

(*Davis.*)

PEACE AND WAR. III.

BOOM !

It is war on the sea. Children, you love the beautiful sea, and you hear with delight about the strange creatures that swim in its depths, and the coral animals that build the islands on its bosom. But the nations use the glorious waters for a battlefield.

The fleets are trying to destroy each other. Mighty was the labour that was needed to build these men-of-war. It took years to build them from the keel to the mast-head. And now their crews are seeking to make these wonderful vessels into ruins.

But look yonder. A ship appears which is taking no part in the conflict. Neither side fires upon it. Its colour is white, and on the white is seen a broad band of red ; and on the masts are two flags. One is the flag of the country the ship belongs to. The other is a white flag, bearing a red cross. The red cross is a sign of a hospital ship. Wounded men may be taken here to be tended by good women. The Red Cross ships carry no guns, and may not be used for the purpose of war at all. They are ships

of mercy. Yes, even in the midst of this sad scene of war we see that men have learned to remember their duty to the suffering.

On land the same rule is followed. The Red Cross flies over tents which are used for hospitals, or over waggons that bear the wounded from the place where bullets or shells or bayonets or lances have stricken them and left them faint and bleeding.

The nations of the world (though not, of course what are called savage and barbaric peoples) first, agreed to use the Red Cross in land wars at a meeting of their spokesmen at the Swiss city of Geneva in the year 1864.

At a meeting held at the Dutch city of the Hague in 1899, the nations agreed to fly the Red Cross on ships of mercy during wars at sea.

It was a noble meeting at the Hague. Men had come from all quarters of the globe to try and make more peace in the world ; to try also to make men more merciful even in the midst of battle. Let us suppose (of course, it is only suppose !) that you had been there, and could have called the register, as teachers call the roll in school. Only, instead of girls and boys answering to their names, you would have heard the nations speak :—

“ France ! ”

“ Yes sir ! ”

“ Russia ! ”

“ Yes, sir ! ”

“ Glad to see you here, Russia. You are very big, and I am pleased to notice that you are not

too proud to sit with much smaller comrades, such as Bulgaria, or Servia, or little Holland. Germany ! ’

“ Yes, sir ! ”

“ Austria.”

“ Present, sir ! ”

“ I suppose you have brought your brother Hungary with you, haven’t you, Austria ? Oh, yes, I catch sight of him with his bright Magyar face and dark eyes. All right. Italy ! ”

“ Here, sir ! ”

“ Great Britain ! ”

“ Yes, sir ! ”

“ Ah, my British friend, so there you are ! I was half afraid you would be late, for I know you sometimes stop on the road to fight with . . . Oh, well, I won’t say any more about your faults. I am pleased to see you, United States ! ”

“ All right, sir ! ”

“ Dear me, what a smart style of answering you have, my American chum ! Spain ! ”

“ Yes, sir ! ”

And so on. The other States present were Montenegro, Turkey, Roumania, Greece, Belgium, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Luxembourg . . . Never mind the troublesome names. There are a few more. Portugal, Mexico, Persia, Siam, China, and Japan.

I will tell you of other rules made at this meeting.

Soldiers are rushing into a building. Some are seen coming out with pictures ; with beautiful vases ; with telescopes, microscopes . . . An officer cries “ Halt ! ”

"These articles," he says in a stern, loud voice, "are works of science and art. They are for the use of scholars. The law of nations forbids us to loot them."

The soldiers obey, and carry the stolen goods back to their places.

An officer is seated in a room. A prisoner stands at a table before him, and clerks sit with books and papers before them.

"Villain," cries the officer, lifting a revolver. "You have taken up arms against my country. We have conquered, you must repeat the words which the clerk utters, and take the oath to be a true servant of my government. Now be quick or I fire."

A superior officer enters. He looks displeased, and whispers to the captain who holds the revolver—

"It is against the law of nations to force a man to take the oath. If he will not swear, let him be kept prisoner; but you must use no violence."

Without further words, the prisoner is led away.

A man, holding in his hand a white flag, approaches a camp. It is war time, but not a shot is fired at the stranger. At his side is a companion who knows the language of both armies; he is an interpreter, to make clear the meaning of all that is said by the bearer of the flag of truce, or by the enemy. Let us hope that after the talk with the flag-bearer, the cannonade will cease and blood be shed no more.

A troop of soldiers have been marching across a plain. They come in sight of a village. The red roofs of farmhouses and cottages glow in the sun,

and the haystacks gleam yellow in the meadows. Some scouts go forward. Nobody is seen carrying arms. The villagers are taking no share in the combat. In silence, the troop marches in, and the men take lodgings here and there.

Why was not a gun discharged, and not a house burned ? Because it is a law of the nations that “the attack or bombardment of towns, villages, habitations, or buildings which are not defended is prohibited ” (that is, the thing must not be done).

A large camp stretches before us. It contains many huts and tents, in which we see men without weapons—talking, reading, playing cards, sleeping working. Alas ! it is a dull life at the best. They are prisoners-of-war, confined within certain bounds which they dare not pass. Just as we arrive it is meal-time. We look at the food put before the prisoners. We look afterwards at the food supplied to the sentries on guard about the camp. It is of the same kind, and there is as much for the prisoner as for the conqueror. It is a law of nations that “prisoners of war shall be treated, as regards food, quarters and clothing, on the same footing as the troops of the government which has captured them.”

There are many other rules (or articles) which were written in the book of the Hague meeting in 1899, but I have no room to give you them all.

The Hague is a fine city, with many canals running through its streets ; and avenues of lime-trees form shady walks. There is a pool called the Fish-pond, close to which rises an old castle, where the Dutch parliament meets. And there is a grand

picture-gallery in which you may see Paul Potter's painting of the "Bull," and there is a statue of the noble prince, William the Silent, and a statue of the Jewish man of learning, Spinoza, and . . . Well, I cannot tell you everything! But do not forget the house where the Peace Conference was held. This is one of the finest places in the world, because it was the scene of a great work of mercy.

And at the Peace Office at the Hague is kept a list of persons who act as judges between angry nations. Let us suppose we can enter the chamber where three or four of these judges (or arbitrators) sit with their clerks and helpers.

A gentleman rises to speak. He is the pleader or speaker, for one of the nations.

When he has ended, a second gentleman rises to answer. Their eyes may flash; their words may be hot one against the other; but it is only a war of the tongues. It is a peaceful war!

At the close of the trial, the judges give their verdict on one side or the other. Perhaps, indeed, they may, with a smile, say that there is a wrong and a right on both sides. Whatever they say their word should be law. The nations should take their ruling, and keep the peace.

This is what is meant by International Arbitration, or just judgment between the peoples without the need of war.

[See Mr. W. T. Stead's penny booklet on *The Hague Conference of Peace.*]

A GOOD WAR.

“A GOOD war ! What do you mean ? You have been telling us to hate war.”

Yes, girls and boys ; I wish you to hate war ; I wish you to look with sadness on the man-killing rifle ; I wish you to loathe the sight of the bayonet that waits to redden itself with men’s blood.

But there are some good wars. I will tell you of one that took place in the South of France during the three years, 1764 to 1767.

It happened in a district near the Cevennes mountains ; a place of forests, pastures, villages, shepherds.

In June, 1764, a woman was in the fields when a big wolf sprang towards her. Not far off, a herd of oxen were feeding. She ran in among the herd. The wolf did not like the look of the oxen and dared not follow further ; and thus the woman escaped.

Two days later, a sad tale was told from village to village. Two children had been borne off by wolves.

Worse things were to come. Time after time, news passed round the country that more persons had been destroyed or hurt by these fierce beasts from the woods. Between June and October, 1764,

as many as twenty-six men, women and children were attacked, and some were killed.

On July 3, a girl of fourteen years of age was killed.

On August 8, a boy of fifteen was eaten. At the end of the month, another boy was missing.

The country-folk were in great alarm.

They said, "We must get rid of these pests who devour our children and neighbours. Let us go out into the forest in armed bands."

They did so ; and several wolves were killed, and still more victims were heard of.

A troop of dragoons—fine fellows in bright uniforms, went forth in the name of the King (Louis the Fifteenth) to make war on the plague of the Cevennes country. It was a good war, for it was undertaken in defence of human lives. The soldiers pitched their tents at a spot where the wolves were known to be common.

Alas ! one day, a girl was carried off by a wolf right before the eyes of the dragoons. They rushed to her aid, but it was too late.

Not long afterwards, a wolf ran out from the forest. The trumpeter saw it, and blew a signal on his trumpet. In his haste and nervousness, however, he blew the wrong notes. The dragoons did not understand what he meant, and so they did not hurry from their tents to fire. The wolf escaped.

On January 12, 1765, a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age was out in the meadow-land with other young people, minding cows.

“ Wolf ! ”

The monster had seized a girl of seventeen, and was bearing her away towards a marshy place, where it would soon have disappeared among the reeds. The boy whom I have mentioned hastily fastened a knife at the end of a stick, and pursued, and he kept sticking his spear into the wolf's hide ! The wild creature had got into a corner where, with his burden (the girl), he was obliged to halt. He turned at bay. The lad prodded him again, and the terrified beast dropped the poor girl and flew for his life.

The officer of the dragoons heard of the lad's bravery, and sent for him.

“ What is your name ? ”

The boy told him. The officer made a careful note in his pocket-book. A few years later, the boy (now a young man) was invited to join the regiment of dragoons. What became of him I do not know, but, as a soldier, I do not think he ever did anything more noble than when he rescued the peasant-lass from the enemy in the swamp.

A woman was sitting on a grassy bank. One little child was in her lap ; a baby was at her breast.

“ Wolf ! ”

A grisly creature had snatched the child from her lap, and was springing away through a hedge.

Ha ! but the mother's heart is stout, and her hands are quick. She caught the wolf by the hind leg ! There was a short struggle. The beast dropped the child from its jaws, and scampered off, much to the joy of children, and mother, and the whole village !

In February, 1765, so widespread was the alarm that the men of seventy-two villages were out searching for the dreaded foe. Snow lay on the ground, but frost and cold must not stay the war. One of the peasants caught sight of a wolf, and fired. He and his companions followed the wounded brute, which they could trace by the blood marks on the snow. But it had vanished.

The King, the grand monarch of France, issued an order that the wolves must be destroyed.

But these wild animals have no respect for kings. They continued their dreadful work.

On April 21, 1765, ten thousand men were out on the war-path. On April 23, a wolf was slain, and in its stomach a bundle of rags was found. These were the remains of the clothes of some poor person whom it had eaten. But on the very same day a boy was set upon by another of these terrors of the forest !

A French nobleman, named the *Sieur de Bauterne*, was walking in a wood on September 20, when a wolf trotted in front. He discharged his musket, and a bullet and thirty-five small shot entered the creature's body. The wolf was blinded in one eye, but had strength left to fall upon the *Sieur de Bauterne*. He shouted. A party of villagers hastened to the rescue, and the wolf was conquered. They measured it. Its height was 32 inches, length 5 feet 7½ inches, its girth 3 feet, its weight 150 lbs.

From the King of France the nobleman received a cross of St. Louis as a token of honour, and he

was promised a yearly pension. There was great rejoicing, for everybody thought the last of the pack was vanquished.

In December of the same year more people lost their lives by the fangs of wolves !

Then poison was tried. Dead dogs smeared with a drug called " *nux vomica* " were left in the woods. Some wolves ate the carcasses and died.

A peasant killed a very large wolf, and in triumph its body was carried to the city of Paris and burned.

" This is the last," cried the people.

But it was not !

However, by this time the danger had much lessened, and, during the next hundred years, the wolves became fewer and fewer, and French children could go into woods and fields in peace.

I want you to think of this great war between man and the wild beasts. At one time, the world was full of such foes to the human race. Man was weak. His weapons were feeble. He had sticks to which stone spear-heads were fixed ; he had arrows tipped with flint ; he had clubs. It is wonderful that he was able, little by little, to win the victory over savage creatures of the plain and forest.

Man has fought the lion in the deserts and plains of Africa.

Man has fought the tiger in the Indian jungle.

Man has fought the bear of the Rocky Mountains.

Man has fought the panther, the wild boar, the aurochs (wild bull), the deadly snake, the crocodile, the gorilla.

And at the same time, he has tamed the innocent

animals, and taught the sheep, the horse, the ox, the dog, the ass, the goat, the elephant, the buffalo, the cat, and other animals to live with him as friends and helpers.

Think of the labour of our fathers in clearing large spaces of the earth of the enemies of mankind. Think of the wounds and scars they must have suffered in the conflict. Think how many noble men lost their lives in order that you and I might go abroad in meadows and forests and valleys in safety and pleasure.

Let us salute the soldiers who took part in this good war.

TALES FROM DANUBE LAND.

SHIPS sail on the sea, and their white sails are seen on the great river. On the broad green pasture lands feed huge herds of cattle and horses, and flocks of sheep. Many pigs are kept, so wild in some parts that a gentleman, who was once pursued by swine, had to race for his life and only just escaped. Forests are large and dense, and beyond are the mountains, rocky and lofty. The river is the Danube, which flows into the Black Sea, and the country I speak of is Roumania. Most of the inhabitants are peasants who till the rich soil. The dress of the peasants is as follows :—The men wear broad-brimmed round hats, or sometimes caps of lambskin ; linen jackets with full sleeves ; scarlet woollen scarves round the waist, or embroidered leather belts ; sheepskin jackets over the linen ; loose trousers that look over-long ; and rough sandals of goatskin. The women have jackets like the men, and the girls like to wear large yellow silk handkerchiefs on the head and shoulders. The men wear their curly hair rather long.

I thought it might interest you to hear one or two stories such as the folk love to relate at the fireside in the very cold winters. The first is the short tale of

THE SHADOW

Along the path on the hill-side Mirca rode on horseback, carrying his warrior's axe ; and he met a maiden who bore a pitcher of water from the fountain.

"Stay, maiden," he said, "and let me drink from your pitcher."

"No, sir, I may not stay, else my sweetheart will be vexed."

"Vexed, will he? If he shows anger to you, I will smite him with my axe, and bring him to the dust."

"No, no," cried the maiden. "But, if you need the water so much, go to the spring, and there you will see another pitcher standing full of water. But, before you drink, be careful to do two things."

"Yes, what are they?"

"First, make the sign of the cross ; and then blow upon the water, so as to drive away any shadow that may be hiding in it ; for you know that shadows bewitch water."

Mirca thanked the maiden, rode to the spring, and alighted from his horse. But, in his eagerness, he forgot her warning. He forgot to make the sign of the cross ; he forgot to blow ! At his first drink, he felt a feeling of sadness come over him. At the second draught, his heart grew icy-cold. At the third, he fell dead beside the fountain. The Roumanians believe that he died through swallowing a shadow. And I suppose they tell the tale in order

to teach people to be careful of what they are doing, and not to forget the warnings of the wise.

The second story is that of

THE UNGRATEFUL BRIGAND

The white flocks of Costi fed in the meadows, and the sheep-folds of Costi were on the hills. Many were the bleating sheep in his flocks, and the country folk reckoned him a wealthy man.

One fine Monday, Costi set out for the town, where he would buy rock-salt for his sheep, and bran for the little lambs, winter cloaks for his shepherds, and goatskin sandals for his serving-men and maids.

On the road to the town he met the brigand Fulga. Black was Fulga's heart ; fierce was his temper ; evil was his thought. But Costi was friendly and generous to all men, even to this robber.

"Ha ! my friend," exclaimed Costi. "Do what I bid you. Go to one of my sheep-folds on the hill yonder ; take any three lambs that you think good for roasting, and a fat sheep for boiling ; and you shall sup handsomely to-night."

"I thank you, my brother," answered Fulga the black-bearded.

But Fulga the black-bearded took more than he was invited to take. He did not merely take three lambs and one fat sheep ; he drove off several flocks to his home in the mountain. When Costi came back from the market, he noticed how many sheep were missing, and resolved to find the thief. Perhaps

his dogs would be able, in dog language, to tell him the secret of the robbery. So he called his dogs about him, and he gave them pieces of a great salt cheese which they loved—forty pieces to the old dogs, and forty to the young. The eighty dogs ate the cheese with much relish, but neither by look nor bark, nor in any other way, did they aid Costi in his search.

One dog had been left out,—the favourite old animal named Dolka—the dog who was most trusty and courageous of all. Dolka walked in slowly, and with drooping head, and strode round and round, as if restless and troubled.

“Dolka, my dear, what has happened to the sheep? asked the master.”

The old dog moaned, and lay down at Costi's feet.

“Dolka, my dear, you are old, and you have lived all your life in my sheepfolds. I have always loved you, and fed you with milk. Why have you let the robbers take away my flocks?”

The poor creature moaned again, and held out a paw. It was wounded and bleeding.

“Ah, my dear Dolka,” cried Costi, “the vile robbers have hurt you while you protected your master's property. Go in front of me, my dear; follow the footmarks of the lost sheep, and lead me to the thief.”

Dolka sprang up, and plunged her nose into the tall grass in order to smell the smell of the sheep. When she had gained the scent, she ran quickly, this way, that way, onwards—and Costi came after,

and his men. At length they reached the upland pastures, where Fulga the black-bearded dwelt with his sheep and goats, and the sheep that he had robbed. He was standing over a fire, roasting lambs, and boiling a sheep. Dolka barked loudly, and leaped upon the brigand ; and Fulga shook for fear.

“ Oho ! ” called Costi, “ I gave you a friendly gift of lambs and a sheep ; and in return for my gift, you have robbed me, and injured my faithful Dolka.”

Thereupon he slew Fulga. And the Roumanians say that when he plucked out the brigand’s heart and flung it to the dog, old Dolka would not touch it, because it was the heart of a mean and ungrateful man. The dog’s heart was true and loyal.

A nobler man (but not nobler than the dog) is seen in the story of

THE FAITHFUL LOVER

On the top of a high peak in the Carpathian Range rests a block of stone which, at a distance, looks like a man. At this spot died the faithful lover. He was a poor young shepherd, who wished to marry his master’s daughter.

“ Yes,” said the master, with a grim smile, “ you may marry my daughter if you will prove your love by staying the whole winter long on the summit of the mountain.”

For love’s sake, the young shepherd said he would ; for love is stronger than the grave, and mightier than frost and death.

First of all, he went to a monastery, and burned a candle in honour of a saint, and kissed the holy pictures called "Icons"; and then, carrying a store of maize flour, three cheeses, and a flask of drink, he climbed the mountain, with a dog for companion.

For five months he stayed on the top, amid the snows, and chilled by the wintry winds. Then his friends agreed to go in quest of him. A band of them went up the peak, sounding their shepherds' pipes for signal. They heard the dog bark. They shouted the name of their comrade—"Marco! Marco!"

He was only just alive, but his limbs were frost-bitten; his heart was slowly beating its last beats. The shepherds gathered round him and wept; and he died; and where he died they raised a cross.

Perhaps the story is not true. But at least it shows that the Roumanians could see something great in the bravery of a man who would pledge himself to a hard task for the sake of the woman he loved, and die in the doing of it.

[The stories are adapted from Mrs. Walker's *Untrodden Paths in Roumania*.]

NATURE. I.

A SMALL boy, looking pale and sickly, was staying with his grandfather in a country house in Scotland. The house was thatched, and was called Sandie Knowe.

On the rocks hard by rose an old tower known as Smailholme. In former times fierce Scotchmen would mount their horses at this tower, ready to ride off in a band across the border and steal the English cattle.

The boy loved to wander on hills and in woods and by the swift waters of the river Tweed, splashing over stones. He loved the green grass ; he loved the blue sky ; he loved the open air. And you might fancy the grass and the sky and the air loved him in turn, for soon his sickness passed away and he became well and happy.

He was born in Edinburgh city, and had never been very strong. Doctors had said this and that, and old ladies had kindly thought of all sorts of things that would be good for him to eat and drink ; but at last the wise idea had come into the heads of his friends to send Walter (for that was his name) into the country by the Tweed.

How pleased he was to wander among the sheep and lambs in the fair pastures. Their bleat was like music in his ears. Often would a shepherd carry the boy on his shoulder from the thatched house to the meadows, and set him down on a green mound in sight of the flocks, and perhaps amuse him with tales of old Scotland.

The child who loved the grass, the sky, and the open air was afterwards famous as Sir Walter Scott.

It would be a happy thing if all girls and boys were at times free to wander in the fields and woods and by the sea. And I would like them to WONDER as well as wander.

Have you ever heard of Linnæus? He was a native of Sweden, and took a joy in the study of trees and all classes of plants. That is to say, he was a botanist. Once he paid a visit to England, and he walked across Putney Heath near London. There he saw bushes of furze, bearing golden blossoms, which shone in sunny bunches among the green and prickly leaves. Linnæus knelt down on the heath, and gave thanks to God for the beauty of the flowers.

He was a great scholar. He could describe thousands of plants, and call them by Latin names. But though he so often looked at these objects, he never got tired of their loveliness. His soul was always moved with wonder.

In the books of the Hindoos a story is told of a lad who never wondered at the beauty of nature. He could turn up his nose and sneer. When he stood

before a glorious flower he did not stop and stand in silent happiness.

"My son," said his father, "bring me a fruit from yonder tree."

The lad brought the fruit.

"Open it."

He opened it.

"What do you see?"

"Some very small seeds."

"Break one of the seeds."

The boy cut it open.

"What can you see now, my son?"

"Nothing, father."

Ah, the son's eyes were different from the father's. The father gazed earnestly at the broken seed. He gazed as if he could see more than the little seed.

"My son," he said, "where you see nothing there dwells a mighty banyan tree, whose arms spread abroad and throw mighty shadows, and many men and animals can shelter beneath the leaves thereof."

You see what he meant. From the seed would grow such a vast tree.

I have more pleasure in telling you of an English boy who used to go to the famous college at Eton by the river Thames. One day he went with a number of his schoolfellows to bathe in the river. They swam, they splashed, they shouted lustily. Joseph Banks—the boy of whom I speak—was out of the river last, and it happened that his companions went away and left him to stroll home by himself.

Down a green lane he walked slowly. The sum-

mer evening was bright, and the hedgerows and ditches were gay with wild flowers.

Joseph's eyes gleamed with admiration as he looked at the many shapes and colours of these ornaments of the wayside. The lane was to him like a fairy palace, or the garden in which Aladdin walked, where precious jewels hung from the trees.

"I wish," said Joseph to himself, "that I knew the names of these flowers. At the college they teach me Latin and Greek words and grammar. But oh! if I could win the learning of the flowers!"

He picked up all the books he could find about botany, and read and pondered. Also he read the book of the fields, and went into the woods, and by the brooks, and in marsh-lands, and on the hills, seeking for plants. And he met certain women who used to gather herbs for the making of medicine; and he concluded a sort of treaty with them, promising to pay sixpence for every rare plant they could bring him. Over each new-found thing he lingered with untold gladness. Later on the boy who wondered at the beauty of the flowers in the lane was known as the skilful botanist, Sir Joseph Banks.

Of another Englishman I will tell you. He was a celebrated doctor—Doctor Marshall Hall. He had travelled a good deal, and seen many sights. A friend asked him—

"What things have most roused your wonder in the world?"

The doctor stopped a few moments to think, and then replied—

"Three things."

“And what were they?”

“One is the glorious peak that rises above the blue lake of Geneva—Mont Blanc, the king of Swiss mountains.”

“A grand scene it must be,” said his friend. “And what comes next?”

“The moon. I have looked through a telescope at the moon, and beheld the mountains and the valleys on its surface, and I felt a joy in beholding it.”

“What is the third wonder?”

“I have peeped through a microscope and seen the foot of a frog—a live frog—that had been placed under the glass; and I saw the tiny vessels in the foot, and in the vessels ran a stream that never stayed; it was the blood that flowed through the limbs to the heart and back again, and gave life to every part of the little creature; and I can never see the circulation of the blood without wonder.”

NATURE. II.

WHEN I was a teacher in London in years gone by I would sometimes go with children to the lovely greenwood called Epping Forest. We ran among oak and beech and hornbeam trees. We sported in the bushes. We leaped with joy over the feathery bracken. We played at hide and seek. We threw balls. We sat on the grass and sang

Oh ! and I was almost forgetting to say, we had dinner.

It used to make me think of the poet Blake's lines :—

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene ;
When Mary, and Susan, and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he !"

One summer day, a gentleman was walking in this beautiful forest, enjoying the green, the sunshine, and the sweet air. He heard a voice.

"Yah ! I nearly hit him ! Let's break his back——"

A band of ten big lads stood round a tree and threw stones at a live thing that hid among the leaves. They had catapults in their hands.

They were trying to kill one of the prettiest and most innocent of creatures—a little squirrel.

I wonder what the thoughts of the squirrel were as it cowered behind tufts of leaves, hoping to escape the stones.

“Why,” it might have said, “why do these wild folk seek to hurt me? Oh! a stone has just struck me! Where have they come from? What do they want? Another stone! Ah me, the pain it has given me!”

The gentleman who was watching this scene caught sight of a beautiful animal which had just walked to the spot, and was looking, with large, frightened eyes, across the bracken at the noisy crowd. It was a deer, lovely to behold, and gentle in its manner.

The big lads from London left off stoning the squirrel, and raised a loud yell at the deer. It turned and fled. They yelled again, got the catapults ready, and pursued. Here was something which they could wound. Perhaps they might cause it to bleed!

The deer had swift feet. The brutish Londoners could not overtake it, and they came back and began again to fling stones at the squirrel.

Later in the same day the gentleman saw another troop of youths running after another deer, and hurling stones.

Glorious were the trees, the wild flowers, and the birds and beasts of the forest. These lads had never learned to love such things. Nature was not dear to them.

Now let me tell you of a man who loved nature.

It was Mr. William Pengelly, of Torquay, in Devonshire. One morning he set out on a walk with a young country fellow named John. He wished to see some cliffs that rose above the sea-water. Certain wonderful things were to be found in the cliffs, and Mr Pengelly knew how to find them. The place was two miles away across the fields. John was the guide.

"Fine morning, sir."

"Very."

"The corn is growing well. If this weather keeps on we shall have a good harvest."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Pengelly.

"I suppose, sir, you have come to see the scenery of our coast?"

"No; I have come to look for fossils."

"Oh, indeed, fossils!"

John's face looked blank. The word "fossils" puzzled him. He did not know what it meant.

They reached the cliff, climbed down by rough steps, and stood on the beach near the restless water.

Mr. Pengelly turned his back to the sea, and gazed steadily at the cliff. He took from a basket two articles; one was a hammer, the other was a chisel. Sticking the chisel into the cliff, he rapped it with the hammer. Rap, rap, rap!

John watched eagerly.

The rock was a bluish-grey slate. John could not understand why Mr. Pengelly should hammer at it.

"What are you about?" he asked.

"Do you see this black patch in the cliff?"

"Yes, I see it plain enough."

"Well, that's a fossil. I'm trying to get it out."

"Oh, that's a fossil, is it? What is a fossil?"

"It is a plant or an animal, or part of one, which has got fixed in the earth so long that it has changed—perhaps into stone—and has to be dug out as we might dig out a mineral. The fossils may perhaps be shells. There are shells shut up in this mass of slate."

"How did they get there?"

"Well, John, if a shell-fish dies what becomes of its shell?"

"It lies at the bottom of the sea."

"True, and will it ever get covered over?"

"I don't know. Do you mean by the water?"

"No, I mean will anything ever enter the water and cover the shells over?"

"I can't think of anything that would."

"Let me tell you. Suppose a river runs into the sea; what might it carry into the sea?"

"Mud."

"Yes, mud; and this would settle at the bottom, and form a layer, or covering, over the shells. And perhaps sand would be rubbed off the rocks on the shore, and this sand would also drop to the sea bottom. And thus the shells would be at last wrapped, or embedded, in a mass of mud or sand."

"Yes, sir."

"The earth, you know, is not perfectly still and steady. It shakes; it moves up and down; the hills go lower; the bed of the sea may rise and rise until the mud and sand that once were the bottom

may appear above water in the light of the sun, and become hard, dry, and rocky."

"Was that rocky cliff once mud?"

"Yes."

"A long while ago?"

"A very long while ago. Of course, some hills and cliffs of rock are older than others. I mean some were mud, or sand, or loose lime much longer ago than other rocks. And when the mud or sand hardens, the shells, or fish-bones, or sponges, or other creatures lying in the once soft bed, remain in the hard stone, like this object at which I am now hammering."

For an hour or two Mr. Pengelly went on telling John the wonders of the rocks.

"I tell you what it is, sir," said John. "I never heard such things in my life before. I have lived longer this morning than in all the years of my life till now. So that's a fossil, is it? Is it a fish-bone or a sponge?"

Mr. Pengelly was not sure. He must take it away and look at it more closely. Later on he found it was part of the skeleton of a fish.

When he had collected all the fossils he wanted, he and his companion went back to the village whence they had set out.

Mr. Pengelly sat down in the parlour of the village inn, and took out his papers and was engaged in writing.

John was in the kitchen talking to a group of village men who had come to drink at the inn.

Mr. Pengelly could hear John telling them, in a

very earnest manner, all that he had seen and heard during the last few hours—such wonders of the sea, and the rocks, and of old, old times.

And at the close of his tale John cried :

“ I tell you what it is. I’ve lived longer this morning than ever I lived all the years of my life before.”

You know what he meant. So many ideas had passed through his mind that morning that the time seemed very, very long. When you have learned a great many new things in a lesson, the lesson seems to you to last a good while.

Thus by learning we make our life seem longer.

Animals cannot wonder at nature. Only men and women can. Only men and women are able to study the earth, the sky, and all the numberless things that are in them.

George Stephenson, the great English engineer, was one night talking to a friend. The friend pointed to the immense band of stars which cross the sky and are known as the Milky Way.

“ Look,” he said, “ at those millions of stars. What a small and poor creature is man in sight of so vast a scene as that.”

“ Man is indeed small,” replied George Stephenson, “ but at the same time, how wonderful a creature also is man, since he is able to think and to reason, and understand at least a little of the immense world around him.”

CHARACTER. I.

“**V**ERY nicely written.”

You like teacher to look at your exercise-book and say that, don't you? And if ever you scribble and make messy blots and smudges over the paper, you do not care to look at it yourself.

Would you call it good writing if the letters were nicely-shaped, but very thin and faint? No, you will agree with me that the letters ought to be well-shaped, and also done in strong lines. Such writing is called a *good, bold hand*.

In olden times, as perhaps you know, the people of Babylon wrote on slabs of clay. They thrust a wooden skewer into the clay, and made marks, or impressions on its soft surface. The clay was baked, and the writing remained in the hard brick. You can see some of these clay tablets in places like the British Museum, in London. Now we often speak of a letter as a

CHARACTER,

and *character* means a mark cut in or stamped. And, of course, you know that we talk of people

having characters—good characters, bad characters, strange characters, great characters. By great characters we mean such people as Columbus, Shakespeare, President Lincoln, and so on. A boy asks his teacher to give him a “character” when he leaves school; and I daresay you children often hear fathers and big brothers talking about “character-notes.” Our character is the mark or stamp on us by which people know us, and, according to our marks, they like us or dislike us.

Of course, little babies have no character to speak of. They are like Dutch dolls, that just have small strokes of paint for eyes, nose and mouth, and that look as if they could not think, or love, or hate, or do anything at all. The baby gets its marks in time, and becomes an honest man or woman, or a cruel man or woman, as the case may be. But it takes years; for character is built up *slowly*. I have heard of an old English king who thought he could tell his daughter’s character when she was only three years old. So he placed on a table several articles in order to see which she could choose. On one side he put some glittering rings and golden bracelets. On the other side he put a cup from the Church altar and a copy of the Gospels.

“Bring my daughter in,” he said to the nurse. The nurse fetched the little princess and showed her the things on the table. The child made a grab at the thing that was nearest, which was the bright cup; and then she touched the book.

“Ah,” said the king, “she cares for religious things, and she shall be a nun.”

A nun, you know, is a Catholic sister.

Well, I think the king was foolish to expect such a mite of a child to tell what kind of a life it would like to lead in years to come.

The other day I was walking along the road when I passed an old man who, I think, must have been the dirtiest man in the town. His clothes were dropping in rags ; his boots were falling to pieces ; his hat was torn ; his hair had not been combed nor his face and hands washed (I should think) for months. What he carried in his dirty sack I do not know, but I feel sure it was something as dirty as himself. Now, if we went to this man and said, "Do try to be clean," do you think he could change himself into a clean, wholesome man ? I am afraid not. And why not ? Because he has got into a bad *habit* for years until he has an unclean character which he cannot change. He is like a man in a cage. He cannot get out.

I will tell you a story which you will smile at, for you will see it cannot be true. You know that, near Italy, there is a beautiful island called Sicily. A long while ago a ploughman was at work in the fields. He was a rough, clownish fellow, who spoke in a thick, rude way, and whose manners were very clumsy. Well, he spied on the ground a jar full of what looked like a yellow wine. It was liquid gold, and had the magic power of changing the character of the person who drank it. So the peasant lifted the jar to his lips and drank. And then, behold ! he suddenly became a handsome gentleman (like the ugly man in the tale of "Beauty and the Beast").

When he met his friends, he bowed in a charming style, and spoke softly and graciously, and he never more put his knife into his mouth at dinner-table, and if a lady dropped a rolling-pin or anything, it was quite lovely to watch him hand it back to her and smile. He was too fine to follow the plough ; so he was admitted to the king's palace, and dwelt there as a grand courtier till he died at the age of eighty.

Such a thing could not truly happen. We cannot change ourselves so fast.

I heard a man at a street corner talking to a crowd of people, and he said, " My friends, if any of you have led wicked lives, you can be changed to-night."

No, our characters *grow slowly*, and they can only be *changed slowly*.

I once saw two boys stand, looking very wretched and sheepish, before the managers of a school. They had broken into the school and stolen pencils from a desk. One boy was some years younger than the other. The younger boy's mother was there, and she said he was usually a good boy, but had been led away by his bad companion. Ah, you see his character was *hurt*, or *injured*, by a companion.

That made me think of a fable by the Russian writer, Krilof.

A man lent a cask, or barrel, to a friend, and his friend used it to keep brandy in it. When the cask came back to its owner, it smelt of brandy. He put water in it—beer—eatables ; but whatever he put into it was spoiled by the smell of brandy. He left

the cask in the open air for a while ; all to no purpose ; the scent of the brandy remained. You see, if once we let companions put the wrong thoughts into our minds, it is hard to get rid of the evil thing.

CHARACTER. II.

“ **B**LOCKHEAD ! ox ! ass ! clown ! fool ! ”

Well, well, these names do not sound pretty, do they ? And who, do you think, used them ?

It was the dog who fell into a ditch. He was a stupid sort of creature, and did not use his brains well enough to help him jump straight. One night he tried to leap over a ditch, but he fell short, and went plump into the unpleasant mud. He scrambled out, and was in a great rage. Do you suppose he was angry with himself for having made a mistake ? Oh dear, no. He looked about for somebody else to find fault with ; and there, up in the sky, he saw the gentle moon ; and he resolved to lay all the blame upon the moon ; and so he yelped, with all his might—

“ Blockhead ! ox ! ass ! clown ! fool ! ”

The moon smiled, for she knew that the ugly names which the dog barked at her could not hurt her character. People knew she was not an ox nor an ass. People knew she was the fair moon who makes the waves of the sea look so lovely, and who throws her kisses through the windows at the sleeping girls and boys. They paid no attention to the dog, and, when they glanced upwards to the night sky, they did not say, “ There is the clown ! ” but they said, “ There is the beautiful moon rising above the trees.”

So you see if ill-natured persons speak against you, it will not hurt you, if your character is fair and honest. When you read the history of great men and women you will nearly always find that they were spoken against and called names by foolish people, or by cruel-minded people. That happened to the Greek teacher Socrates, and to Jesus, and to John Bunyan, and to Thomas Paine, and to thousands of others who did their best for the world.

I should like to tell you now about the postman and the warehouseman.

Some years ago, the owner of a warehouse in London missed various things from his stock, and he felt obliged to set detectives (shrewd and watchful policemen) to find out the thief or thieves. A detective watched all one night, and about eight o'clock in the morning he saw a postman pass with a bag over his shoulder, and a bundle of letters in his hand, and enter the warehouse. When the postman came out, the bag was much swollen, as if it contained more articles than before. The detective followed the postman along the street, and presently stopped him, and asked what he carried in the bag.

"Something that was given me," replied the postman.

But when the detective insisted on searching the bag, the postman cried out—

"For the sake of my wife let me take it all back!"

Ah! his theft was discovered. In the bag were found tins of salmon, condensed milk, and other such things.

The man who was in charge of the warehouse was

arrested for supplying the articles to the postman and joining in the theft. Both men stood, in shame and disgrace, before a magistrate ; and they both confessed their wrong-doing.

“ What is known about the warehouseman’s character ? ” asked the magistrate.

It was said he had always borne a good character, and, in spite of his fault, his master would take him back.

“ And what of the postman ? ”

An officer from the Post-office said the postman had borne a good character for twenty-six years, and had three “ good conduct ” stripes on the breast of his uniform.

“ Well,” said the magistrate to the men, “ you shall not go to prison. You have done wrong, but I am glad to know you have done well in the past. Your characters have stood you in good stead. You will hear no more of this matter if you behave as men of honour.”

Thus, from what I have told you, you will understand that—

Character is the mark, the style, the manner, by which people know us.

Character is built up slowly, day by day, year by year.

Character cannot be changed suddenly.

Character can be injured by keeping in close touch with evil companions.

Character cannot be hurt by foolish abuse and cross words.

Character stands us in good stead when we happen to commit a fault.

You remember I began by talking to you about a good, bold handwriting, and how pleasant it is to read. And there is nothing finer to read than a *good, bold character* in a girl or boy. People speak of a man with such a character as having plenty of *backbone*. You know that, without the beautiful chain of bones known as the backbone, fishes could not properly swim, nor birds fly, nor lions spring, nor men and women stand upright in strength and health. If you stick to your work at school ; if you carry out the task mother sets you ; if you refuse to give up making your toy boat because it is a bit difficult ; if you go on trying till you really can swim properly ; if you are brave enough to keep clear of the nasty language and sneaking actions of some children whom you meet—then you are making and building a good, bold character. Your town or village, and the English nation, want such characters as that. Let me say a verse to you. It bids you be a useful man or woman, like a useful spring of water, a useful shadow in a hot land, a useful tiller in the fields—

Be something in this throbbing day
Of busy hands and feet,
A spring beside some dusky way,
A shadow from the heat.
Be found upon the workers' roll ;
Go sow, go reap and plough ;
Bend to some task with heart and soul ;
Be something, somewhere, now !

Appendix A

THE MORAL INSTRUCTION LEAGUE,
19, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Object :—To introduce systematic non-theological Moral Instruction into all schools, and to make the formation of character the chief aim of school life.

The Moral Instruction League was founded in 1897. It has issued many leaflets, pamphlets, etc. It has published a ¹*Graduated Syllabus of Moral Instruction and Training in Citizenship* for Elementary Schools, Infants and Standards 1-7. The Committee of the League is at present engaged in collecting material to illustrate all the lessons outlined in its Syllabus. ²*A Teachers' Handbook of Moral Lessons* (Swan Sonnenschein, 1s. 6d. net) and *The Garden of Childhood* (Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. net), based on Standard 5 and the section for Infants of the Syllabus respectively, have already been published. Other moral-lesson text-books based on Standards 3, 4, and 7 are in course of preparation. ²The League recommends also text-books by Messrs. Everett, Gould, Hackwood, Sheldon, Quilter, and the Leicester Education Authority. Thirty Education Authorities, representing more than 3,500 schools, have now provision, or have decided to make provision, for systematic Moral Instruction in their schools. In nearly every instance the Moral Lessons are given in addition to the Scripture Lessons and as part of the secular curriculum. The Cheshire, West Riding, Surrey, and other Education Authorities have adopted, with very slight modifications, the Graduated Syllabus of the League. Over fifty Education Authorities have taken

¹ *Vide* Appendix B.

² See Appendix C.

some definite action in the direction of the proposals of the League.

Recently, too, the need and importance of an efficient Moral Training in the schools of the State have been especially urged by the Board of Education in the Introduction to the Education Code (1904-5), the Regulations for the Training of Teachers (1905), and most explicitly in the "Suggestions for the Consideration of Teachers" (1905). In this last document the Board of Education states with definiteness that "the good Moral Training which a school should give cannot be left to chance; on this side, no less than on the intellectual side, the purpose of the teacher must be clearly conceived and intelligently carried out."

Finally, the Education Code for 1906 makes provision for Moral Instruction in the ordinary curriculum of all Public Elementary Schools, leaving to the various local Education Authorities to decide whether such instruction shall be given incidentally, or systematically and as a course of graduated instruction. In the *Prefatory Memorandum* to the Code the Board of Education, however, states emphatically:—"It is therefore desirable that where systematic teaching of this subject is practicable such teaching should be direct, systematic, and graduated."

The action taken in the direction of providing for Moral Instruction in schools by the Board of Education and the local Education Authorities is almost entirely due to the propaganda carried on by the Moral Instruction League.

Information concerning the League, and a copy of its *Graduated Syllabus of Moral Instruction and Training in Citizenship*, will be forwarded, on the receipt of a post card, by the Secretary, Mr. Harrold Johnson, The Moral Instruction League, 19 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Appendix B

A GRADUATED SYLLABUS OF MORAL INSTRUCTION AND TRAINING IN CITIZENSHIP FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

ADOPTED, WITH SLIGHT MODIFICATIONS, BY THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE, CHESHIRE, SURREY, AND OTHER EDUCATION AUTHORITIES.

“The purpose of the Public Elementary School is to form and strengthen the character, and to develop the intelligence of the children entrusted to it.”—*Board of Education*. Introduction to the *Education Code* for 1904 and 1905.

INFANTS (under 7 years.)

1. Cleanliness.

- (a) Clean hands, faces, and clothes.
- (b) Clean habits—*e.g.* the proper use of the lavatory.

2. Tidiness.

- (a) In the home, school, and street.
- (b) Personal tidiness.
- (c) Care of furniture, books, toys, and other property.

3. Manners.

- (a) Greetings at home and at school.
- (b) Behaviour at meals.
- (c) Punctuality and promptness.

4. Kindness.

- (a) Love to parents.
- (b) Kindness to each other in the home, school, and street.
- (c) Kindness to animals—*e.g.* dogs and cats.

5. Fairness.

- (a) Mine and thine.
- (b) Fairness towards others.

6. Truthfulness.

- (a) Telling the truth.
- (b) Confidence in parents and teachers to be encouraged.
- (c) "Dramatic" untruths to be discouraged.

7. Courage.

- (a) When alone.
- (b) Darkness, shadows, and strange noises.

STANDARD I. (7-8 years).**1. Cleanliness.**

- (a) Use and care of parts of the body—*e.g.* hair, eyes, ears, nose, lips, teeth, hands and feet.
- (b) Care of clothing.

2. Manners.

- (a) In eating and drinking : moderation.
- (b) In question and answer : politeness.
- (c) In bearing : quietness, unobtrusiveness, patience in waiting.
- (d) Punctuality in the home and the school.

3. Kindness.

- (a) To companions at play.
- (b) To pet animals—*e.g.* rabbits.

- (c) To flies, worms, and other harmless creatures.
- (d) To birds : their nests.

4. Gratitude.

To parents and teachers.

5. Fairness.

Ungrudging disposition, especially when favours are distributed, or when the success of others is under notice.

6. Truthfulness.

- (a) In speech : the importance of exactness ; the avoidance of exaggeration.
- (b) In manner : the importance of simplicity ; the avoidance of affectation.

7. Courage.

- (a) Cheerful endurance of little pains and discomforts ; manliness and womanliness.
- (b) Tale-bearing : when justifiable—*e.g.* to protect the weak or innocent.
- (c) In relation to creatures inspiring instinctive fear in children—*e.g.* mice, frogs, spiders, and beetles.

STANDARD II. (8-9 years).

1. Cleanliness.

- (a) In the home.
- (b) In the school, playground, and street—*e.g.* to desist from scattering paper and orange peel.
- (c) Neatness in person and in work.

2. Manners.

- (a) In speech : courtesy and clearness.
- (b) In bearing : orderliness in the streets.

- (c) How to perform a simple service—*e.g.* how to carry a message.

3. Honesty.

- (a) Respect for the property of others.
- (b) Restoration of lost property.
- (c) Preserving and protecting property at home, at school, in parks and other public places.
- (d) In work.

4. Justice.

- (a) To companions, in the school, playground, and home.
- (b) To the less fortunate—*e.g.* the weak, imbeciles, stammerers, deformed.

5. Truthfulness.

Promises and confidences.

6. Courage.

- (a) To follow good example and to resist bad example.
- (b) To confess faults or accidents.
- (c) Under difficulties : self-reliance.
- (d) In bad weather—*e.g.* not to fear thunder and lightning.

7. Self-control.

- (a) In food ; preference for plain and wholesome fare.
- (b) In bearing : the avoidance of wilfulness, peevishness, obstinacy, sulkiness, violent temper, and quarrelling.
- (c) In speech : the avoidance of rudeness and hastiness.
- (d) In thought : checking of evil thoughts.

8. Work.

- (a) Helping in the home.
- (b) The value of industry in the school.

STANDARD III. (9-10 years).**1. Manners.**

- (a) Refinement of language.
- (b) Behaviour in public places: decency.
- (c) Unselfishness.
- (d) Respectfulness towards the aged.

2. Humanity.

- (a) Personal help to those in need.
- (b) Making other people happy.
- (c) Kindness to animals.

3. Obedience.

- (a) Immediate and hearty obedience to parents and teachers.
- (b) Respect for rules and regulations.

4. Justice.

- (a) In thought, word, and act.
- (b) Forbearance.
- (c) Forgiveness, remembering our own faults.

5. Truthfulness.

- (a) All the truth and nothing but the truth.
- (b) Avoidance of prevarication and withholding part of the truth.
- (c) Avoidance of deception through manner or gesture.
- (d) The importance of frankness.

6. Order.

- (a) The value of system—*e.g.* a place for everything and everything in its place.

- (b) The value of punctuality.
- (c) The value of promptness.

7. Perseverance.

- (a) In work : hard or distasteful tasks.
- (b) In play, fighting out a lost game.
- (c) In self-improvement.

STANDARD IV. (10-11 years).

1. Manners.

- (a) Cheerfulness : evil of grumbling and fault-finding.
- (b) Self-consciousness : evil of conceit and shyness.
- (c) Modesty.
- (d) Self-respect.

2. Humanity.

As shown by public institutions—*e.g.* the fire brigade, lifeboat, lighthouses, hospitals, asylums, Red-Cross Society.

3. Honour.

- (a) In the eyes of others : trustworthiness.
- (b) In the eyes of self : self-respect.
- (c) Avoidance of false pride.

4. Justice.

- (a) To others—*e.g.* not to spread infection.
- (b) Avoidance of cruelty to animals in pursuit of fashion, amusement, cruel sports—*e.g.* egret's feathers, the bearing-rein, pigeon-shooting, the docking of horses' tails.
- (c) The justification for restraint and punishment in the home and the school.

5. Truthfulness.

- (a) In reporting : correctness ; avoidance of slander and gossip.
- (b) In action : candour ; not to act a lie.
- (c) In thinking : eagerness for the truth.
- (d) Not to shirk a difficulty by a pretence of understanding.

6. Prudence.

- (a) Need of forethought and care in speech and action.
- (b) Temperance in eating and drinking, in work, and in pleasure.

7. Courage.

- (a) The importance of courage ; avoidance of bravado.
- (b) Presence of mind, avoidance of panic.

8. Work.

- (a) Pride in thorough work.
- (b) Use of leisure time : value of hobbies.

STANDARD V. (11-12 years).**1. Habits.**

- (a) How acquired.
- (b) How cultivated and avoided.
- (c) Harmfulness of juvenile smoking.

2. Manners.

- (a) Courtesy and respect towards all.
- (b) Self-restraint.

3. Patriotism.

- (a) Pride in one's school and loyalty to it.

- (b) Duty of local patriotism : how to serve one's town or village.
- (c) The value of local institutions.

4. Justice.

- (a) To all human beings, irrespective of sex, age, creed, social position, nationality or race ; and to animals, tame and wild.
- (b) Charitableness in thought.
- (c) The value of courts of justice.

5. Truthfulness.

- (a) Respect for differences of opinion.
- (b) Living for truth : readiness to receive new truths.
- (c) What men have sacrificed for truth.

6. Zeal.

- (a) The value of zeal and energy in overcoming difficulties.
- (b) The dangers of misdirected zeal—*e.g.* bigotry, fanaticism.

7. Work.

- (a) The necessity for and dignity of labour.
- (b) The earning of a living : different pursuits—their responsibilities and social value.

8. Thrift.

- (a) Money : its uses and abuses.
- (b) Economy in little things.
- (c) Wise spending : avoidance of extravagance and wastefulness.

STANDARD VI. (12-13 years).

1. Manners.

- (a) As shown by dress.

- (b) By choice of friends, literature, and amusements.
- (c) By kindness to younger children.
- (d) In boys : by special courtesy to all women and girls.

2. Courage.

- (a) Heroic deeds done in the service of man : self-sacrifice.
- (b) Every-day heroism.
- (c) Chivalry : devotion of the strong to the weak.
- (d) Moral courage.

3. Patriotism.

- (a) What our forefathers have earned for us—*e.g.* liberty, social and political institutions.
- (b) How each may serve his country and posterity.

4. Peace and War.

- (a) The value of peace and her victories.
- (b) The duty of citizens in time of war.
- (c) The evils of war.

5. Justice.

- (a) Love of justice.
- (b) Just and unjust relations between employers and employed.
- (c) The rights of animals.

6. Ownership.

- Talents and opportunities : responsibility for their use.

7. Thrift.

- (a) How and why to save : savings banks.
- (b) The cost of drink to the nation.

8. Truthfulness.

- (a) Conquest of science over ignorance and superstition.
- (b) Progress of truth.
- (c) Love of truth.

9. Self-knowledge.

- (a) The need to know ourselves and to test our moral progress.
- (b) The claims of conscience, individual and social.
- (c) The enlightenment of conscience.

STANDARD VII. (13-14 years).**1. Patriotism.**

- (a) The vote : its nature and responsibilities.
- (b) Local government.
- (c) The nation and its government.
- (d) Society as an organism : its development through the family, tribe, and nation.
- (e) Universal brotherhood.

2. Peace and War.

- (a) International relations : how nations can help each other.
- (b) Value of arbitration.

3. Justice.

- (a) The development of the idea of justice from the earliest times.
- (b) The development of the humane spirit in laws.
- (c) The development of the idea of equality.

4. Ownership.

- (a) Individual and collective ownership.
- (b) Responsibilities of ownership.
- (c) Care of borrowed books, tools, etc.

5. Thrift.

- (a) Simplicity of living.
- (b) The evils of debt.
- (c) The evils of betting and gambling : meanness of the desire to get without rendering service.

6. Co-operation.

- (a) Between citizens.
- (b) Between nations : in commerce, art, and thought.

7. The Will.

- (a) The training of the will.
- (b) The right to be done intelligently, unhesitatingly, thoroughly, cheerfully, and zealously.
- (c) Danger of mental and moral sloth.

8. Self-respect.

Self-respect and self-restraint in thought, word, and act.

9. Ideals.

The value and beauty of an ideal for life.

Appendix C.

MORAL INSTRUCTION BOOKS.

FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN.

The Garden of Childhood. Stories for School and Home. By Alice M. Chesterton. With Illustrations by Gertrude M. Bradley. Issued for the Moral Instruction League. Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d. net.

FOR CHILDREN AGED 10 TO 14 YEARS.

The Children's Book of Moral Lessons. (First Series : "Self-Control" and "Truthfulness" ; Second Series : "Kindness" and "Work and Duty" ; Third Series : "The Family" and "People of Other Lands.") By F. J. Gould. Watts and Co., Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London. Cheap Edition of the First Series, 6d., in cloth 1s., Second and Third Series, 2s. each.

The Children's Plutarch (stories from the "Lives" told in simple language) ; with an Ethical Index for the use of teachers. By F. J. Gould. Six Illustrations by Walter Crane. Watts & Co. 2s. 6d. net.

A Teachers' Handbook of Moral Lessons. Compiled by A. J. Waldegrave. Issued for the Moral Instruction League. Swan Sonnenschein. 1s. 6d. net. Second edition.

Onward and Upward. A Book for Children. By H. H. Quilter, B.A. Illustrated. Swan Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.

Notes of Lessons on Moral Subjects. (Forty Lessons for the use of Teachers only.) By F. W. Hackwood. Nelson, Paternoster Row. 2s.

FOR OLDER SCHOLARS.

Ethics for Young People. By C. C. Everett. Ginn & Co., 9, St. Martin's Street, W.C. 2s. 6d.

GRADED COURSES.

A Syllabus of Moral Instruction (with Illustrations and Instructions for Teachers), Standards 1-7. Published by the Leicester Education Authority. To be had of the Midland Educational Co., 7, Market Street, Leicester. By post 4s. for all the Standards, 7d. per Standard.

Lessons in the Study of Habits ; Duties in the Home ; Citizenship, and the Duties of a Citizen. By Walter L. Sheldon. Gay & Bird, 22, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C. 6s. each.



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Author Gould, Frederic James

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